

September

15 Cents

# NATIONAL

MAGAZINE

*The Awakening of*



# ARKANSAS



**Steaming  
Hot**

When you begin to  
think it's a personal  
matter between you and  
the sun to see which is  
the hotter, it's high time  
you bought yourself



A Glass of

***Coca-Cola***

Positively, it's a liquid breeze that blows away heat and thirst and  
fatigue and touches particular palates with vigorous deliciousness.

**DELICIOUS — REFRESHING  
THIRST-QUENCHING**

**5c Everywhere**

Send for  
our interest-  
ing booklet,  
"The Truth  
About Coca-Cola"

The Coca-Cola Company  
ATLANTA, GA.

Whenever  
you see an  
Arrow think  
of Coca-Cola





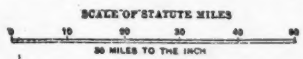




Map of  
**ARKANSAS,**  
Prepared especially for the  
**NATIONAL MAGAZINE**

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY THE MATTHEWS-NORTHROP CO.  
COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE J. H. MATTHEWS CO., BUFFALO.

⊙ INDICATES STATE CAPITAL.    ⊙ INDICATES COUNTY SEAT



"THE BOOK THE PEOPLE BUILT"

# HEART SONGS

50,000 music-loving people joined in making this wonderful book  
of old-time favorites for home singing



CHAPPLE  
PUB. CO.,  
Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed  
find \$2.50 for which  
please send me a copy of  
HEART SONGS with the  
understanding that if it is unsatis-  
factory I can return it and get my  
money back.

## For a Good Old-Fashioned Sing

Have you ever been face to face with this situation?— a group  
of friends in for an evening—a call for music, something  
everybody can sing—and no music exactly suitable for  
the occasion. You should have a copy of "HEART  
SONGS"—its contents include over five hundred  
familiar sea songs, love songs, plantation mel-  
odies, college songs and hymns.

**Price \$2.50 net**

at all book stores or direct

CHAPPLE PUB. CO., BOSTON

Name .....

Address .....

What  
They  
Say  
You  
Will  
Approve

#### PERENNIAL SOURCE OF PURE JOY

I have received your beautiful, unique and edifying "Heart Songs." It should be in every home as a perennial source of pure joy. I have examined the harmonization of those popular melodies which one often finds brutally handled, and I am happy to observe the correct and graceful musical treatment of every number in your collection. I congratulate you.  
—Louis Lombard, Chateau de Trevano, Lugano, Suisse.

#### HAPPY ENTERTAINMENT FOR ALL

No matter what the occasion may be, the home that is fortunate enough to possess "Heart Songs," will be able to find happy entertainment for all.—Geo. L. Starkey, Washington, D. C.

#### JUBILEE OVER "HEART SONGS"

We had a regular jubilee over "Heart Songs" that I took home, only marred by the fact that we no longer have our mother with us, who would so much have enjoyed meeting her old-time favorites in book form.—H. E. Fabens, Literary Editor Christian Herald.

#### MUSIC LOVERS WELCOME THIS VOLUME

I am sure that all music lovers will welcome this volume, because of its completeness, and because of its artistic and attractive appearance.—Isidore Witmark, New York.

#### COVERS ALL HUMAN EXPERIENCE

I think you have been fortunate in the selections you have made and placed before the public in this volume at such a reasonable price. In the selections used, you seem to have covered the entire gamut of human experience and tapped all the fountains of song.—Jas. D. Shearer, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

#### COLLECTION OF MUSICAL TREASURES

Am in receipt of that most exquisite volume, "Heart Songs," and am delighted with the collection of poetic and musical treasures. I am so glad you designed such a book, and hope it may find a place in every home.—Mrs. W. S. Henneker, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

#### WHAT THE LEADING NEWSPAPERS SAY

Reflects the taste of the American people.—*New York Sun*.

Justifies the title of "Songs of the Heart."—*Buffalo News*.

An entertaining compilation.—*Boston Herald*.

Expresses the voice of the people.—*Seattle Post Intelligencer*.

A thoroughly representative song book.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

A valuable addition to the collection of every vocal artist.—*Music Industry*.

To turn the pages is like making the acquaintance of old friends.—*The National Prohibitionist*.

Best published collection of such songs.—*New York World*.

Exceptionally fine holiday gift book.—*Savannah News*.

A beautiful thought.—*Christian Science Monitor*.





## THE AWAKENING OF ARKANSAS



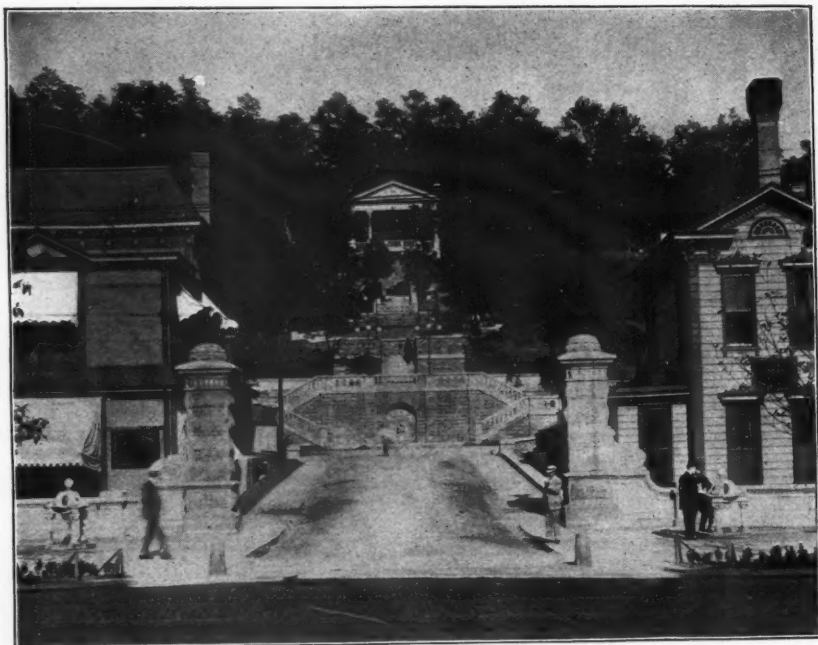
POSING WITH THE "BUFFALO" CART

From left to right—Col. George R. Belding, driving, Frank P. Fogg, Col. Phillip J. Stockton and Joe Mitchell Chapple

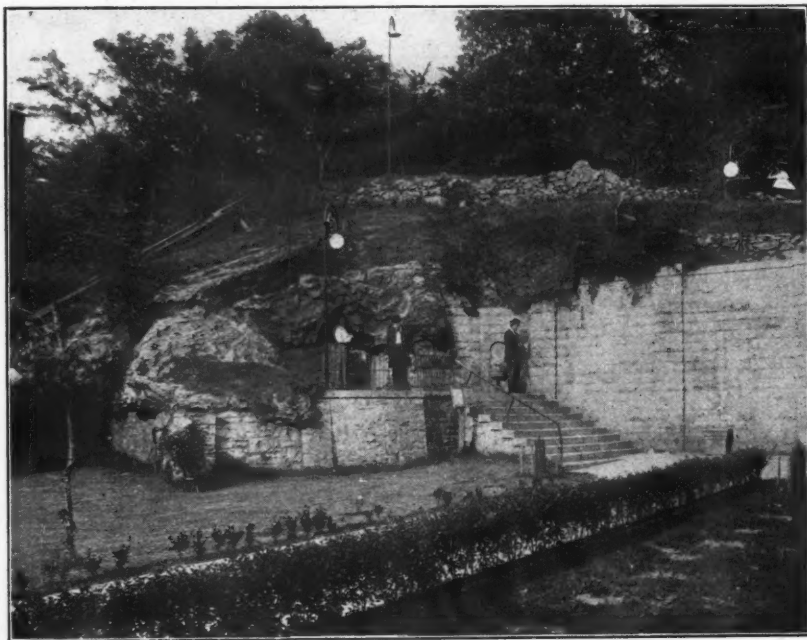


THE SWEEP OF THE ARKANSAS ABOVE LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

## THE AWAKENING OF ARKANSAS

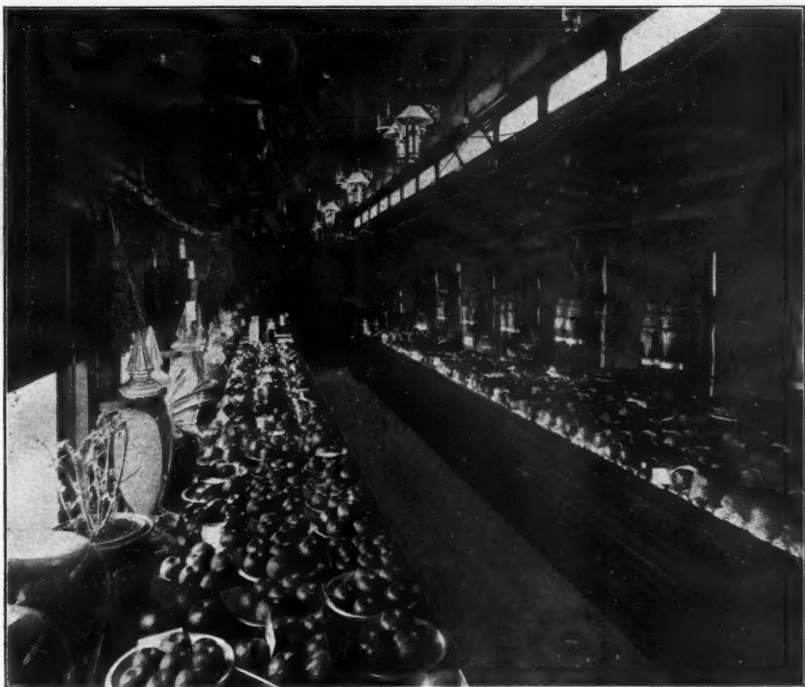


GRAND ENTRANCE TO UNITED STATES RESERVATION , HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS



ONE OF THE LARGEST OF THE HOT SPRINGS

THE AWAKENING OF ARKANSAS



AGRICULTURAL EXHIBIT CAR, MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY



ARKANSAS PRESS ASSOCIATION AT RUSSELLVILLE DAM, MAY 26, 1910

## THE AWAKENING OF ARKANSAS



CENTRAL AVENUE

Dividing "Bath House Row" on left from business blocks, on right, Hot Springs, Arkansas



POST OFFICE ON LEFT, THEN BUSINESS MEN'S LEAGUE BUILDING, FIRE DEPARTMENT, AND CITY HALL, HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS



THE AWAKENING OF ARKANSAS



STATE UNIVERSITY, FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS



FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS, FROM STATE UNIVERSITY GROUNDS

## THE AWAKENING OF ARKANSAS



RICE WAITING TO BE HULLED AND POLISHED  
Capacity of mill, 1200 barrels per day



WARD MINE, ST. JOE, ARKANSAS, ON LINE OF M. & N. A. RAILWAY

## THE AWAKENING OF ARKANSAS



CHICKENS THRIVE—THEY PAY BIG PROFITS IN ARKANSAS



LILY COVERED LAKE, TEEMING WITH TROUT  
Monticello, Arkansas

THE AWAKENING OF ARKANSAS



SAMPLE OF THE HARDWOOD TIMBER, NEAR PRESCOTT, ARKANSAS

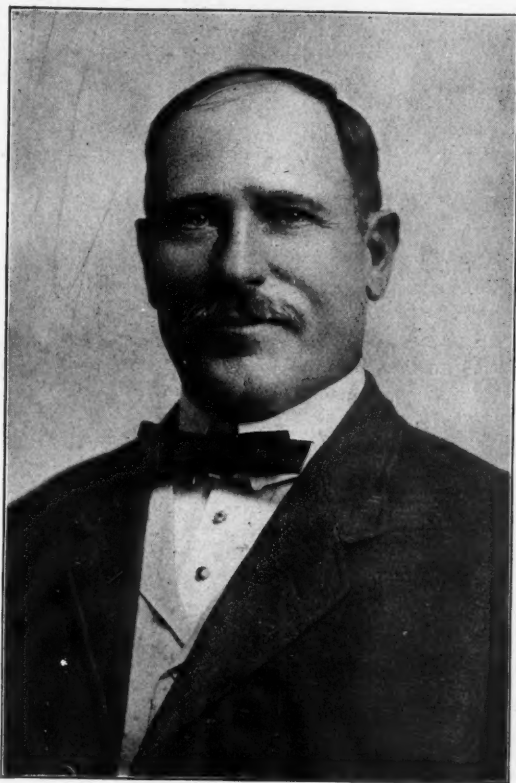


CENTRAL AVENUE, GOVERNMENT RESERVATION ON THE LEFT  
Hot Springs, Arkansas





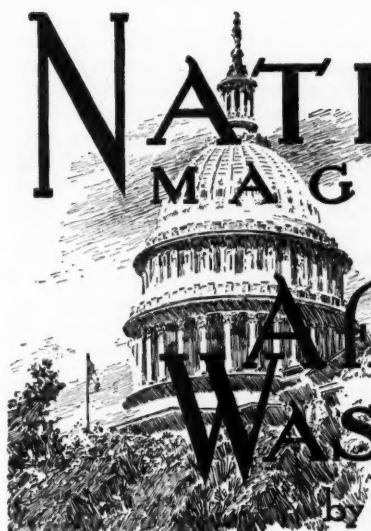




GOVERNOR GEORGE W. DONAGHEY  
ARKANSAS



*"Even Halley's Comet seemed to stand still when I tried to persuade it into a race"*  
See "Just Back from Mars" (page 653).



# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1910

## Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

THE meeting of Theodore Roosevelt and President Taft at the Beverly "summer capital" must have disappointed the busybodies who prophesied that a wide chasm would yawn between the two friends when they next met. As a sequel to his reception in New York, the Ex-President came to Harvard and mingled in the scenes associated with the sweet and tender memories of his college career. His visit to Senator Lodge, at Nahant, was the first real recreation he had tasted for months. As the automobile whizzed along the Puritan Road to Beverly, the crowds could not resist the impulse to give hearty greeting to Colonel Roosevelt. For now it is strictly "Colonel," the title which he enjoys most of all. Bowing here and there, with a hearty wave of the hand, which each one felt was intended for him alone, he arrived at the gates at Burgess Point. A sign admonished all courses, "Automobiles go slowly and blow your horns," a warning upon which certain unregenerate newspaper men commented, saying that in the case of some visiting parties the latter part of the instruction was not needed.

Ladies in gorgeous equipages drove up to make calls, but the secret service men

had strict orders and were obedient—emphatically no one could enter that day, for the house was reserved for the meeting of the two old friends. A hearty hand-clasp in one corner of the veranda, and then they were left alone and stood looking out over the wide expanse of ocean, talking as only old friends can talk. As the Colonel expressed it, he had "a bully time." The meeting forever set at rest the wild rumors about, his running for governor, and asking for a recall of the appointment of Governor Hughes as Justice of the Supreme Court.

The people waited patiently for the Colonel to return from his two hours' visit, during which he took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Taft and a pleasant talk in the hearty old fashion when he was President, and his host was acting under his orders.

With pointed finger and emphatic gesture, the Colonel greeted the old-time newsgatherers. No public man in history has ever been able to furnish copy to such an extent, and yet say nothing that could cause eruptions. At close range it is seen that his eyes are clear and blue, with a suggestion of physical force and decided will which deepens admiration for the man. Every movement, every gesture seems born of sincerity. No

wonder the tops of the stone walls were lined with residents watching for a peep at the indomitable Colonel Roosevelt. The photographers had a busy time as they faced Colonel Roosevelt and he exclaimed: "Oh, you miscreants!" Within the last seven years he has been bombarded by camera fiends on almost every continent and there is no shyness left in the Colonel in regard to facing the lens. When Jimmy Sloane, the secret service man who was his shadow for seven years, was spied, the ex-President met the first of his old Washington friends

president of the Alumni Association, and Governor Hughes of New York held council under the elm while the procession was forming, and it is believed that an important alliance with deep political significance was sealed with mutual hand-clasps.

Colonel Roosevelt's face and figure spoke of health and vigor, as he gesticulated in the old characteristic, lively way, and everyone felt that his resolution to mingle no more in matters political was shattered. That day a telegram was sent to the New York Assembly, urging Repub-

licans to stand by the primary bill of Governor Hughes. In the same line to receive degrees were Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and General Horace Porter, and many distinguished men were honored amid the plaudits of a gathering of notable leaders in literature, business and politics, and the crimson blazon of Harvard seemed to glow with a deeper red, as one of the most splendid of many noble commencements drew to a close.

\* \* \*



Copyright by Notman Photographic Co., Boston

EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ON THE CAMPUS  
AT HARVARD'S CLASS DAY

at the summer capital. Without making invidious comparisons, between Oyster Bay and Beverly, Colonel Roosevelt insisted that Beverly was a most beautiful place. As of old he uses adjectives and underscores them liberally in conversation, so that every sentence comes out with emphasis. The selection of Beverly as the summer capital had his hearty approval, he shouted, with a wave of his hand, as the auto whisked away.

\* \* \*

COMMENCEMENT at Harvard, 1910, presented features of almost national importance. Ex-President Roosevelt,

business. Wealthy people from all parts of the country establish homes at Washington to enjoy the social season, and their daughters are all eager to go, but the young men remain at the old home attending to business, and such young men are seldom found at Washington. The government service constantly enlists women from all over the country, who are usually women of extraordinary ability and highly educated. Many of them are related to residents of Washington and readily find work in the government service without having to go afield for it. Naturally the matrimonial decadence which Washingtonians lament ensues. There are



now 200,000 people in the Capital of marriageable age, but of these 30,000 men are officially declared bachelors, and 50,000 women are unmarried with the "chances strong against them." Ten years ago there were many fresh, pretty girls at the desks in Washington; now there are more mature faces steadily performing the same daily tasks. Three out of every ten government employees in Washington are women, a percentage far exceeding any government force anywhere else in the world. The unwritten law of the departments demands that the woman who marries loses her position, and it has been said that a woman worker dislikes to give up a certainty for an uncertainty. Daughters of Congressmen and Senators may be included in this list, for the glamor of Washington society enchants them, and they love to come here.

\* \* \*

**F**OR many years the general American public has associated the name of Bjornstjerne Bjornson with a new era in Norway. A private citizen from his birth to his death and born a peasant, he never ceased to be anything but "one of the people," and was without doubt the most potent individual force in shaping to successful completion the great civic reforms of his native land. He was indeed entitled to the name: "The Uncrowned King of Norway."

Poet and novelist, journalist, playwright, and political agitator and leader of "Old Norway," his writings continue to be the text of deserved eulogies, and his written works are but just beginning to come to their own on the shelves and in the hearts and homes of literary Americans.

The son of a minister, who was himself descended from an ancient line of the *bonder* class, that hereditary farmer caste which for so many centuries has been the real strength and ruling power in Norway, Bjornson grew up among a brave, honest, independent, hospitable peasantry, full of sincere affections, simple faith, and clear-cut ethical and moral convictions.

Their strong, simple democracy, their physical vitality, and persistent endurance were incarnate in the man whose boyhood budded and blossomed into noble manhood, among the lakes and fjords, the torrents and cascades, the fjelds and mountains of his native land.

His early simplicity of thought, and enjoyment of life and its surroundings, kept him unharassed and undespondent during a career so devoted to the championship of new reforms that, as a friend once declared, "he risked his reputation at least once a year for some cause he believed in."



Copyright, Notman Photographic Co., Boston

PRESIDENT TAFT AND MASSACHUSETTS NOTABLES  
Reviewing the Fourth of July Parade at Somerville, Mass.

Over half a century ago, leading six hundred Norwegian youths armed with whistles, he entered the Christiania theatre, and with shrill discords drove off the stage the Danish play and players which until then had supplanted the language and spirit of "Gamle Norge." Thus, in a demonstration which startled the Norwegian capital and paralyzed staid officialdom for the moment, he began his life-long struggle to re-establish the national spirit, and raise the ambitions and purposes of his people to a higher level. While often exposed to partisan hatred at home and abroad, he never stooped to the defence of abuses because they were Norwegian, but always declared that "Norway must do right at any cost." During the first twenty years of his

activity, there was no movement which he did not either advocate or combat; no public question in whose final settlement he was not an important factor.

His novels, enthralling in interest, were never without a lesson and purpose, and his patriotic poems and songs awakened an enthusiasm that had slumbered since

Nor was his love for freedom and humanity limited by the narrow boundaries of his sea-washed fjord-indented, lake-studded mountain-land. The fearless champion of righteousness and freedom, he openly advocated the cause of Finland against Russia, of Denmark and Poland against Prussia, and even of the Slovacks against Hungary-Austria. Dying at seventy-seven, he received at the last the royal obsequies of a sincere and pathetic regret and admiration world-wide and enduring.

The increasing popularity of his works, within the past ten years, suggests a forward movement, and it is significant that in the public schools children are not only in touch with the works of Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, but are beginning to know something of the inspired lines of Bjornstjerne Bjornson and other foreign writers.

\* \* \*



BUST OF BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON

the last Saga-Scald had laid aside the harp forever; indeed his "We Love the Land that Bore Us," is practically the national song of Norway today.

His demands that woman be placed on the same plane of citizenship with man, and be judged by the same standard of morality, were insistent in his newspaper and lecture utterances, and inspired his great drama, "A Gauntlet," and two of his greatest novels, "The House of the Kurts," and "In God's Way." His efforts for Norwegian independence found full fruition and secured for him the popular appellation "Norway's Uncrowned King"; at least in his last years he received the royal salute of a Norwegian regiment.

IN one of the handsome new rooms of the Senate office building for some months was conducted the famous Balinger-Pinchot investigation. The room was crowded to suffocation, a large proportion of the audience being women, attired in picture hats, clinging gowns and astonishing footwear. On a rostrum at the end of the room sat the witnesses, replying one by one to the questions fired at them by the lawyers who surrounded the table. This process of examination by sub-tribunal promises to increase in favor and the Senate has many rooms which are suited to this purpose. The verdicts of long and wearisome investigations are sometimes held a respectful time after the obsequies of the deceased reputations passing through the mill. It is difficult for an outsider to understand just what is developed by the numerous questions and answers, many of which look to the uninitiated like a display of pique and personal animosity now and then. The old belief is that a thoroughly legal investigation is apt to bring out all the facts.

"Investigations of this nature," said one of the lawyers, at the end of a tedious list of questions, "is an established phase of a Republican form of government."

"It may be," replied a studious Washington philosopher who stood by, "but to me it seems that the everlasting 'why' that lurks in the mind of every human being is the chief reason for the questions hurled at your victims. It is a pretty easy way to work off personal bile at public expense. You remember what old Omar says:

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent  
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument  
About it and about: but evermore  
Came out by the same door wherein I went.

"I am afraid," said the legal man, cheerfully, "that we cannot admit poetry as evidence."

\* \* \*

TWO years ago Ralph H. Cameron told the people of Arizona that if he was sent to Congress and did not secure statehood for the Territory that he would never again be a candidate asking for their votes. For fifty years Arizona had been striving to become a state. The people elected Mr. Cameron, and from the moment of that election every energy of the tireless delegate has been devoted to his task—a western Congressman told me he had taken him in hand more than once for fear that he might break down from overwork. But Cameron kept going, until finally there came the day when his great efforts were rewarded. An appreciative people sent him a full bushel of congratulatory telegrams, and as I read them over in his office I could not help remarking: "At least one representative of the people is appreciated on account of his excellent work." Other friends of Delegate Cameron invaded his office at night, and decorated it with printed placards, samples of which read: "Your Uncle Samuel's forty-eight varieties"; "Come in out of the cold"; "Hurrah for our good 'Senator,'" etc. On the outer door they placed a card which read: "Welcome to our Union." Everyone who passed knew what it meant, and there were few who did not stop long enough to congratulate the "live wire" from Arizona on bringing to final success the great work of half a century that resulted in making Arizona into a state.

THE children of Washington, during the two closing months of the school year, became greatly interested in the cause of kind treatment of animals, largely through the efforts of the Washington Humane Society under the direction of President Walter Stilson Hutchins. Permission was obtained from the Board of Education to introduce Bands of Mercy into the schools, and during April and May nearly 11,000 children, white and colored, signed the pledge—and were enrolled in 344 different Bands—which the American Humane Education Society of Boston has made known throughout the world—"I will try to be kind to all living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Each child was given a certificate, in the form of a pledge card, making him a Band of Mercy member of both the Washington Humane Society and the American Humane Education Society. Groups of about thirty children, usually those in one room, were formed into separate Bands, each of which received the literature given by the national organization to all branch societies reported to its office in Boston. Three hundred and forty-four of these branches have been formed already by the agents of the local Society, one working in the white schools and one in the colored schools. The official paper, *Our Dumb Animals*, is sent free for a year to each of these juvenile organizations, and each has been equipped with a badge for its president, all at the expense of the parent society.

When the late George T. Angell founded the first Band of Mercy in America, at the office of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, probably he never expected that in less than twenty-eight years there would be formed 77,814 Bands representing every state, territory, and district of the United States and many foreign countries. As each Band averages thirty members, this means that in all over two million pledges have been received and reported to the head office.

During the last month of the school year of 1910, these Bands of Mercy were formed at the rate of seventeen for each calendar day. Under the new impetus given to humane education work since

Dr. Francis H. Rowley has assumed the presidency of the American Humane Education Society, many large cities in America are following the example of Boston by having the children in their public schools organized into these Bands for the protection of animals. The work is usually done under the auspices of the local humane societies. The South has become especially active in this line of late. The Chattanooga Humane Society, at the suggestion of its president, Mr. John W. Faxon, distributed five thousand

them sixty strong, that had already been formed in different parts of the city.

Active humane workers throughout the country realize that by reaching the children and interesting them in the care and kind treatment of animals, the next generation will be supplied with trained men and women to carry on this great philanthropic work, the significance of which today is shown by preparations now being made for the first American International Humane Conference, to be held in Washington next October. As says President Rowley of the Parent American Band of Mercy: "The vitally important work for us is the humane education of the millions of boys and girls who are to be the future citizens of the state."

\* \* \*

**S**ELDOM has the heart of the reading public been touched so deeply as by the passing of "O. Henry," or William Sidney Porter. I remember meeting him several years ago and wondering at his keen, quick insight. He seemed to know what people were thinking, and almost took count of every breath they drew, jotting down his impressions on a bit of yellow paper, and in a few minutes having a story which showed a thorough grip on the hidden side of human nature. His career had only begun, but he had done enough to compel men to realize that he was truly a genius. His life was all too brief.

John N. Beffel, editor of *The Glovers Review*, told me the other day how Mr. Porter died, and related a story that was characteristic of the man known as O. Henry.

"A serious operation had been performed on Mr. Porter," said Mr. Beffel, "but he was beyond surgical aid, and he seemed to realize it. He was perfectly conscious for thirty hours after the operation, and he gamely saw the end approach. Dr. Charles Russell Hancock, who worked heroically to save the dying man, was the only person with him when death came.

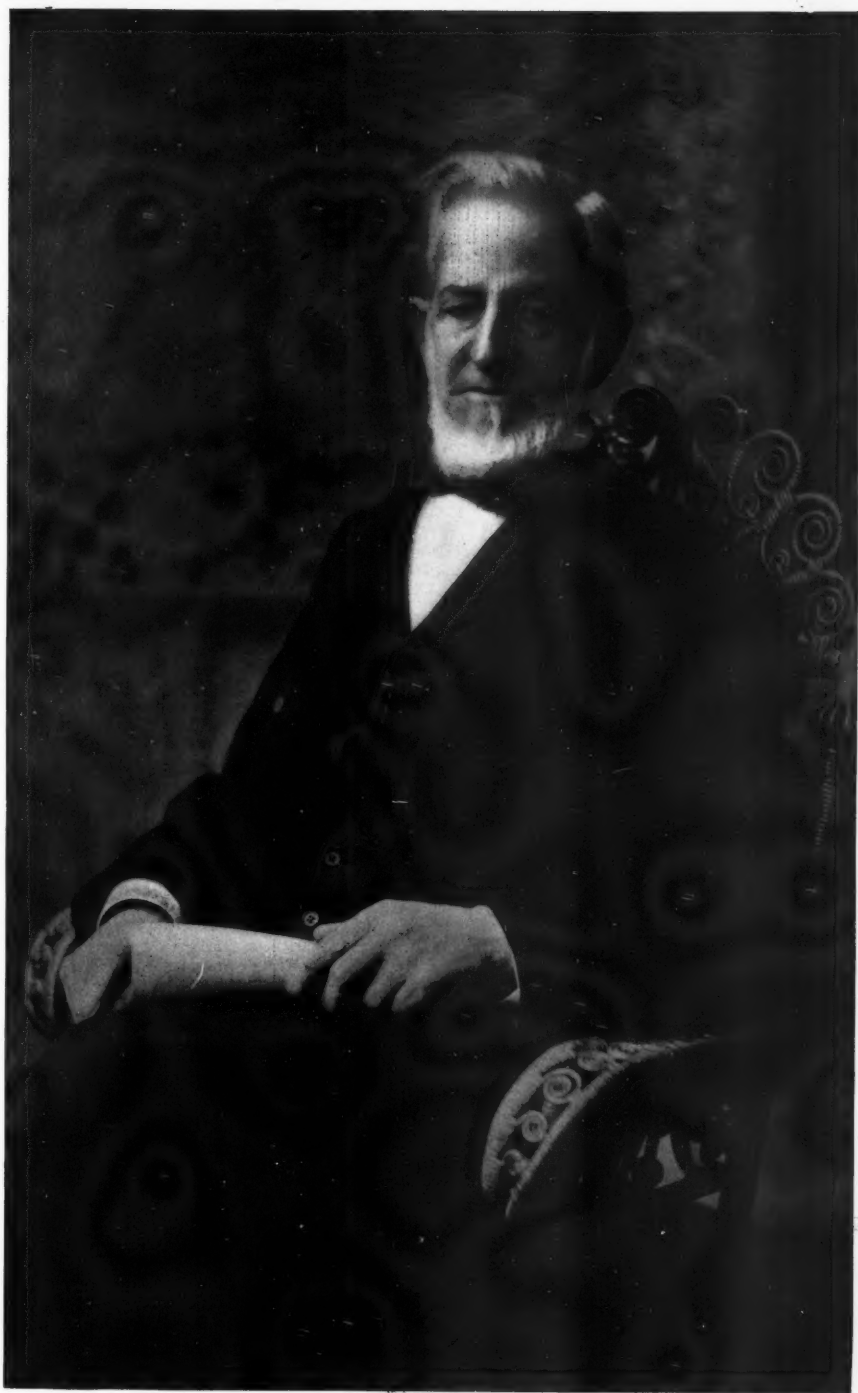
"In the midst of the night, a few hours before he died, he called Dr. Hancock to his bedside and said:



**NATHAN B. WILLIAMS**

Lawyer, a native of Arkansas, and a student of political and economic questions

pledge cards to the school children of that city in April last, enlisting their sympathies for the helpless thus early in their student careers. The Louisiana State S. P. C. A. held a mass meeting for the children of New Orleans on June 15, 1910, at which three hundred boys and girls of all nationalities and all walks of life came together to listen to an explanation of what the Band of Mercy movement could do for them. Among those present were a little Japanese boy, a number of children of Russian immigrants from a Jewish Sabbath school, and several representative local Bands of Mercy, one of



THE LATE GEORGE T. ANGELL



"Put the pillows up higher, Doc—I don't want to go home in the dark."

"His wish was granted, for he passed over the great divide a few minutes past seven in the morning."

"The world is richer and better for what O. Henry has done. The stories he has left to us will make us more like the optimists we ought to be—they will teach us to be braver and kinder to our fellow-man—for they have torn away the dark curtain that concealed from so many of us the lives that 'the other half' live."

\* \* \*

THE late Senator Sherman used to say that any man who could secure the passage of a general bill affecting national

Iowan congressman, was the first Conservation Bill ever passed by Congress, and follows the policies inaugurated by Colonel Roosevelt and heartily endorsed by President Taft. It foreshadows further important legislation along this line, and the people of the United States will profit greatly by the natural resources held back from corporate exploitation.

Although one of the most effective and eloquent orators in the House, Mr. Pickett has preferred the rough-and-tumble debates that crystalize and develop legislation to carefully prepared speeches. His brief remarks in the Congressional Record indicate the incisive argument that counts. The strong leaders in Congress have invariably been ready debaters, and in the handling of amendments and discussions upon the floor, Mr. Pickett has made an enviable record.

His participation in the discussion and formulation of important measures, including the Railroad Bill, has evidenced his genius and intense interest in legislation. When some of the important bills and other matters were under consideration, Congressman Pickett could not be induced to leave the firing line even to address a notable gathering in Boston at which the Governors of New England were to be present.

With Western aggressiveness and initiative he has achieved in one short year what ordinarily would require a long term of service, and his quiet and dignified manner has won for him many strong and powerful friendships. His success in securing the passage in a single session of so important a measure as the Conservation Bill is a record of which any veteran congressman might well be proud. It is an instance of "get there," which the American people are so quick to appreciate in their legislators. The blending of these qualities in Mr. Pickett has given him a standing to which his host of friends and constituents point with just pride.

The next Congress will have still more important work to do in keeping its pledges to the people, and the difference between plans and results is nowhere more strongly marked than in drawing a bill and passing it.



REPRESENTATIVE C. E. PICKETT OF IOWA

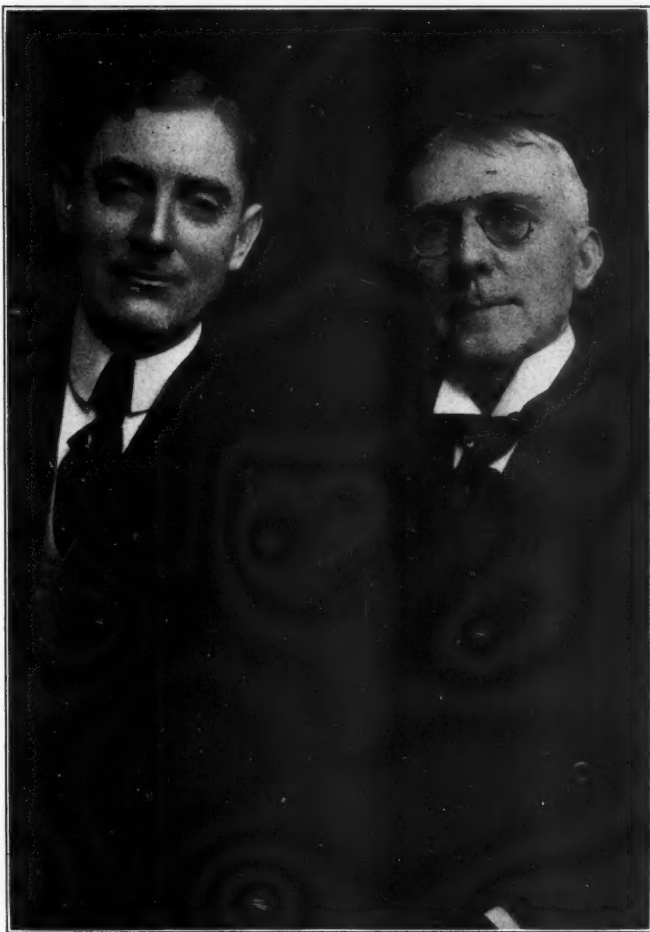
interests without having it tattered with amendments and shorn of its original purpose was a genius, and that in the last analysis the results attained were the true measure of legislative ability. With the handling of one of the four great measures passed at the last session to his credit, the colleagues of Representative Charles E. Pickett and all close observers of affairs at Washington nod their heads when they hear the remark that "Young Pickett is a comer."

The Pickett Bill or administration conservation measure, introduced by the young

AMONG the visitors at Washington in glorious autumn time came Howard Chandler Christy and James Whitcomb Riley—two "old pals," as they might be called—never mind comparing their ages. Riley's poems have long been "household words" in the homes of the American people, and the Christy illustrations are part and parcel of this popular American verse. Together they saw the sights; went over the Capitol with wide-open eyes, and looked upon the allegorical paintings, typifying American progress and portrayed by the brush of Italian and other foreign artists. It is a sad commentary upon our American art that the decoration of the chief buildings of the nation's Capital should have been the work of alien artists. This was true in former times of other countries

—but we are rapidly coming up out of the mists and will soon be able to decorate our own great buildings with real American art. Sometimes an outsider obtains a better perspective of art and literature in a foreign land than native-born genius. It remained for Taine, the Frenchman, to write the standard history of English

literature; and James Bryce, a British author, writes the text books on American civil government used in our colleges. But when it comes to poetry—writing the songs of the people—he must come from among



HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY AND JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

them and be of them, as Riley in Hoosierdom, or Burns in Ayrshire.

\* \* \*

TWO men in recent years—Kaufman of Chicago and Brisbane of New York—have shown the readers of America that the newspaper editorial is still a live,

palpitating force, that the editorial mantle of Charles A. Dana and Henry Watterson, recut to suit the times, remains a garment of brilliant colors and one to command respect.

Herbert Kaufman is thirty-two years old. When he was seventeen in Washington, his private library, collected by himself, numbered thousands of volumes



Photoby Moffet Studio

HERBERT KAUFMAN

A forceful editorial writer of Chicago

and he was familiar with every volume. There were Greek books, French, German—works on mythology, on the ancient inhabitants of the Valley of the Nile, rare Spanish stories, hundreds of volumes whose present usefulness seemed doubtful, but whose ultimate purpose was to give the young writer vista, vision and vocabulary.

Herbert Kaufman's editorials, being printed in more than a score of the leading

papers of the country, dictated with the ever readiness acquired by the average business man in dictating letters, testify to the unqualified success of this coolly laid plan to acquire a knowledge of words.

With an optimistic spirit, the imagination of a poet, the business acumen of a merchant and the forcefulness of an advocate, he was peculiarly adapted to father the "uplift" style of editorial, directed to the young business man, which has brought him before the country.

At thirteen he began as an advertising writer for his father, a Washington merchant. At fifteen he was the power behind the advertisements of the biggest merchants in Baltimore and Washington. At sixteen he was a student in Johns Hopkins university. At nineteen he was advertising manager of the *Washington Times*. At twenty he was advertising manager of one of Philadelphia's great department stores.

Then followed New York, London and Paris—the friendship of W. T. Stead, of Finot, of Lombrose, the important post of American representative for Pearson, the great English journalist and publisher—association with Munsey and with Shaw of the "Review of Reviews"—periods punctuated with the publication of novels and volumes of verse. Noteworthy among his later poems have been "America," "The Stainless Banner" and "Why Are You Weeping, Sister?"

With his love for Nature and the sports which take a man out-of-doors and his much sought ability as a raconteur, the strange part of it is that Kaufman has become a writer. He literally knows everybody, everywhere, and is always on the move—doing with about five hours sleep out of the twenty-four. As a shot, he has few superiors. He and United States Secret Service Officer Ritchie, now located in Chicago, have frequent contests with the rifle; Kaufman usually adding some fancy "stunt" that puts Ritchie to the test. Down in the cow country, where he is well known, they don't give a hang for him as a writer—don't even know he is, but they will tell you he is the greatest shot that ever visited there.

On the Santa Gertrudes Ranch last summer—the famous King Ranch—the

foreman, who was told Kaufman was a writer, said: "Hell, he ain't no writer. He's a man!"

And therein lies the appeal of his editorial writings: his friendship with every man and his intimate knowledge of the wrongs that rankle in the hearts of men.

His books have been a scaffolding, but don't think you will ever run across a Herbert Kaufman editorial paralleling the teaching of any book except the Book of Proverb.

As a single example of the forcefulness of his writing, his editorials in behalf of the Young Men's Christian Association, published in the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Boston American*, are said to have raised a fund of over three-quarters of a million dollars for that organization.

\* \* \*

OCCUPYING quarters in the War Department, the American Red Cross, under the directorship of Miss Mabel T. Boardman, is doing a wonderful work, not only for humanity but for nationality. It continues to dot the world map with those little red crosses which mean so much in time of calamity. Miss Boardman keeps in touch with the needs of people all over the world, and is constantly informed of all public disasters even in the smaller communities. Unhappily contributions to the funds are too small to allow of meeting every emergency. A very stirring letter issued by President Taft shows that at the present time an endowment fund of \$2,000,000 is needed to enable the American Red Cross to take its proper place among the international societies of this beneficent order. Generous donations have already been made, and it is believed that the splendid example of the contributor will be followed by others who desire to see efficient aid rendered when most required.

\* \* \*

THE Congressional campaign has revived a lot of old stories told by Colonel A. K. McClure, the veteran newspaper man. One which he often tells relates to the time of the Spanish-American War. The ladies of Conshohocken were engaged in making a supply of pajamas

for the soldiers of a favorite regiment. That type of sleeping garment was new in those days, and the relatives of the soldiers were determined that every man in the regiment should have the "most stylish thing obtainable in a *robe de nuit*," as the young lady from a Washington boarding school said.

"My boys has always worn night shirts," said an old lady, busily stitching on the modern garments. "I hope they'll know what to do with these."

The parcel was duly sent to Cuba, but no word reached the adies from the



ARTHUR BRISBANE  
Editorial writer for the Hearst newspapers

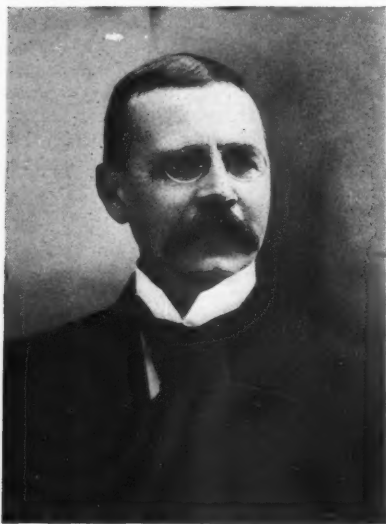
supposedly grateful wearers of the "*robes de nuit*." They waited a month and then wired Colonel A. K. McClure, who hailed from Conshohocken:

"Anxious to know if you got the pajamas last month."

The Colonel read the telegram and marveled. He was a whole-souled citizen, but wore nothing newer than a nightshirt when he slumbered. He would nip a slander in the bud; his wire read:

"Story is a lie out of whole cloth, probably fabricated by enemies to ruin me politically. Admit am not total abstainer, but never had pajamas last month or any other time."

ON questions of copyrights and patents Congressman Frank D. Currier of New Hampshire is a recognized authority, having, since his first day in Congress, made a careful and exhaustive study of the copyright and patent laws of this and



HON. FRANK D. CURRIER

all other countries having copyright acts. The Currier copyright law of 1909 was evolved after years of conscientious labor, and since the time of its taking effect it has given a remarkably high degree of satisfaction to the many interests affected. An innovation wrought by this act is the extension of copyright protection to music composers so that they shall receive compensation for the mechanical reproduction of their works on phonographs and piano-playing instruments. Mr. Currier's contention for payment to the composer on a flat royalty basis was acceded to after a protracted controversy, and the plan adopted proved a happy solution to an exceedingly puzzling question. Every phonograph or music roll now manufactured means the payment of a certain fixed sum to the man or woman whose brain conceived the melody thus reproduced. The lengthening of the renewal term of copyright from fourteen to twenty-eight years and the providing of new civil

remedies in cases of infringement are important features of the new law.

Additional protection for American inventors also is contemplated by a bill lately reported to the House by Mr. Currier, the purpose of which is to enlarge the jurisdiction of the Court of Claims so that that body can entertain suits brought against the Government for its infringement of patents in the absence of express or implied contracts with the patentees.

A complete revision and codification of the trade-mark laws is another important change in the federal statutes initiated by Mr. Currier's committee.



MISS BESSIE ABBOTT

This is the costume in which the young American singer will appear when she stars this coming season under the management of Liebler & Company, in a new light grand opera by Pietro Mascagni, called "Ysobel." It is based on the story of "Lady Godiva," who rode through the city clad principally in her hair.



IN the Forestry Department, Mr. Albert F. Potter, of Arizona, is assistant chief. He is a practical Western man, and is well fitted to fill the place left vacant by the retirement of Overton W. Price. Mr Potter was for years in charge of the Division of Grazing, and confesses that he was somewhat starved when taken from a comparatively obscure position to be placed in charge of the Forestry Bureau, which has charge of almost two hundred million of acres of government forest, and an expenditure of \$10,000,000 per annum. He was born in the picturesque Sacramento Valley, and went to Arizona when a young man in the days when the Apaches were still busy acquiring scalps. He is a practical cowboy, and has handled herds on ranches for years, being an active member of the cow-punching fraternity.

Mr. Pinchot met Mr. Potter when on a trip of investigation, and was so impressed with the thorough and practical knowledge of the sometime cowboy, that, when the Division of Grazing was organized he was asked to take charge. Although not a college graduate, and never having made a scientific study of forestry, Mr. Potter has gained by long and hard experience, and by active work knowledge not easily acquired in the schools. The West is his home, and he is thoroughly familiar with it. He knows all the important facts and technicalities needed to guide him in deciding the questions constantly coming before him as chief of the Forestry Department.

\* \* \*

LITTLE bits of biography which reach one here and there in the corridors of the Capitol might furnish "complete short stories," with plot and details as provided. One of the most interesting biographical sketches is that of Otto G. Foelker, the

Congressman from New York, who was formerly a baker. Arriving in Brooklyn, New York, a perfect stranger, he was driven by the chill winds of winter to seek the shelter of the Y. M. C. A. rooms. There the young German, alone in a strange city, found a friend who was afterwards instrumental in securing his nomination for State Senator. He says that in the



ALBERT F. POTTER

Associate Forester, United States Forest Service

year 1895 he arrived from Troy and walked the streets of Brooklyn with exactly \$1.19 in his pocket. The first Sunday in the city was lonely, but he soon made friends in the church and among the members of the Y. M. C. A. At first he blew the bellows of a pipe organ and lived in a lodging house where he paid ten cents a night, while during the day he worked at his trade. In the evening he constantly made new friends at the Y. M. C. A. rooms, and their influence

and advice determined him to study law. His elementary training was secured in the Y. M. C. A. night school. In 1904 he was nominated for the assembly and later for the State Senate. He was then in active practice as a lawyer.

It was during the fight of Governor Hughes on race-track gambling that Mr. Foelker made his memorable trip to Albany

Ella Flagg Young—whose world-wide reputation in educational circles was accentuated a year ago by her appointment as Superintendent of Education for the great city of Chicago, in itself an unmistakable diploma of phenomenal ability, and a tribute of sincere affection and admiration from her fellow-teachers and associate educators of Chicago, among

whom she has labored nearly all her life, and who feel for her a love that is almost like reverence.

Of medium height and quiet but active bearing, with bright expressive eyes and hair tinged with gray, Mrs. Young at once impresses a new acquaintance with a strong but charming sense of her superiority in her chosen life-work. Friends have often claimed that she reminded them of Abraham Lincoln, and perhaps the contour of her face and her large, deeply-set eyes, whose somewhat sad expression lights up with a genial and helpful interest which wins every heart, warrant their oft-repeated declaration.

She graduated from the Chicago High School, and after her marriage continued to teach.

In her long career Mrs. Young has inspired and guided many young men and maidens toward higher erudition. Among her pupils were the inimitable "Mr. Dooley" (Peter Finley Dunne), George V. Farwell, and like notables.

Mrs. Young is not a promoter of fads, but holds that a school should be rather a workshop than an academy. Her election is looked upon as a most favorable omen for the success of the movement to give women equal rights and adequate wages, but although a believer in suffrage, Mrs. Young has been too busy with her work to actively advocate the cause, and believes that the problem will work itself out in the natural evolution of things.



*Courtesy of Woman's Journal, Boston, Mass.*

MRS. ELLA FLAGG YOUNG

hazarding his life by rising from a sick bed that he might cast a deciding vote. This eventually made him a Congressman, and determination to fulfill every promise is still a strong characteristic of the young German.

\* \* \*

FOR the first time in its history, the National Educational Association has elected a woman to the presidency—Mrs.





THE most notable national gathering of the year was that of the National Education Association, which met in Boston in July. Representatives came from every state and section of the country, and no sooner had they arrived than it was realized that they had come with a definite purpose in mind.

In Trinity Church and the old Art Museum in Copley Square the teachers had their headquarters. For their benefit, every historic spot in the city was labeled, so that complex guide-books need not be consulted to show the facts regarding the different historical spots. The Old State House bore tablets showing where the taking of Louisburg and the surrender of Cornwallis were announced, where the Constitution was read, and the spot upon which the Boston massacre was begun. Like announcements were placed at other points which are familiar to the student of American history, and a visit to the site of the first free school in the country afforded an appropriate educational opportunity.

The greatest event of the convention was the meeting in the Harvard Stadium on the Fourth of July. Long before the appointed hour, 3:30 P. M., the great auditorium presented an ideal picture of the glory and conservatism of some stately institution of learning. The scene was as inspiring as the setting. In front of the greensward the white lines of the gridiron marked for the autumn games were all but obliterated, and in the background, tier on tier, the concrete seats were filled by thousands of teachers from all the states of the Republic. The masses of color presented by the white gowns, changing blue tints and the crimson of the programmes suggested the national red, white and blue.

The school teachers in their tasteful garbs, relieved by badges of red or blue representing their active or associate standing, made a most effective picture. Apprehending a long session, some of them had brought their luncheon, and it was like a real old school "nooning" beside "the little red schoolhouse" of song and story.

The chorus consisted of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, and the ren-

dition of Gounod's "Unfold Ye Portals" from hundreds of throats in the open air will never be forgotten by those who heard it that day. When all the people rose and sang "America" and "The Star Spangled Banner," the volume of song, a mighty paean of patriotic devotion, seemed echoing within the titanic heart of some ancient shrine or prehistoric temple.

No wonder that President Taft, as he faced that throng, said he felt inclined to throw aside his carefully prepared speech and soar to the highest flights of oratory!

Francis G. Blair, superintendent of public instruction for the state of Illinois, responded eloquently on behalf of the organization. The acoustic properties of the stadium were often remarked upon during the exercises, and it was noted that the voices of the speakers could be clearly heard by over twenty thousand people against the cool breezes which swept up from the basin of the Charles.

President A. Lawrence Lowell, head of Harvard University, greeted the teachers and introduced President Joyner of the New England Association, who spoke comprehensively on education in this country and other parts of the world. Stirring addresses of welcome were rendered by Governor Eben S. Draper, always at his best on such an occasion, and by the inimitable and dynamic John F. Fitzgerald, Mayor of Boston. President Taft, wreathed in his most winsome smile, drifted from witty sallies in that colloquial style which has ever won the hearts of his listeners, to a far-reaching speech on education. Our adherence to the Declaration of Independence, the educational situation in the Philippines and other insular possessions were touched upon, and in a few sentences a careful and concrete analysis was given on a sentiment which has been for years mooted in the schools of the country: "Government with the consent of the governed."

The response of Governor Kitchin, of North Carolina, and the apostrophe to peace of President David Starr Jordan, of California, were unique utterances, most impressive and appropriate for a Fourth of July programme.

Sitting on the stone tiers, with the sky as a ceiling and the earth as a footstool,



the audience listened to oratory suggestive of Athenian days and the Philip-pics of Demosthenes, except that denunciation and satire had no part in the varied and impressive exercises. Not only the speakers, but the occasion and the setting combined to make a wonderful and inspiring picture, and a perfect and sane celebration of the day. It was a scene which can never be adequately represented in words or photographs, because there can be no realization conveyed of the spirit and coloring of that representative gathering of American citizens.

\* \* \*

IT is told of the late Louis James, the actor—whose genial nature made him friends the world over—that during one of his Washington engagements, he became responsible for a real funny story.

Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" was being played, and during the magnificent quarrel between Brutus and Cassius, just as its climax was being reached, Mr. James came in with a hot sausage concealed in his hand, which, as he clasped hands with his reconciled fellow-conspirator, he quietly transferred to the palm of Mr. Warde. Although it was the supreme moment when the two great Romans renewed their friendship and buried their differences, the invisible sausage almost broke up the play, for Mr. Warde could scarcely preserve his gravity and get through his lines.

The greater number of Mr. James's friends were young people, and he always seemed a boy among boys. His death has been keenly regretted by myriads who never failed to attend the theater when the name of Louis James was on the bill.

\* \* \*

STANDING in the museum before the great seal of the United States of America, one recalls that in 1782, when it was adopted, the infant republic had for nearly eight years been driving along without an emblem or a seal. There was no seal even in 1776 on Independence Day, though committees were formed at various times to report on designs presented with a view to making a seal for the United States of America. It was Charles Thomson who finally made a new departure

and chose the eagle for the central figure of his design, specifying that it be "an American eagle rising, not displayed." To suggest the war power, he put in one sinister talon a bundle of arrows, and in the bird's dexter talon an olive branch to depict peace, while for the crest he used the constellation of thirteen stars, surrounded by clouds.

A private citizen of Philadelphia, William Barton, who had studied heraldry, had also submitted a design, and his suggested changes in the Thomson seal made a displayed eagle and a bundle of arrows numbering thirteen. The report on the seal was signed by both Barton and Thomson.

In the discussion that followed, even so great a philosopher as Benjamin Franklin said that he was sorry the bald eagle had been chosen to represent the United States, adding:

"He is a bird of bad moral character. He does not get his living honestly. You may have seen him perched on some dead tree, where, too lazy to fish for himself, he watches the labor of the fishing hawk; when that diligent bird has at length taken a fish and is bearing it to his nest for the support of his mate and young, the bald eagle wrests it from him. Besides, he is a coward; the little king bird, not bigger than a sparrow, attacks him boldly and drives him out of the district."

However, the protest of the statesman did not prove effectual, and every proclamation and document of importance carries on it the seal of 1782, with the eagle duly displayed thereupon.

\* \* \*

ONE of the largest claims submitted to the House committee during the last session was one presented by the Southern Pacific Railroad demanding \$1,600,000 for a dam constructed by the company at the suggestion of President Roosevelt when a portion of Southern California was threatened with disastrous overflows. Congressman Prince, representing the Illinois district eight terms, has, as chairman of the committee, given the most assiduous attention to the ever-increasing number of claims brought before it.

AT the meeting of the National Education Association in Boston no feature was of greater interest than the history of how rural populations have been furnished with school facilities. In Imperial County, California, which a decade ago was considered a part of the Colorado Desert, no less than eighty schools are now in full operation, imparting education free from many of the traditions and prejudices which at times retard progress in older communities. They have been quick to adopt the newest and best educational ideas.

Automobiles with ample seating capacity in front and rear are used to take the pupils to and from school in sparsely settled districts, and are employed at times during school hours in hauling freight for the farmers, carrying three tons at a load. Early in the morning, they gather milk and take it to the creamery, and very often it takes a load of farmers' wives into town to do their shopping. The school children are gathered in less than thirty minutes, which is less time than it takes the laggard boy to get to school two squares away.

The total cost of keeping up such motors averages one hundred dollars per month, or less than fifteen cents per pupil. Mr. Edward Hyatt, Superintendent of Instruction of California, is enthusiastically working to bring strong and weak schools together, and give to rural districts almost the same advantages enjoyed by the larger graded schools of the city. The picture tells its own story—going to school in modern times is somewhat of a contrast to the sun-bonnetted little maid, wearily trudging through the dust, or "the whining schoolboy with his satchel," whom Shakespeare has depicted for all ages. What the electric cars are to dwellers in the city, these automobiles, with their ample seating capacity for passengers and large freight compartments at the back, will prove to the rural districts where the whizzing trolley has not arrived.

\* \* \*

THE summer days at the Capital are trying ones for Secretary Norton. Almost every day he faces a battery of curious newspaper men, and in his cool, deliberate

manner frankly gives out news which keeps the people in touch with the chief executive of the nation. Wearing jauntily a summer straw hat, the secretary to the President does not look as though he had lived through the thirty-eight years and wide experience credited to him. Tall, slender, full of energy, democratic, yet well poised and keen, he has long since been pronounced an ideal man for the post he fills. His face is smooth-shaven, and his broad forehead, crowned with closely cut brown hair, gives one the impression of a practical business man.

When Secretary Norton gave up an income of \$50,000 as manager of the Northwestern Insurance Company, to take up a position worth only \$4,500 at Washington, some of his friends wondered, but he had a purpose in this apparent sacrifice. He wanted to know how things were done at the Capital, and strangely enough, his wishes were at once gratified and he went right to the heart of governmental affairs before he had been a year in Washington. His ruling purposes are efficiency and economy; an economy which does not mean parsimony, but includes lessening the wear and tear of public life on his chief as well as economy in the national budget.

Wisconsin born, Mr. Norton when sixteen years old entered the service of the Northwestern Mutual Insurance Company. After graduating at Amherst College in 1893, he spent a year on the staff of *Scribner's Magazine*, but owing to ill health went abroad for a year. Returning to Chicago he re-entered the service of the Northwestern Mutual Insurance Company, and soon became general manager for the state of Illinois. His future career will be watched with great interest.

As president of the Merchants' Club of Chicago, he was the most energetic and effective worker for reform and improvement.

\* \* \*

THE contest in Washington for the proposed Panama Exposition between New Orleans and San Francisco must have gratified the warlike souls of those who like to see proof that the martial spirit of the Republic has not died out. In the thick of the fight was Mr. E. L. Chapuis, who was secretary of the St. Louis

Exposition. The Louisiana delegation made a strong presentation of the claims of New Orleans, and was headed by Governor Jared of Sanders, who, aided by Mr. Chappuis and a sure-to-win delegation, left nothing undone in behalf of the Crescent City. A country lad, starting life with a modest clerkship, Mr. Chappuis has filled important offices, and now at thirty-six promises to be one of the conspicuous figures in the great Panama Exposition. He has always known how to meet great problems and handle them. An expert accountant, he soon established an enviable reputation, and is now president of the State Board of Certified Public Accountants for the state.

The financial plan for raising the five millions necessary for the exposition at New Orleans was assigned to the care of Mr. Chappuis, who worked it out with an insight into details that made it as elaborate and attractive as it could be made. The plan was presented at a mass meeting in New Orleans, where over three thousand people were present and raised \$250,000 in less than an hour. The remainder of the first million was also pledged, and with the \$4,000,000 from the state, makes a total fund of \$5,000,000 which Louisiana pledged for the enterprise. This exposition is one of vital interest and importance to New Orleans, and in charge of active, energetic men like Mr. Chappuis, it gives promise of being an assured and notable success.

\* \* \*

WITH his hat tilted over one eye, "Uncle Joe" Cannon still remains one of the picturesque figures in the political world; and his summary of what the past Congress has accomplished made even his enemies acknowledge that here indeed is a man who does things. During the vacation season I chanced among the home-folk at Danville, Illinois. At the Plaza Hotel, diagonally across from the Court House, where people were wont to gather in early days and hold long sessions, one hears on every side only praise and admiration for "Uncle Joe." I tested men of all classes, from the hack drivers and street-car men to the merchants in the stores, for adverse criticism, but

everyone seemed to think that the more Speaker Cannon was abused by outsiders, the more reason there was that the people of Danville, who have known him for forty years, and have constantly selected him to represent them, should be ready "to do it again, if necessary," as they say.

Walking through the town, one feels that no distinct setting could be more appropriate as a home for "Uncle Joe" Cannon than Danville. Situated on the beautiful prairies, barricaded with rich fields of corn and waving grain, one can realize why "Uncle Joe" has first and last the active instincts of a farmer. He has lived here ever since he began life as a young man. When on the Appropriations Committee, he insisted that his town ought not to be awarded a slice of the Public Buildings funds, because it might look as though he had determined to pile favors upon his own home district. The results in the primaries in various states were read with a smile by "Uncle Joe," who still insists that he has no time or use for what he calls "a modern eruption known as insurgency."

\* \* \*

AS every year passes I feel a more intense longing for green fields and the delights of country life. While this may be one of the natural indications of approaching old age, indicating a desire for ease and quiet, it is quite true that nothing is more satisfying, or more inspiring amid the routine of everyday city life, than a day or two in the woods. To tread the sweet-smelling, springy soil, where the leaves of centuries have formed the richest loam, to look up and see the light quiver of the leaves, or note the delicate tracery of the branches against the summer sky; to sit quietly watching the busy insect life all around—how soothing are these simple pleasures! Coming into contact with the fresh breath of the woods quickens and yet soothes the pulsations of life—it is the acme of desire and artistic expression. Nothing can ever equal real nature in regard to solid and enduring satisfaction. Even a barren field, a bare mountain side, where gray rocks lie in heaps, or an old stone fence, that curves and wanders along the earth like a living thing—

each has a charm of its own. True, where human beings have left their "hand-writing upon the wall," a story may be read, but it is a story of warfare, sorrow and struggle. Nature tells of law and order. In the depths of the forest, far from the bricks and mortar, no jarring, grinding noises are heard, and it is always a delight to wander, fish line in hand, beside the quiet stream that meanders beneath the old, leafy trees.

"Back to the land" is the cry of the hour; it is the watchword of the men of the future. With airships and trolley cars making communication easy and quick, the men and women of the future will no longer spend their entire lives cooped up in city streets. They will transact business there for a few hours, as may be needed, and will return to the country to "live." Yes, country life for me, even if I have to get up early and "do the chores," even if I have to mow the lawn and rake the hay, while the perspiration trickles down and rapidly removes superfluous flesh. Country life means more than mere poetic charm—it means health and vigor and hale old age, rather than human beings prematurely broken and nerve-racked. In country life will be found the happy solution of half the problems which confront the United States today.

\* \* \*

MANY years ago I recall riding in a village 'bus with Bob Burdette, then on his way to fulfil a lecture engagement. He looked every inch the polished lecturer, with his waxed moustache and correct apparel. It was said that he would lecture that evening upon "The Rise and Fall of a Moustache." Since that time he has become an ordained minister of the gospel, and is now known as the Reverend Robert Burdette. His recent comment in a Los Angeles paper on the United States soldiers' uniform has been greatly appreciated in Washington; and is in line with some remarks made by Secretary von L. Meyer, who called attention to the fact that discrimination had been made in public places against wearers of the United States uniform, whether of the navy or army. It has been

said that it is unusual to object to naval men but quite common to object to soldiers. Possibly this prejudice is explained by Mr. Burdette, who insists that a man must "love his country with a love that is worship" before he would consent to appear in public in what Mr. Burdette calls a "nonsuit." He says that the khaki uniform is not a suit, and that while it may be ideal for service "a man must



A Washington newsboy

hate to wear it when he is not digging at a fortification or grooming a horse.

"His trousers are a cross between the riding trousers of an English fox hunter, and the trunks of a pugilist. His jacket, with its clumsy fit and flapped pockets, was copied, with certain modifications, not improvements, from the old Pennsylvania 'wamus,' which was made by the mother of the family with the economical design of having it fit all the male members of the family without alteration."

Mr. Burdette further proclaims his views on clothing by saying that "next to a good conscience and profound religious convictions, there is nothing that puts a chestier attitude on a man, that

better squares his shoulders and nerves his soul for brave deeds, than well-selected and perfectly fitting clothes."

\* \* \*

IT was an unusual and deserved tribute that Senator Bacon paid to the clerks of the United States, when debating the appropriation of \$100,000 for the investigation of governmental business methods. He insisted that nothing was to be gained by cutting down the pay of the people who have to do the drudgery of official work. He protested against discriminating in favor of officials who enjoy the luxurious ease of official life, as compared with the clerical force. He drew a pathetic picture of the condition of the department clerks, who had been turned out to starve after years of efficient, active service of such a nature as unfitted them to engage in other occupations, for it is well known that a few years of government routine almost disables a man for work along another line, however good he may be in his official service.

While Congress has increased the salary of the higher officials, the pay of the great mass of government clerks remains the same, yet these people must remain in Washington all the year around, and, hot or cold, pursue the dull and dreary routine which the red tape routine entails. Senator Bacon has earned and deserves the gratitude of every government employe for his courage in persisting that Congress shall make adequate provision for the future of loyal government servants.

\* \* \*

A SIGNIFICANT fact, which ought to tell a decisive story to the shrewd American manufacturers, is that every time a merchant marine bill is defeated in our Congress there is a boom in the British shipbuilding industry. At the present time there are nearly four hundred passenger and trading vessels under construction, with a gross tonnage of about 1,600,000 tons. The tonnage of the seventy-seven war vessels that are being built in the United Kingdom, including the 22,000 ton "Thunderer," is over 326,000 tons. Two dreadnought cruisers are to be constructed for Australia and

New Zealand. Ten destroyers are ordered for the Brazilian navy, four for Argentine and one for Denmark, which does not look as though smaller navies had become popular. In the coming eighteen months nearly \$300,000,000 of money will be locked up in war ships which are being constructed in the United Kingdom.

While the filling of these orders will give constant employment to an average of 182,000 men, at \$8.50 per week, economists point out that they are not real producers. Their work is of no more value to humanity than that of the heroine of a French novel, who spent several years making mock pearls, and became "the possessor of an empty head, crowned by a profusion of beautiful light hair."

\* \* \*

ON a bench in Washington Park sat a sad-faced man, with an inquiring expression of countenance. The atmosphere of the Capital encourages discussion, but it was a surprise when he launched on the unthought-of subject of ambi-dexterity. I thought he was "a little daffy," as the boys say, when he hailed me:

"Are you aware that you have two hands? I know that you are not." I hastily held them both out.

"Oh, yes, I see," he said peevishly, "right and left, but one hand is indeed 'left'—it is not really yours."

I admit that I have occasionally borrowed an umbrella—and forgotten to return it—but never have I borrowed a hand—so I sat down to get his viewpoint on my hands.

"Not one person in a thousand uses both hands. I wish they could know how much they lose," he said with genuine regret. "A right-handed man is using only the language-centre at the left of the brain, whereas an ambi-dextrous man uses two language-centres, right and left. By the modern method of training, the two centres with which every human being is endowed are not cultivated. When only the right hand is used, the left centre of language is active, while the other becomes atrophied by idleness.

"By the use of this member," he wildly waved his left hand, "I can double my present intelligence—as, in fact, I am



doing. Medical men have known cases where practice with the left hand has restored the power of speech, in cases of paralysis of the tongue. The left centre of speech, most commonly used, naturally feels the shock of paralysis, but by careful training of the left hand the unused right centre of speech may be awakened."

It seems that a movement for training in ambi-dexterity is popular in Germany, and is being introduced into military training, soldiers being taught to use both sword and pistol with either hand. My sad-faced friend of the Park became so enthused that he almost persuaded me to run across to Germany and learn the new art of using both hands.

\* \* \*

A WILD whoop and yell rang down the Avenue when it was announced that Arizona and New Mexico statehood bills were passed. Uncle Sam pronounced them members of the family and two more stars must be added to the old flag. The fight has been long and arduous, and now the question arises, "What shall be done with the old, territorial form of government, since there are no more territories to admit?" Alaska is not under the regular territorial form of government, and after the admission of New Mexico and Arizona, the territorial system whereby the majority of states have been trained and apprenticed for admission into the Union, has passed into history.

\* \* \*

THE Twentieth Century has been called the "Alphabet Age." Never before was the old A, B, C, quite so necessary as it is today; we no longer drop our A, B, C, with our "A for apple," and "B for baby," our "crooked S and round O." It is now as necessary in maturity as in the kindergarten blocks. Every office has some filing device which depends entirely for its order upon the letters of the alphabet; nothing can be found in the dictionary or other reference works without consideration betimes of the alphabet. It seems that modern business would simply go to pieces if the magic letters should suddenly be forgotten by everyone.

Someone remarked the other day that

it was time the states of the Union were alphabetically arranged, with Arkansas near the head of the list, on account of her rapid development, which certainly has led all the other states in the last year, for it has gone forward by leaps and bounds. The census enumerators, with their great mass of figures carefully tabulated, found surprising returns in Arkansas as compared with ten years ago, and the figures now being compiled are almost beyond comprehension. The records at Washington demonstrate that there is no state or territory where greater undeveloped resources exist than are found within the boundaries of Arkansas. Almost every mineral known to the mining expert, every valuable wood known to this latitude, every metal known to the metallurgist, and every variety of soil found throughout the continent, or known at least to the Agricultural Department, has been found within the boundaries of this heretofore somewhat neglected state, but into which today the tide of immigration from the East, West and Southwest is now turning.

Congress must soon be convinced that surveys should be made on 6,000,000 acres of Arkansas land that can be reclaimed by drainage, so that work can be prosecuted by the local communities under a systematic plan. This idea was emphasized in President Taft's comment on the Rivers and Harbors Bill, when he insisted that no appropriation ought to be made unless plans had been matured to accomplish definite results. Appropriations should no longer go by favor, or as perquisites of political power and partisanship.

\* \* \*

A PROPOS of Arkansas investigation, we are told that even the abhorred snake has a practical value, and has suddenly taken its place in the esteem of the farmer, being no longer considered the hereditary enemy of mankind, as it has always hitherto been regarded. It seems that but few species of snakes are poisonous, and of those very few indeed are found in the United States. A plea is made by experts that certain snakes be spared for their actual value. It has been

proved that the milk snake never steals milk, but it makes away with rats and other vermin that are really destructive, and that become so rampant when their natural enemy, the snake, is destroyed. In South Carolina snakes play havoc with the mice which steal the grain, although in ignorance many farmers have supposed that the "grain" snake was the culprit and so through the list of supposedly dangerous and destructive snakes. A poet has arisen who is contemplating an ode to the "useful snake," which will make the sinuous reptiles even more favored and admired than they



Senator Hale, in immaculate light suit, with a red carnation in his buttonhole, listening to Senator Simmons' harangue

were in olden days; charming ladies will delight, like Cleopatra, to deck themselves with these emblems and a new era for the snake tribe will be ushered in.

\* \* \*

FOR dramatic phases of congressional life, one must generally attend the closing session of Congress. The final session in June found a wearied lot of men in their seats. In the Senate the last days were made spectacular by the exposures of Indian land attorney fees by Senator Gore. Senator Simmons, of North Carolina, was talking loudly and furiously, protesting against certain measures which

were being pushed into notice in place of the regular routine work. Senator Depew, whose face and figure are so familiar to the American people, and whose addresses always illuminate and brighten the records of Congress, sat listening quietly. Sturdy Tom Carter, of Montana, reflectively stroked his whiskers as if contemplating the work of the reclamation service, but always keeping a vigilant eye on PostOffice matters. Senator Hale, with the topmost buttonhole of his light suit decorated with a carnation, sat calmly listening to the proceedings, his last days in the Senate slipping uneventfully away. Senator Carroll S. Page of Vermont was whisking about, seeing that nothing was overlooked that tended to the advancement of the Green Mountain State. Senator Heyburn discoursed in that fluent and pure English for which he is famous. Senator

Gallinger busied himself with his papers, while Senator Dolliver rose now and then to oratorical heights, in hot debate with Senator Bailey of Texas. For the first time in many years there was a placid and serene look upon the face of Senator Aldrich, who looked as though he had at last thrown off the load of responsibility which he has carried for years; one could see at a glance that he was welcoming a happy release from the rough-and-tumble routine.

Senator Nelson was quietly chewing tobacco and listening to the others. They say in Washing-

ton that Western men are born with a quid in their mouths instead of the traditional silver spoon. Senator Smoot, long and lank, now and then rose from his seat and paced up and down the aisle. Senator Stone, of Missouri, who does not wear rubbers, gave proof positive that he has unjustly been called the "Gum Shoe Statesman," and Senator Rayner, keeping up his end of the debate, reeled off his resonant periods like one desirous of making an effective peroration.

In the evening as the final hour approached, President Taft, in his room adjoining the marble corridor, sat signing his latest measures as one by one they

finally became law, and pleasantly listened to the hearty congratulations which greeted him on every side as he dropped his pen with the air of a man who felt that his work was done and that in good measures the administration policy had succeeded.

\* \* \*

**T**HE Employers' Liability Bill will entirely replace the old system of paying a year's salary to the widow or dependents of those injured or killed in Government work. By it a definite sum of two thousand dollars is to be paid to the heirs.

Apropos of this provision, the steel trust has set an example worthy of consideration in providing twelve million dollars for the benefit of employes to form a pension endowment. Of this, eight million dollars is provided by the trust, and four million by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, to pension disabled and superannuated workers. This movement has gained headway in Europe for years past, and right-minded American managers of great corporations realize that sympathy in time of especial need, or occasional aid, are not sufficient, but some definite, lasting and regular provision should be made for faithful employes, on the same principle as government annuities for old age.

\* \* \*

**A** MOVEMENT for a memorial to Dr. Edward Everett Hale has excited widespread interest. It is planned to erect in his birthplace and home a portrait statue of heroic size, and Bella A. Pratt of Boston, whose work in Memorial Hall, the Congressional Library, the State House and elsewhere is well known, has been selected to execute the work. The site proposed is Copley Square, in the city of Boston, and many eminent architects have been consulted in reference to appropriate surroundings.

The statue is to represent Dr. Hale as he was usually seen on the streets of Washington and Boston, pursuing his various paths of usefulness. A clergyman by profession, "possessing the energy of a human dynamo," as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said, his long career was

closed as Chaplain of the United States Senate. A school teacher, an historical writer, an editor, a story-teller, in each capacity he served his country well. The author of that apostrophe, "The Fatherland and the Flag," and the book "The Man Without a Country," if he had done no other work, might have been considered a worthy descendant of his kinsman of Revolutionary fame, Nathan



Senator Simmons talking on high cost of living

Hale, who said, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

The memorial is intended to commemorate Dr. Hale's work as that of a typical citizen of the United States, and the list of subscribers, headed by President Taft, is as broad in scope as the doctor's work was distinctively national. Every American will feel it a privilege to contribute something for this statue, which will be one of the proudest possessions of the City of Boston.

\* \* \*

**I**NCIDENTS of his visit to the United States under the title of Lord Renfrew were recalled on the death of King Edward by old-time Washingtonians. The young prince traveled incognito, but special receptions were held for him wherever he visited. While riding in a special car from Cincinnati, he caught a bouquet thrown by an American girl, and bowed so grac-

iously to her that she never forgot the courtesy. The bells were rung when he reached Pittsburg, and nothing was neglected to indicate that the young scion of royalty was cordially welcomed by the republic which had forever broken away from the rule of his dynasty.

At the capital, due honors were bestowed upon the young nobleman by President Buchanan. The messengers at the White House, old and young, were instructed to bow low when the Prince of Wales entered. One who was present on one of these occasions relates that the stiff-necked and stiffer-kneed republicans seemed to find difficulty in bending in the approved court style, and one of the messengers, essaying the French bow on the polished floor, came near welcoming royalty in a somewhat undignified manner, "toes up"—the old White House messenger could nod in American manner, but the court courtesy was quite beyond him.

The gracious manner with which the young prince met and seemed to enter into the spirit of everything in Washington quite won the hearts of the residents. His tact was remarkable even in those days, and his chivalry made him a favorite among the young ladies, who adopted the fad of dressing in "prince's colors" by wearing only those shades which appeared in the carefully chosen ravats of the prince. There was gossip about his having won some very affectionate glances from one of America's fair daughters, but the sad fate of the beautiful Elizabeth Patterson was at that time sufficiently fresh in the memory of American womanhood to prevent any serious thoughts of an alliance with royalty.

\* \* \*

THE Supreme Court room will look sadly desolate without the familiar figure of the late Chief Justice Fuller occupying the center of the bench. His long, gray hair, drooping moustache, keen blue eyes and slight, erect figure were indefinably associated with the great tribunal of the nation. Every time I go into the Supreme Court, I am impressed with its studious, grave hush after the pandemonium and bustle of the house and corridors. It has almost the silence

and gravity of a cloister; the occupants of the room talk in low, measured tones, and the sense of awful dignity calms the most turbulent visitor.

The vacancies which must now be filled by President Taft, including the appointment of Governor Hughes, will bring to the bench men in the prime of life and vigor. Too much cannot be said of these men who devote their maturer years to the careful consideration and interpretation of the Constitution, for none but Constitutional questions come before them. No more important co-ordinate branch of the government can be conceived than this which has been glorified in the career of John Marshall and his illustrious successors, among whom the late Chief Justice Fuller will always be held as one of the most eminent.

Justice Fuller was one of those men who "went West and grew up with the country." His appointment to the bench was made by President Cleveland, and although confirmation was hotly contested in the Senate, Mr. Fuller lived to verify the predictions of his friends regarding his ability.

In the present administration the judicial feature of the government has been more emphasized than is usual. Justice Fuller, in congratulating President Taft at their first meeting, is said to have remarked:

"Mr. President, I congratulate you upon your election, but sympathize with you that you escape fulfilment of your highest ambitions—to occupy my luxurious cushion."

Most of the attorneys at the bar focused their attention on the Chief Justice, who occupied the center, and his kind, genial face and appreciative, understanding, listening attitude will be sorely missed. At every adjournment of the court in recent years, there has been a touching suggestion of tenderness in the last farewells among the members of judiciary—comrades for many years past. In softly spoken words and gentle tones as they addressed each other as "Brother," the demonstration of friendship among the justices of the United States Supreme Court found its supreme expression in the "good-bye" spoken by Chief Justice Fuller.

# THE STORY OF "BLACK BEAUTY"

By GUY RICHARDSON

Editor of *Our Dumb Animals*

IT IS wholly due to the shrewd foresight of the late George T. Angell, and not to any of the regular book publishers here, that "Black Beauty" has had such a phenomenal twenty years' history in this country. Indeed, when the attention of the leading Boston publishing firm was called to this English volume, back in the eighties, they promptly turned it down as unpromising of profit. In February, 1890, Mr. Angell received his first copy of the book sent by a friend in New York without comment. Though it had been printed in England thirteen years before, he had never heard of it. He read it through, and then immediately asked for estimates for its printing here in large quantities, at the same time issuing a call from the American Humane Education Society for funds with which to aid in its circulation. In the first American edition, Mr. Angell wrote in his introduction:

"For more than twenty years this thought has been upon my mind. Somebody must write a book which shall be as widely read as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and shall have as widespread and powerful influence in abolishing cruelty to horses as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' had on the abolition of human slavery.

"Many times, by letter and word of mouth, I have called the attention of American writers to this matter and asked them to undertake it. At last the book has come to me—not from America, but from England, where already over ninety thousand copies have been sold."

The impression produced upon the philanthropist by reading this book, for which he had been waiting ever since he began his crusade against animal cruelty, is strikingly shown in his words, "I have read each of its two hundred and thirty-eight beautifully printed pages, from its cheerful beginning to its happy end. I am glad to say that happiness predominates and finally triumphs." His enthusiasm to

extend this gospel of kindness to horses led him to express the wish that a copy of the book might be placed in every home in America and that he might live long enough to print and distribute a million copies. Years before his death, this last wish had been realized, for by 1909 he had been instrumental in publishing and causing to be published from two to three million copies of the book.

Of the first American edition, printed in 1890, copies were sent to all the leading newspapers in the land. More than a thousand favorable press notices were the result, one of the most remarkable being the words of Captain John Codman,

in the *New York Commercial Advertiser* of May 13, 1890, who says, "I sat down to read it last night and did not move from my chair until it was finished." He then told of the horses of fashion which he could see from his window opposite Grace Church (New York), and his interview with them in which "the poor beasts seemed to discern pity in my face, and every feature of their own had a tongue that said, 'For God's sake—yes, for God's sake, for we are his creatures—go into that church and tell the preacher to cut short his



*Your very loving sister  
Anna Sewall*



"lessons for the day," and to send his congregation out here to take an object lesson from us!" I wish that Dr. Huntington would take 'Black Beauty' into his pulpit and let him preach to his people. The text? He may find it in the book of the prophet Joel, i: 18, 'How do the beasts groan!'"

Such free advertising in the daily papers brought unprecedented attention to the horse story, and in ninety days from its publication by the American Humane Education Society, seventy thousand copies were ordered. That the demand has steadily increased is shown by the fact that recently the same Society has placed an order with the Chapple Publishing Company of Boston for fifty thousand copies, and this exactly twenty years after Mr. Angell first discovered the book to the American reading public! The records of the American Humane Education Society show that that organization alone has published over eight hundred thousand copies of "Black Beauty" within a score of years. During the same time the book has been printed by many other publishers, both from plates generously loaned by the Society, and by several independent firms, so that Mr. Angell's estimate of a total circulation in America of about three million copies is considered by experts not to be exaggerated.

Probably no book, since the invention of printing, has been given away in such large quantities as has "Black Beauty," excepting, of course, the Holy Bible. Friends of horses have sometimes paid for as many as one thousand copies of "Black Beauty" for free distribution. Another reason for the tremendous circulation of the volume is the readiness with which periodicals have used it as a premium. The *Youth's Companion* and other high-class publications have thus helped to swell the editions of this book by hundreds of thousands. Many workers in the humane cause are still selling the book at cost and discriminately giving it away so that the American Humane Education Society finds now, after having extensively advertised "Black Beauty" for twenty years and having itself given away the volume by thousands, that it requires at least 25,000 copies annually to supply the demands still being received at its

office. One of its last shipments, made in July, was of three hundred copies, in English, to Robert College, Constantinople, where they will be distributed among all the English schools of Turkey, and the book will be translated into both Turkish and Armenian for distribution among the natives who have not learned English.

A glance at the library of the American Humane Education Society shows the wide extent to which this remarkable book has been translated already into foreign languages. These include Arabic, printed at Beirut, Syria; Hindustan, Lucknow, 1895; Hindustan, Calcutta, 1900; "Telegu," India, Madras, 1898; Italian, Florence, 1896; Italian, Turin, 1904; Greek (modern), Athens, 1894; French, Lausanne (Switzerland), 1902; and Swedish, Orebro, 1894. Besides these editions, printed abroad, the book has been published in German at Cincinnati, in Spanish at New York, and in Italian at Boston. Only the other day I was told by a traveler to China that she had seen the story printed as a serial in a native magazine at Shanghai. I have no doubt that other translations have been made which have not come to the attention of the American Humane Education Society.

But what of the author of this famous book? Is it not significant that the two most successful animal stories ever written were composed by women, one English, and the other Canadian, for Miss Saunders, whose "Beautiful Joe" was a prize story of the American Humane Education Society, is a native and resident of Halifax. The pathetic history of Anna Sewall has more than one parallel in English literature. A humble home in Yarmouth, a cripple for life from her teens, and death just after the success of her book in England became known! Her mother was a writer of books, her father a business man whose duties required a ten miles' drive from home. It was in driving her father to and from the Shoreham station that Anna unconsciously studied for "Black Beauty." An interesting glimpse of her and of the influence of Horace Bushnell on her work is shown in the reminiscence of a friend who had been visiting the family:

"When the carriage that was to take me to the station came to the door, Anna

was standing in the hall, enveloped in a large mackintosh. The future writer of 'Black Beauty' was to be my driver. I found that she and her mother were in the habit of driving out most days without attendance, the understanding between themselves and the horse being perfect. The persistent rain obliged us to keep up our umbrellas. Anna seemed simply to hold the reins in her hand, trusting to her voice to give all the needed directions to her horse. She evidently believed in a horse having a moral nature, if we may judge by her mode of remonstrance. 'Now thee shouldn't walk up this hill; don't thee see how it rains? Now thee must go a little faster; thee would be sorry for us to be late at the station.' I think it was during this drive that I told Anna of something Horace Bushnell had written about animals. Soon after the publication of 'Black Beauty' I had a little note from her, written from her sofa, in which she says: 'The thoughts you gave me from Horace Bushnell years ago have followed me entirely through the writing of my book, and have, more than anything else, helped me to feel it was worth a great effort to try, at least, to bring the thoughts of men more in harmony with the purposes of God on this subject.'"

Miss Sewell had the advantage of all invalids by being able to concentrate her mind upon her writing. It was not hurriedly done. It was not done for pay. Her English publisher bought the manuscript outright for just twenty pounds and neither she nor her family ever received another penny from the sale of the book. It was virtually a gift to the world. Her journal shows that the work was begun previous to November 6, 1871. It

was not till late in 1876 that this entry occurs: "I have for six years been confined to the house and to my sofa, and have from time to time, as I was able, been writing what I think will turn out a little book, its special aim being to induce kindness, sympathy, and an understanding treatment of horses." Still another year passed before the first proofs were received. Thus the book, as we know it, is the concentration of the thoughts of a vigorous mind through at least six long years, wearied with physical pain and weakness which often compelled the writer to leave off transcribing at the most interesting places. Even then, the author could write only with pencil, the faithful mother, sitting by, receiving the paper and making a fair copy. No one familiar with the story will be surprised to learn that its creator was a woman of rare and intense piety, chastened by a discipline which perhaps led her to put herself in the poor horses' place as a person unacquainted with physical suffering could not have done. The volume appeared near the end of 1877, and within a year Anna Sewell was freed from human suffering.

As between the endorsements which the book received upon its publication in America, from more than a score of eminent college presidents and bishops, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, whose words are before me, and the testimony of the city missionaries to the London cabmen, I prefer to close with the latter: They say nothing has told so strongly for good among the men themselves, or induced such humane treatment of horses, as the influence and teaching they have gained from "Black Beauty."

---

## DEFIANCE

Hard against the aged cliffs that front old Ocean's breast  
Billows hurl their leagued strength at some unknown behest;  
Stands the heroic adamant that never knew repose  
Roaring back defiance in the face of ancient foes.

—Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."

## Arkansas, My Arkansas

O H! land of wondrous fruits and  
flowers,  
Arkansas, my Arkansas!  
O'er thy fair future no cloud lowers,  
Arkansas, my Arkansas!  
But peace and plenty rule the hour,  
With promise of still richer dower  
When all the world has come to see  
The wealth and beauty owned by thee,  
Arkansas, my Arkansas!

Thy foundations are laid in stone,  
Arkansas, my Arkansas!  
With granite surplus worth a throne,  
Arkansas, my Arkansas!  
Thy fields of grain glow in the sun;  
Thy ores the old world have outdone;  
Thy springs with virtue rare are filled  
From Nature's healing force distilled,  
Arkansas, my Arkansas!

Thy cotton fields are snowy white,  
Arkansas, my Arkansas!  
Thy new-found diamonds gleam full  
bright,  
Arkansas, my Arkansas!  
Thy hills are crowned with noble trees,  
That give their incense to the breeze;  
Thy vales are crossed by waters sweet  
Whose voices all thy praise repeat,  
Arkansas, my Arkansas!

Oh! happy land of sunny days,  
Arkansas, my Arkansas!  
Thy birds all sing ecstatic lays,  
Arkansas, my Arkansas!  
Thy moonlit nights allure like wine;  
Thy air is balm, a breath divine;  
No other land so dear to me,  
Oh, I have lost my heart to thee,  
Arkansas, my Arkansas!

—Lura Brown Smith

---

## Arkansas

O H, ARKANSAS, thy greatness we revere;  
Thy sparkling gems rank with thy Afri'an peer;  
Thy virgin soil has richness that erewhile  
Will teem with busy hands like Khufu's Nile;  
Thy mounts inhere with coal and lead and zinc  
To rouse the silence of the workman's clink;  
Thy healing waters pulse the sick with health;  
These treasures bless our rising commonwealth;  
Thy fields and cities every year expand  
With migrates to Arkansas' goodly land;  
Thy verdant growth makes glad thy children's eyes,  
Who sway to bright renown thy destinies;  
For thee they'd bleed if honor called to do,  
Or living, deck thy brow with manhood true;  
Thy children love the land they call "my state";  
Their heads, their hearts, their hands shall make thee great.

—Samuel Claborn Parish



# The Awakening of ARKANSAS

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

**I**N my boyhood nothing interested me more than to pore over a map of the United States, wondering if I should ever visit the state represented by this patch of pink, or that bit of yellow, or whether I should ever live in this or that town posed as a plump, black dot upon its multi-colored surface. What sort of city could this be marked with a "capital" wheel, or this called a "metropolis" in the geography? In one of these childish reveries an older relative, looking over my shoulder, pointed out the state which he called home.

"Here it is," he said, "Arkansas, that square area of blue."

Then he told me of the great resources of his home state, and the future that he felt sure awaited her; his words almost had the fire of prophecy, as he spoke of the forests of the vast delta lands, and told how a greater variety of minerals is found in Arkansas than in any other state, and how these rich lands were within the borders of one of the greatest states of the Southwest. His picture of what the schools were doing and the heroic struggles since the dark days of Reconstruction, when the greater part of the South was lying waste by war's devastation, was delivered in words of fervid eloquence as his dark eyes flashed.

This incident inspired a personal interest in Arkansas that has never been dispelled, and of late, almost every year I have found myself within the state, wondering at the tremendous development

taking place. A better understanding of the condition of Arkansas is growing, especially since the famous Land Congress of 1910 met in Little Rock. The hotels were all filled, and over 3,000 delegates attended during the session. They came from almost every one of the seventy-five counties of the state, all thoroughly imbued with a pride in state development not witnessed in any other state of the Union for many years. It was truly an "awakening of Arkansas" to a fuller appreciation of her wonderful resources. Vice-presidents were appointed for each county, and everybody joined in contributing to a fund to exploit the resources of the state. From the millionaires and well-to-do business men to the energetic farmers and merchants, everybody was ready to share in the campaign. Governor Donaghey, re-elected by a majority in every county in the state except two, has been prominently identified with this progressive movement in Arkansas, and the handsome new state capitol will be a monument to his administration. On its commanding site it is an indication of the splendid cohesiveness of the movement throughout the state. Everyone is unanimous and enthusiastic over the one proposition—the advancement of Arkansas.

With a greater variety of minerals than any other state, with the third largest resources in coal and timber, rich in deposits of bauxite from which aluminum is made, with the great development of rice-culture in the eastern section, producing a grade of rice which brings the highest price in the

markets, great things are already realized and others prophesied. The drainage of the delta lands, rich in a deep alluvial soil, has reclaimed districts whose value is little known or recognized outside the state. The tide of immigration which swept through Arkansas to the Southwest, is swiftly ebbing back into the state of Arkansas, where development is now under way with a large D. Many an immigrant finds immediate and substantial prosperity in Arkansas today that could be duplicated nowhere else.

\* \* \*

Arriving at Little Rock on Saturday, one thing which impressed me throughout the city, in the streets, business houses, schools, churches, hotel corridors and everywhere, was the air of infectious enthusiasm. The state meetings of Elks and Land Congressmen made the capital city a lively center of activity. The bright and beautiful faces from all parts of the state abounded, for the students had come that week to compete in an oratorical bout, an arithmetic test, map-drawing and "history hurdles," and other class contests, to say nothing of the field meet in the afternoon at the park. No prophet was needed to foretell a prosperous future for Arkansas after looking into the faces of the school children, as they gathered in the bright May sunshine at the capital. The merry ring of laughter, the bustling, go-ahead-iveness foretold prosperity, for the intelligence, beauty and health of the boys and girls are the basic resources of any state. The development of the capital city has made Little Rock the veritable business, social, and political, as well as geographical center of the state.

The people of Arkansas truly love to "get together." They like to meet and exchange confidences and ambitions for the development of their different sections, and pulling together and cohesiveness insures a remarkable record for the coming years in Arkansas.

The great problem of unifying the population is being solved by this intermingling of the people from the various counties, for there are many new settlers seeking homes from states located in directions covering all points of the compass. There is, perhaps, not so great an admixture

of races and people in any other part of the United States at the present time, and this is bringing about a typical democracy fitted to cope with the difficulties of rapid development. Everything is new, and people are not afraid to try unusual plans or set out upon new lines of endeavor. Every man, woman and child has a hope for the future—this is the spirit which is responsible for "Arkansawyan" development.

\* \* \*

No other problem is of more vital importance than the question of enhancing farm production. This is a subject uppermost in the minds of the people as a motive, and is especially prominent in Arkansas. How to make the soil and the resources of the state yield more and more; how to build homes, schools and churches and thriving cities—these questions are being daily acted upon in the Arkansas of today.

All of the sprightly towns, scattered throughout the state, are comparing progress with each other from month to month, and in every section there are unmistakable indications of movement, even in remote districts off the railroad.

Glancing again at the map of the United States, looking again at this spot covering a varied area on the banks of the Mississippi we can realize that the prophecies of James Mitchell long ago are now being realized. He had a clear vision of what was to take place in future years, in the state which he loved. Within the next decade Arkansas will respond to the roll call of states with a record of advancement and improvement second to no other commonwealth in the Union.

\* \* \*

I was also fortunate in meeting Colonel H. L. Remmel, of Little Rock, the United States marshal, who has long been prominently identified with public life in Arkansas. Were it not for the fact that he insists on being a Republican, even his rivals admit he could long ago have been governor of Arkansas. Despite his political convictions, he has the confidence of his fellow-citizens in general, who do not seem to care to what political party he may belong. He is now occupied with the construction work of the new state capitol, which will indeed be a fitting





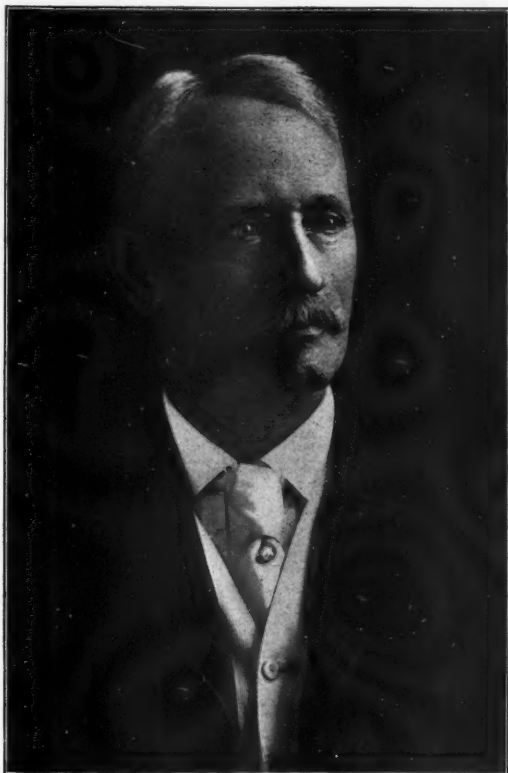


mark of the new era of Arkansas. Towering skyscrapers, fine residences, new paved streets, many and varied industries—these are the things which tell the story of Arkansas' advancement in scores of hustling cities and towns throughout the state.

While in Arkansas I looked for a man who could play the real old-time "Arkansas Traveler," but the old tune seems to have been forgotten. In fact, it appears to have been quite tabooed. In trips through the country, along corduroy roads, everywhere that one might expect to hear the old air, I listened intently, but not a single note did I hear.

Radiating from Little Rock, like the spokes of a wheel, are railroads in every direction. Two hours away is Pine Bluff, a live and wide-awake city. Automobiles are abundant in the streets, which are wide, well paved, lined with handsome homes and buildings, and alive with business. The clang of the engine bells and the shrill whistles of the engines suggest a center of traffic. All along the lines of these roads are sawmills, manufacturing the valuable hard woods which now secure high prices and ready sale in Northern markets. Pine Bluff is on the Arkansas River, whose banks here present on one side of a dividing bayou the light soil of the uplands, on the other side the red delta soil, for both of which the state is remarkable. Here for a half century cotton plantations have yielded crop after crop without the use of fertilizers. There is now a movement on foot to divide the large plantations into smaller farms and practice more intensive farming. Never have I seen elsewhere such alfalfa, which is equivalent to a gold mine to the stock-raiser. In the offices of the business men are collections of mammoth sweet potatoes, corn and other products of the state, evidencing the wave of enthusiasm sweeping over the Pine Bluff residents.

The day at Hot Springs will never be forgotten. With Phillip J. Stockton, Captain Charles N. Rix and Colonel George R. Belding, we made a trip to East Mountain—whence come the famous hot springs, whose curative properties are not excelled elsewhere. Across the valley on North Mountain, the waters are cool and limpid. On the top of East Mountain has been



COL. H. L. REMMEL

United States Marshal and stalwart Republican in Arkansas

constructed a steel tower which affords a panoramic view of the country. Over 150,000 tourists come here annually during the winter and summer months. The incomparable hot springs are in charge of the United States Interior Department, which provides a sanitarium and free baths for its soldiers and sailors. The public bath houses are leased from the government, and a movement has been

consummated to build a system of bath houses which will have no superior in the most famous European resorts.

A drive about the streets of Hot Springs with such companions, and Harry H. Meyers, who was recently a candidate for governor, will certainly inoculate one with

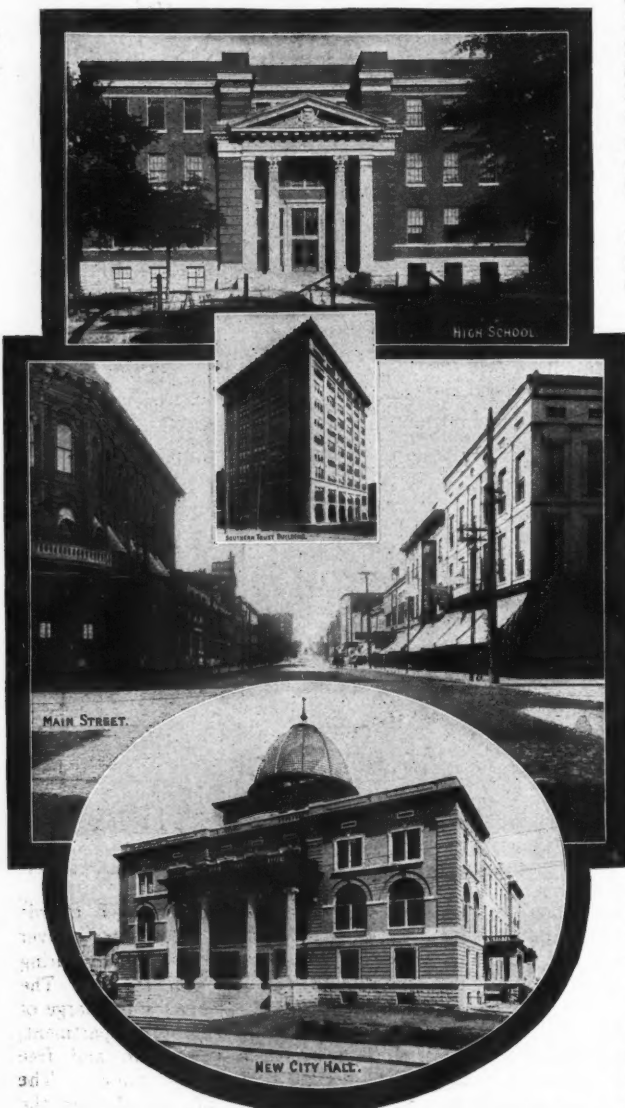
the local enthusiasm. The splendid new race track, recently completed at a cost of \$600,000, was the scene of busy preparations for the Arkansas State Fair, which is always a notable event in the Southwest. The grounds and equipment are second to but one in the United States. Thousands

of strangers come to Hot Springs from all parts of the world, and have unconsciously given it advertising which has made it one of the best-known places in the United States.

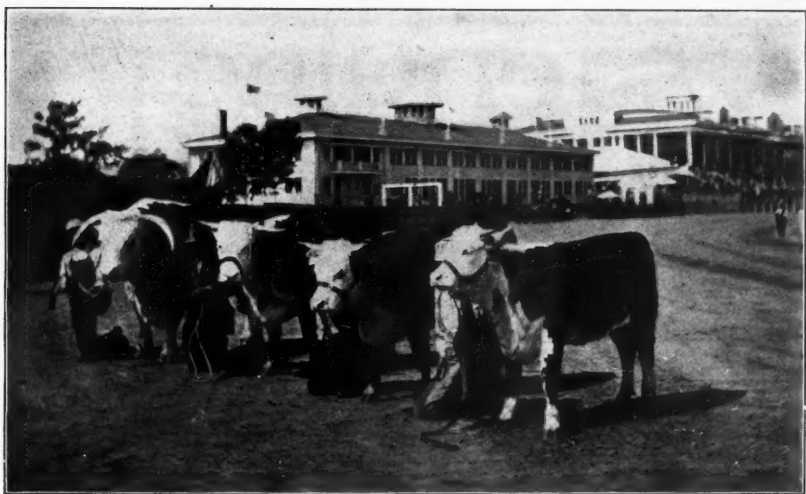
The natural heat of the water, its absolute purity and the presence of hydrogen, silicon and free carbonic acid gas, make it possible for physicians to use medicines more freely than they otherwise could. There are 48 springs, daily discharging several million gallons, at an average heat of 125 degrees Fahrenheit.

Possessing an equable climate for the entire year, Hot Springs attracts thousands of visitors from all parts of the country. It is estimated that over 150,000 persons annually visit this popular winter resort, which has become the social centre of the state.

Today it is more than a watering place, and is already a very thriving manufacturing city and a popular home center. To the



IN THE HEART OF LITTLE ROCK, LARGEST CITY OF ARKANSAS



## GOOD BLOOD

A little family party at Arkansas State Fair, Hot Springs

Essex Driving Park, some six miles out over mountain roads, we whisked in an automobile, passing many farmhouses on our way. We stopped at the new Country Club, one of the most complete and popular clubs in the state. The golf links here would delight even President Taft. Up Withington Road, the narrow strip of Government Park is a veritable beauty spot, and among the interesting features are an ostrich farm and alligator preserve.

Hot Springs is also, during the early spring months, a famous rendezvous for several national baseball teams, which go there to prepare for the great summer campaign on the diamond. Hot Springs are famous for their therapeutic and curative properties, and climatic conditions are so salubrious that the beautiful town and surroundings will soon become a great center for fashion and social gaiety.

On every hand stretches a broken surface of country, where small farms thrive and where one can surround himself with orchards, vineyards and a luxury equal to any of

the celebrated resorts in other sections of the country.

Not far from Hot Springs are the extensive whetstone quarries of the Pike Manufacturing Company, who sell their celebrated "Arkansas" oilstones in every country on the globe.

The great event of the autumn season is the Arkansas State Fair, which is held annually at Hot Springs. Col. George R. Belding deserves great credit for the success he is making of this great exhibition.



## AN ARKANSAS TRAVELER

Representing present conditions and possibilities



---

# Genuine Diamond Mines

---

By FRANK P. FOGG

CROSSING from the northeast to the southwest corner of the state of Arkansas runs the main line of the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Railway. Generally speaking, the country to the eastward is level and low altitude, while to the westward the land varies from slightly rolling prairie land into the higher peaks and altitudes of the Ozark and Magazine mountains. Before the history of Arkansas had hardly begun, this great area was heavily wooded with a large variety of soft and hard woods; and before the coming of the railroads lumbermen were attracted by the sturdy monsters of the forest, which were laboriously cut and rafted down the sluggish bayous to the Mississippi.

Probably most of the railroads were projected more with the intention of exploiting the great timber reserves than of opening up the agricultural lands of the state; but with the passing of the forests have come new developments in the order of evolution, until the eyes of America are now being turned upon the rich black and red bottom lands of Arkansas as the best and cheapest farming lands obtainable in the United States today. It is very interesting to visit and compare the young and ambitious towns that are everywhere springing

up with the older communities in other sections; and while in hardly any case has the development reached a high standard, yet the right kind of land is there, and with the influx of more people, bringing more experience and better ideas, Arkansas will become one of the most opulent and productive states in the Southwest.

Taking a run down from Little Rock toward the southwest over the Iron Mountain route, Benton, the capital of Saline County, is soon reached, and the interesting story was heard of how there is being developed here a young industry—pottery-making—that bids fair to compete successfully with the Rookwood and other famous art industries in the North. A very fine quality of clay is found near Benton, which was experimented with and soon gained the interest of some



NEW UNION STATION, "IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE," LITTLE ROCK

artists, who have since joined their fortunes with the originators of the idea and are turning out very artistic productions. Being the junction point for Hot Springs, this pottery establishment is likely to become widely and favorably known

who have any intention of locating in Arkansas should carefully look over. The country is splendidly wooded, and the soil—a friable, sandy loam—responds very quickly to cultivation.

A few miles eastward from the town

Mr. Ellsworth pointed out an old and neglected place, but so beautifully situated that it might be made a valuable estate and a beautiful home. Artesian water was flowing from a well near the house, and the rich Bermuda grasses and clovers were furnishing pasturage for sleek, fat cattle that roamed at will over the estate. Great, majestic oaks shaded the dilapidated old log house, and it required no great stretch of the imagination to picture here a fine modern mansion surrounded by shrubs and flowers that



RESIDENCE OF HON. H. B. McKENZIE  
Prescott, Arkansas

through the tourists and art lovers who annually visit this region.

Arkadelphia, county seat of Clark County, is beautifully situated, with many fine residences under ample shade trees, which everywhere give an inviting aspect to the wide thoroughfares and streets. Here are located two famous colleges of the Southwest—the Ouachita Baptist College, and the Brown-Henderson Methodist College, both co-educational and both doing splendid work in educating young men and women for stations of honor and responsibility, which they almost invariably fill in passing out into life.

\* \* \*

A little farther to the southwest is Prescott, the capital of Nevada County, located in one of the finest sections of the state. While at the Land Congress in Little Rock, Mr. A. M. Ellsworth, vice-president for this county, gave us a most pressing invitation to come and see his town and section. And he quickly demonstrated by drives to the east, south and west that here is a spot that farmers and stockmen

would transform the old place into a veritable bower of Eden.

Prescott is already a well-proven stock country, and several fine farms were pointed out to the southward as we drove along the country roads. As a business center, Prescott is rapidly coming to the front, for it is from this point that the Prescott & Northwestern Railroad runs northwesterly and has already been built into the northerly section of Pike County.

With Mr. Horace E. Bemis, General Manager of the Prescott & Northwestern



JAPANESE PERSIMMONS GROW LARGE AND  
TEMPTING IN PRESCOTT, ARKANSAS



A. M. ELLSWORTH  
Vice-President of Land Congress for Nevada  
County

Railroad, a trip over this line was made to Highland to visit Mr. Bert Johnson, who has demonstrated in a few years that on these gravelly hilltops prolific and profitable peach orchards are the very thing to consider. Already about eighteen hundred acres are set to peaches, and most of the orchard is in bearing condition. What a revelation it was, driving out from a heavily wooded country, to look forth upon far-stretching acres of peach orchards, almost every tree in perfect condition, and the ground well cultivated. The "air drainage," as Mr. Johnson explained, is here found to be a valuable factor in peach-raising; for to the northward the land drops off steeply, and from this tableland the cold, frosty air of late spring is drawn downward, while the warmer air rises to protect the peach blossoms from injury whenever a freeze comes. The Prescott & Northwestern Railroad has thousands of acres of unimproved land equally as good for peaches, as any now planted, and much that is particularly well suited for strawberries, cantaloupes,

melons and other small fruits. It is a country so contiguous to the great markets, and so desirable for the home-seeker that the wonder is the rush is not already on to get these lands while they are available.

Within Pike County there are rich deposits of kaolin of very fine grade, also gypsum and asphalt, and the now famous Diamond Fields also. Kaolin is a very fine clay used in making the best grades of chinaware; gypsum is used as a fertilizer and also for making plaster of paris—and these valuable deposits will not long remain undeveloped. As though naturally placed to supplement these advantages are splendid water-power sites where thousands of hydro-electric horse power can be developed at comparatively little expense.

After looking over the peach orchard, Mr. Bemis drove on to the diamond mines. How expectantly we looked forward to that spot upon which the attention of all America—yes, of the whole world—has recently been turned! No other spot on the American continent is quite like it. Nowhere in America have diamonds been found in peridotite save right here in the "pipes" of Pike County.

As we reached the edge of the once volcanic crater, two broken, precipitous hills of rock stood sentinel, one on the right and the other on the left. There was something about the place that had a ghostly, uncanny aspect, for the



PROLIFIC CORN ON FERTILE LAND, PRESCOTT, ARK.

evidence of a volcanic upheaval here was surely manifest. Passing between the hillocks we were upon the crater, the surface of which was generally level, though washed somewhat by streams and brooks, and the soil showed variation from black, about the color of peat, to a light yellow and yellowish green. The "peridotite" or "Kimberlite," as the mineral of the volcanic pipe is called, extends vertically downward through the volcanic vent to incalculable depths. Normally it is a bluish color, and hard like clay or shale; but near to the surface the original blue changes to a greenish hue, which in turn, by action of the air and elements, turns yellow; and finally, by long exposure to the sun and rain, and mixing with extraneous matter the mineral is thoroughly disintegrated, and becomes



PINE TIMBER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OLD ON LAND  
ONCE CULTIVATED

black. Already upwards of a thousand diamonds have been found on the several distinct diamond "pipes" which are being opened up near Murfreesboro.

At the commodious lodge comprising the mining headquarters of the Arkansas Diamond Company a jolly night was enjoyed with Mr. John Peay, the Superintendent, in talking about the great project in which he and the company are so vitally interested. During the night a torrential rain-storm occurred, and early the next morning all hands went out to hunt for diamonds that might have been washed out. The sun had not yet come forth, so it was not an easy matter to find them. But finding diamonds is not a common occurrence, especially in hunting for them at the surface. It requires infinite patience and a sharp eye to detect the little greasy-looking crystals which may be half covered with mud and dirt among the grasses.

Beyond the Ozark Diamond Mining Company's claim are located the American Diamond mines and the Kimberlite Diamond Mining and Washing Company's mines situated on another great body of peridotite, two miles



ELBERTA PEACHES GROW LARGE AND LUSCIOUS

away. Here Mr. Austin Q. Millar and his son explained much of interest about the strange geologic formation. Mr. Reese Lamb was at the American mines, which are on much higher ground than any of the other claims. Situated on hillsides,

The theory of Mr. R. D. Duncan, President of the Ozark Diamond Mines, is that other volcanic pipes than the three already discovered are not only possible but very probable. In the South African fields, several pipes are in existence, some separated from others by hundreds of miles. In consequence of this theory, Mr. Duncan, for his company, has secured options on a very large amount of land in Pike and Hempstead counties, and so will be able to purchase any proven diamond-bearing lands at very low prices any time during the next fifteen years.

The diamond mines of Pike County, Arkansas, are genuine beyond question; and the mineral matter of the pipes identical with the African mines, but how richly bearing these mines may be is a matter which can only be answered by development work. That diamonds have been found on all of the "pipes" is sufficient to prove that they are diamond-bearing. The quality, color, size and brilliance are all of high order, and the diamonds that have been cut show equal brilliancy and greater hardness than the average gems from the South African fields. It is now reported that the Arkansas Diamond Company has recently



LOOKING FOR DIAMONDS  
Kimberlite Diamond Mining and Washing Company  
Pike County, Arkansas

with towering oaks and hickory growing upon the land, the topography about these "pipes" is very interesting. The peridotite here has more of a yellowish hue, the erosion of the land having carried away the black colorings to lower levels. Tunnels and cross-cuts have already been made, enough to prove conclusively the genuine peridotite formation of this mound; and many diamonds, consisting principally of pure white stones, have been found here.

We did not stop to hunt for diamonds long, but picked up a few beautiful crystals or "near-diamonds." There is a difference between the diamond and the crystal which is very apparent in comparison. Progress is being made in interesting moneyed men in financing these companies, and it will not be long before the hum of the machinery is heard, and the washing out of the diamonds will begin on a very large scale.



GOOD PUBLIC ROAD IN CENTRAL ARKANSAS



sold a large share of its interests to English capitalists associated with the South African companies, and that modern machinery is already on the way.

It becomes evident to the casual visitor that the four companies owning the "pipes" in the Pike County diamond fields, are not exaggerating their prospects or possibilities in the printed matter they are circulating, but rather are they conservatively stated; for statistics of the present fiscal year show the United States by far the best market for the African mines with importations of the cut and rough stones, amounting to thirty-eight million dollars.

It is not improbable that complete development of the Arkansas mines will supply this home demand; conditions are such in Africa that large export duties and government royalties are exacted, more than offsetting any additional labor costs incurred in the mining and recovery of the gems in Arkansas.

Across country to the west from the diamond fields is located De Queen, the capital and principal town of Sevier County. There was a trimness and a cleanliness about De Queen that bespoke thrift and a healthy civic growth. To the north and west are found apple and truck farms, while to the southeast a few miles flourishes the largest peach orchard in Arkansas—perhaps even in the United States—about four thousand acres in thrifty peaches exemplify the great resources of Arkansas in the fruit line.

The topography of Sevier County is so broken with hills and valleys that perfect drainage, pure water and desirable altitude are assured, making it an ideal spot for the thousands who are looking for health and an abundance of opportunity in selecting a new home.

Just south of Sevier County, and occupying the very southwestern corner of the state of Arkansas is Little River County, one of the most fertile and richly endowed agricultural regions of the southwest. Between Little River as a northeasterly boundary, the Red River on the south, and adjoining the great state of Oklahoma on the west, Little River County has an unique setting. There are three kinds of soil, all very rich and fertile. The lowest bottom land adjoining the rivers is of two varieties. The black soil on the northeast side, adjoining Little



WATERMELONS ARE RIPE

River, is deep and wonderfully fertile. The bottom land on the south is red soil, claimed by some to be even richer than the black soil of the Little River basin. Both, however, are strongly productive for cotton and corn. Just above these bottom lands are the second bottoms, only slightly less rich and productive, but better drained, and both finely calculated for alfalfa and garden truck as well as corn and cotton. Above the second bottoms and forming another bench or level track are the upland farms, and in the midst of this fertile section is Ashdown, the flourishing county seat of Little River County.

Catching the throb of development, Ashdown has already put on a cosmopolitan appearance. Fine brick blocks in

the business section, beautiful homes, and plans projected for a much larger and handsomer hotel, all point the way to a very promising future for Ashdown. While talking with one of the pioneers of the town, now vice-president of the Land Congress, several thrifty-looking colored men came in to do business with him. He explained that many of the negroes are saving, hard-working and well-to-do, setting an example for their less thrifty brothers that is valuable, as it is gradually becoming contagious. Ashdown has advantages for new enterprises. Already several new wholesale establishments and mercantile

can be bought for the price of a pair of gloves! It is doubtful if very much land can be obtained for such a low price as \$1.50; but for five or ten dollars per acre thousands of acres are still available, much of which is located convenient to Ashdown and other good towns of the county. Little River County is noted for its fine corn, for the richness of its soil, its equable climate, and for its long staple cotton that is sought after by the great mills of the North, and in Europe.

\* \* \*

When Nashville in Howard County was reached, an interesting meeting was being



ALFALFA YIELDS FIVE OR SIX CROPS ANNUALLY AND THE DEMAND IS GREATER THAN THE SUPPLY

companies have been located here, and there is certainly room for several more. The town has the advantage of a north and south, as well as an east and west railroad, so that transportation charges are competitive, and good facilities are afforded for both shipping products out as well as manufactured products into the country.

Just to show how cheaply some lands at Ashdown may yet be obtained, a traveling salesman who had visited an outlying village from Ashdown told the story that he was offered a hundred acres while there for \$150. Just think of a country that is fertile and productive for almost any desirable crop, an acre of which

held by the directors of the Memphis, Paris & Gulf Railroad, and during this meeting it was not only voted to extend the railroad to the northeast and the southwest, but to change the name to the Memphis, Dallas & Gulf. Railroad-building is at a very absorbing stage of development in Arkansas. Towns that have but one or two railroads are eager to get one or two more, and the business men are ever ready to offer generous inducement to secure competitive transportation as an outlet for their growing agricultural interests.

Some of the fastest trotting horses that have ever been bred in the Southwest have been raised on the stock farms of

Nashville. Every year these splendid horses have been taking more than their share of the blue ribbons at the State Agricultural Fair at Hot Springs, and the influence of their success is spreading over other sections of the state.

\* \* \*

Down in the southern tier of counties is Magnolia, a town of significant nomen, and in nowise disappointing to the visitor.

It was the twenty-fourth of May, but in the orchards ripe, blushing peaches were all ready for the market. What a contrast to the conditions of New England to find here in southern Arkansas not only ripe peaches, but also ripe potatoes, strawberries, cabbage and other fruits and vegetables! Columbia County invites agriculturists, and it already has a great reputation for stock-raising. In one of the adjoining towns to Magnolia, one hundred and seventeen spring colts were being raised, which is only one feature that indicates what this progressive county is doing.



FIELD OF GROWING COTTON ON BOTTOM LAND

No one can arrive at the Ouachita Hotel in Camden without feeling a sense of gratification. It is modern in structure, ably conducted, and is so thoroughly appreciated that a full house is always the rule.

Camden enjoys an extensive trade in cotton. It markets the cotton of its own vicinity, and disposes of the supply of several other adjacent counties. There are few other towns of the state that have a greater cotton business than Camden; yet its soil is so diversified that corn, potatoes,

fruits, alfalfa, peanuts and melons are all well represented among the products raised. Situated on a high bluff, and adequately supplied with sewerage and drainage, Camden has a beauty and interest for the visitor that invites him to linger. Several artesian wells have been sunk, from which the purest kind of water is procured. Near by is a large deposit of coal, from which gas and other coal products are profitably extracted.



BALES OF COTTON AWAITING TO BE COMPRESSED

With river transportation as well as ample railroad facilities, beautiful Camden will certainly secure for herself a fair share of the influx of farmers and business men from all quarters of the compass.

On the southern edge of Dallas County is a trim town that appears to the visitor almost like a New England village—Fordyce by name. Whether the imprint of tidiness has been set by the thrifty



OPIE READ

The popular veteran author, and founder of *Arkansas Traveler*. His latest sketch, "Arkansas—a Reverie," is published in this issue (page 666)

management of the Fordyce Lumber Company, whose mills are models of comeliness, or whether the strict care of the inhabitants about their homes has set the pace for the mills, is a matter not yet determined; but be that as it may, the residences, the streets, the business blocks, as well as the great plant of the Fordyce Lumber Company, had a neatness and a cleanliness of exterior appearance that marked Fordyce as a very attractive town.

One of the signal successes of Fordyce

is the Home Insurance Company, which has in the last few years forged to the front under the management of Mr. A. B. Banks. Occupying a pretentious home in a handsome brick building on the main street, the Home Insurance Company is reaching out into all parts of Arkansas, and its rapidly increasing business is making competitors somewhat anxious, as was learned in a talk with the general agent of several other companies afterward. It is generally safe to locate in a town that has such indices of progress, both in the commercial, manufacturing and agricultural lines, as are to be discovered on every hand in visiting Fordyce.

Another short journey and Warren was reached; the county seat of Bradley County. Here are situated some of the finest lumber mills of the state which manufacture more short-leaf yellow pine than any other mills in the world. This manufactured lumber runs into many millions of feet every year, and the cut-over land, left as a heritage to agriculturists, can be bought at very low prices. There is something especially attractive to the farmers in a town like Warren, because such few farmer boys as may be found in a timbered country are enticed away from the land by the good wages which are offered for sawyers and other men of experience in the work of milling. From six to eight dollars per day are paid the best men, so that farmer boys are inclined to leave the plow and to seek their fortunes within the buzz and hustle of the big mills. Like conditions prevail in other countries, say in Canada, where the "rancher" or cattleman spurns the idea of being a farmer and raising wheat; or in mining communities, where the prospector looks down upon the farmer as several stations beneath him; so, conditions in the milling towns in Arkansas are usually found to be such that a mill-man will never go back to farming. Consequently, agricultural interests often suffer from lack of forceful men to develop them. In such communities the hard-working, aggressive farmers from New England and the Middle States will have no equal competition. Here are lands that can be cheaply

and quickly transformed into broad, productive acres where health and prosperity will abound.

\* \* \*

Thoughts of the distinguished Jefferson and his Virginia home were recalled as we looked forward with increasing anticipation to a visit to Monticello; and surely the welcome which awaited us there gave no occasion for disappointment. Mr. E. B. Wells, vice-president of the Land Congress for Drew County, had so earnestly extended the true Southern pledge of hospitality that we had preconceived ideas about the "town of beautiful homes," and yet our conceptions were not equal to what was found there. Standing back from well-shaded streets and avenues were sumptuous homes surrounded by an ample expanse of greensward, and the touch of transformation to even better things was shown in the recently completed sewerage system. There was an activity around Court House Square, upon which the mercantile houses face, and the banks were as busy as the merchants in caring for the prosperous farmers who come here to trade from miles around.

There was interest in visiting the site where the new Agricultural School is to be opened; so early in the morning we drove out over High Hill, from which a magnificent stretch of country could be seen; and after a drive of a little more than two miles, reached the old homestead of the Wells brothers. Their beloved parents, William T. and Pattie P. Wells, came here in their early married days, and took up six thousand acres which they developed into a great plantation. Hither came for entertainment notable visitors to Monticello. The old home was hardly ever without one or several visitors, and the array of chickens, turkeys, geese, trout and other good things that were set before the guests was never stinted.

A beautiful landscape spread out before us as we came near to the old spot. Just to one side of the eminence upon which the old Wells estate stands, and where the cornerstone of the new school building has recently been laid with great ceremony, is a beautiful little lake of several acres fed by perpetually flowing cold springs. In this lake are many game fish,

and the speckled trout which abound have furnished a toothsome meal to thousands who have been entertained in the old home. It was early in the morning as we approached, and a profusion of whiteness on the water appeared like a great flock of white ducks; but Mr. Wells assured us that it was nothing but—well, nothing but pond lilies! Their unusual size and snowy whiteness were astonishing to see—almost as big as dinner plates—



EARLE W. HODGES

Democratic nominee for Secretary of State of Arkansas

and running into many thousands. The mental picture of that lily-covered lake will long remain distinct in our recollections.

Stretching down to the south in front of the old Wells homestead are magnificent old oaks standing on what is to be the coming agricultural school's campus. Even the elm-shaded yard of dear old Wesleyan offers nothing more charming and poetic than the great oaks and elms that cast deep shadows over the new school's grounds.

On August 11, twenty or twenty-five thousand people gathered here to witness



the laying of the cornerstone, and celebrated with a great barbecue, and speeches from eminent men, the historic occasion. For be it known that the Wells brothers generously deeded this site and two hundred acres of the old home plantation to the state; many parents who attended the ceremony of laying the cornerstone must have thought that their boys and girls could have no more inspiring and

evidence that a true welcome awaits men from every section of the North, West and South, who may come to enjoy the climate and splendid industrial openings which are prevalent.

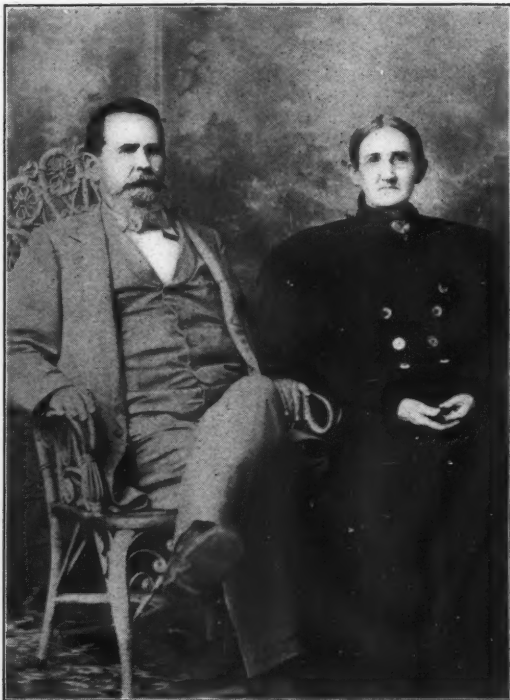
The county is made up with soils of every character, principally dark and light sandy loam, which grows in abundance corn, cotton, rice, wheat, oats, rye, barley, sweet and Irish potatoes, alfalfa, clovers, tobacco, peanuts, sugar-cane and the finest peaches and melons grown on earth. Stock and poultry raising are very profitable as the winters are so mild that feeding is unnecessary except about three months in the year.

The fine water which is found hereabouts in abundance, together with well-drained, rolling land and good markets, should make Monticello a marked place for thousands who are about to visit Arkansas with an eye toward locating there.

An anecdote was told of a man who came down from the North and had located on what seemed to be rather poor ground upon a hillside. Much to the astonishment of the natives, he produced crops of rye, clover, wheat, oats and potatoes that were simply astounding—and that, too, without the use of any fertilizer. What is needed in Arkansas is more men of practical experience in agriculture to grapple with the possibilities, and by perseverance and ap-

plication to the work show easy-livers what really can be accomplished.

Down on the level delta lands of Arkansas, one of the early questions to be solved by growing towns was the matter of sanitation and sewerage. Almost like a special dispensation of Providence came the discovery of the septic tank sewerage system which is working to perfection in several towns of Arkansas within the limits of the delta country.



WILLIAM S. AND PATTIE P. WELLS

Whose home in Monticello, Arkansas, was long famous for its hospitality

elevating influences than will here lend themselves to the educational advantages of the school.

It was Saturday night, but the Court House bell was rung, and a hasty gathering of citizens was made to welcome the wayfaring magazine man, and to receive a greeting from the people of the North. Messrs. R. L. Hyatt, Robert Curry and other good boosters for the town led off, and the speeches that were made gave

A word or two may be of interest in regard to the scientific manner in which the septic tank is operated. There are two elements or forces in animal organisms, and two forces in vegetable organisms, one of which in each attacks and quickly destroys decomposition in sunlight or running water, and the other in darkness and quietude. To make use of the elements that work in darkness, a septic tank is made in three compartments and buried underground to exclude the light. No sooner has the sewerage been deposited into the first compartment than both these animal and

typhoid, scarlet fever or any other contagion can live to pass through the process.

What a Godsend is such a system of sewerage to a low-lying level country! By this means communities away from the sea or from rapid rivers may establish sanitation as effectually as at any place.

If someone could discover an effective method of eliminating the house-fly he would deserve a monument in almost every state. The yellow-fever mosquito, the malaria mosquito, the typhus louse and the bubonic flea have each and all become publicly posted as "malicious and undesirable." But the filthy house-fly, with shockingly repulsive habits, has yet to be reckoned with as the greatest menace to health.



HOW ALFALFA GROWS ABOUT MONTICELLO



SOON TO BE THE CAMPUS OF THE AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL AT MONTICELLO, ARKANSAS

vegetable organisms quickly attack and eat up the animal and vegetable decomposition. Passing over to the second compartment, which is divided from the first by means of a wall about six feet or more high, the organisms finally consume all of the animal and vegetable matter and then turn to and devour each other, so that by the time the sewerage passes through the third or last compartment and emerges in overflow, the water is ninety-seven per cent pure. It is sparkling and absolutely innocuous—not a germ of



HOW OATS GROW, ALONG THE MISSOURI-PACIFIC IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

---

# R<sup>e</sup>clamation by D<sup>r</sup>ainage

---

BY THE EDITOR

GOING up country from Greenville, Mississippi, the traveler skirts a great bend of the Father of Waters, and at Luna Landing enters the southeast section of Arkansas. It was late in the evening when I entered the city, and that ride in the glow of the sunset will never be forgotten. The great river sweeping toward the Gulf dimpled with eddies and currents; its banks were lined with fishermen, its surface dotted with launches and house boats, and here and there might be heard the splashing of a stern-wheeler, pushing a raft up river. In a drive across the country from Luna Landing were encountered the "blind mosquitoes," so-called because, less pestiferous than their eastern cousins, they do not sting. On either side rose the great levees, with "levee camps" of laborers who keep them in repair, and everywhere the Bermuda grass, growing thick and long, down to the very banks of the river, gave the camps an emerald hue.

Very beautiful are the vistas of Lake Chicot, which is more than half a mile

wide; describing a perfect crescent, its waters lay in the form of a horseshoe, and this is considered the certain insignia of good luck. Lake Village, a charming resort, stands just at the top of this lovely arch of water, and the drives along the banks of the lake are certainly inspiring. Farther back than the memory of living men, Lake Chicot was a part of the Mississippi River bend, but in evolving its meandering, erratic movements the Mississippi cut a shorter channel and left the bend an inland lake, navigable by boats which prove very useful in transporting cotton from the adjacent plantations.

In the court house, although the hour was late, some of the good citizens, including planters from twenty-five miles away, were assembled to give welcome to a traveling editor. There was a hospitality, a genial wholesomeness that never can be forgotten. The court house, with its stately columns bordering on the lake, the busy streets, the wide stretches of greensward and the picturesque buildings of the old plantations beyond the lake,



BEAUTIFUL LAKE CHICOT  
Lake Village, Arkansas



"CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS"  
Lake Village, Arkansas

with here and there the smokestack of a cotton gin, bore witness to the beauty and resources of the county, and dispelled all doubts as to the fulfillment of the prediction that this point must become one of the popular resorts of the South. Arrangements are being made to build a hotel to accommodate a large number of



BARGES AND RAFTS ARE PUSHED  
RATHER THAN TOWED

guests, for the citizens of this district understand perfectly that in the wake of tourists follow home-makers.

\* \* \*

On the banks of this beautiful lake are many old-time plantations, some of which have recently been purchased by Northern men who purpose dividing them into farms. Mr. E. Bertram Pike has of late made heavy purchases, with the idea of establishing a New England colony. In the home of Senator John G. B. Simms, who has been in the legislature for some years, one realizes to the fullest extent what real old-time Southern hospitality means. No one ever outgrows an appreciation of those little attentions and that thoughtful consideration of a guest which have always been characteristic of true Southern hospitality. No care or pains are spared in the entertainment of a guest. The delights of a "fish fry" must not be overlooked. What is sweeter than the catfish, old-fashioned and ugly, but far surpassing in flavor the vaunted shad?

Here was a young man named Barkness, from Ohio; he had purchased 2,000 acres of land at four dollars per acre, and explained his method of making the land profitable. He used the quickest way to clear the land of trees, which is to cut

around the base of the trees so that the sap cannot ascend, and the foliage dies. In a few years the trees fall or are burned standing, enabling one to quickly clear the land of the timber at an expense of \$6.50 an acre. Cotton was planted and crops were secured during the first year of his possession.

The natural rainfall in Arkansas is very much heavier than that of most of the Southern states; but when once the water is drained off, a great agricultural empire is opened for the farmer. It seems that the government ought to provide from a reclamation fund some appropriation for the draining of water from these Arkansas lands, which surely is as important a matter as the supplying of water to arid lands, on which government money has been so freely spent of late. The obstacle has hitherto been that drainage has been entirely a private enterprise, on land owned by private individuals, whereas the irrigated lands are owned by the government; but some form of government survey might be arranged that would aid materially in developing drainage. The great work on the Isthmus of Panama has developed



A CATCH FOR A "FISH FRY"  
Chicot Lake, Lake Village, Arkansas

thousands of young men, who have proved themselves equal to "doing things." What could be more fitting than that some portion of this army of workers, when the digging of the canal is completed, should take hold of such projects as the drainage of Arkansas and of other public work all over the country? It would be wasteful if the valuable experience gained in the Panama project should be allowed to lie

idle when that work is completed, with so much to be done in the States.

After all nothing counts like facts. While in Lake Village, Chicot County, a visit with Robert Hilliard, who owns and has developed a wonderfully productive plantation in this section, shows what a young man can do. He has kept a very careful account of the development of different plantations, and the following record of two places tells the story more eloquently than mere words can describe:

Statement C. L. Chambers, No. 1 Place, Chicot Co., Ark.  
January 17, 1899

|   |            |                   |
|---|------------|-------------------|
| To cash paid for S. E. 4, sec. 31-18-1w., 160 acres.....                        | \$1,600 00 |                   |
| To abstract and recording deeds.....  | 24 50      |                   |
| 1899 to 1910  |            |                   |
| To clearing, ditching, fencing, etc.....  | 646 65     |                   |
| To building houses, repairing same, insurance, wells, etc. .                    | 1,084 79   |                   |
| To taxes from 1900 to 1910 . . .  | 307 54     |                   |
| By rent, year 1899 48 bales cotton  |            | \$535 36          |
| 1900 57 " "   |            | 608 89            |
| 1901 83 " "   |            | 928 81            |
| 1902 73 " "   |            | 808 90            |
| 1903 76 " "   |            | 1,324 70          |
| 1904 83 " "   |            | 773 80            |
| 1905 44 " "   |            | 595 14            |
| 1906 56 " "   |            | 602 51            |
| 1907 56 " "   |            | 334 70            |
| 1908 73 " "   |            | 882 14            |
| 1909 54 " "   |            | 1,060 62          |
| 703   | \$3,663 48 | \$8,955 57        |
| 1910  |            |                   |
| To profit over expenses in 11 years, land improved, etc., and carried down..... | 5,292 09   |                   |
|   |            | <u>\$8,955 57</u> |

January, 1910  
By profit in above investment and brought down..... \$5,292 09

At the time the above land was bought same was all in timber, some 100 acres is now cleared, balance in woods.

In his motor launch Commodore Simms made a cruise up to Bayou Ditch, which was formerly the outlet from the lake to the river. Here were inspected the great cotton fields, where the plants were just breaking ground. The famous Sunnyside Plantation, to which a large number of Italians were brought in some years ago, is located here. Many Italians still remain, and one can always tell their homes by the surrounding stacks of hay, which they collect little by little, indicating habits learned in a country where frugal farming methods are essential. The tour included Redleaf Plantation, with its great fields of level, fertile land. Even a passing glance convinces the visitor that those who live here are just-

fied in their glowing prophecies of the future of this county.

A handsome schoolhouse, just completed, is a standing proof of the devotion of the six hundred white voters of this county to popular education.

The fields of alfalfa seen here would have delighted the eyes of the enthusiasts in the irrigation areas of the West. Nothing was allowed to escape attention under the pleasant guidance of the Lake Villagers. When it is known that Chicot County is today paying interest and principal on bonds issued by a negro judge, during the Reconstruction days, on money raised for a railway which was never built, the visitor has a glimpse of the handicap under which the Southern people labored to build up their country after the close of the war.

Pursuing a zigzag course on the railway McGehee was reached, whence the railroads diverge in all directions covering the county. In McGehee the Y. M. C. A. work being done among the railroad operatives, and the enthusiasm and interest felt in it by all the business men was noteworthy. Surrounded by fertile and prosperous farms, the value of land here is increasing yearly, and everyone seems to be in a hurry to own land in this hub of the Delta.

Night and day the scream of the locomotives and the busy rush of heavy trains mark McGehee as a bustling new town, and an important terminal and center of the railroad system of Arkansas.

\* \* \*

On the banks of the Mississippi is Arkansas City, nestling behind a beautiful grass-covered levee. Here Mark Twain once stopped, and after diligent inquiry as to what town it was, elicited the information from a native—"This is a hell of a place." This was in the days of the overflows before the levees, when the great waters played havoc with all attempts at cultivation. The old Campbell Plantation here has been in cultivation for nearly seventy years. The city is identified with the early history of the state, and might be called a "double-decker." At first, streets were provided to avoid the floods, and then the levee was built and streets were constructed lower down,



Thus there is an upper and lower Arkansas City, a peculiar and most unusual spectacle. Mr. Henry Thane of the Desha Trust Company tells of the time when they floated about on rafts and the sidewalks. He also relates how one day

some two years later, not a trace could be found of the intrepid colony that had been established on the previous voyage, and it is supposed that the Dutch settlers were murdered by the Indians.

The tourist must expect to find the ladies of Arkansas not only beautiful but exquisitely attired, and charming in mind and manner, for more delightful and well-governed social gatherings never were held anywhere.

Here I met a young Scotchman, Dr. Vernon MacCammon, and after listening to an address that fairly bristled with facts and figures, which he made on the health of the Delta country at the State Medical Association, I was convinced that no more salubrious country exists than the Delta of the Mississippi. My

own experience had led me to this conclusion, but it was a great pleasure to have so thorough a verification, from so able an authority.

On arriving at Arkansas City, knowing my enthusiasm over the Panama Canal construction, I was escorted across to a ditch three miles long, built by the land-owners themselves, at a cost of \$54,000;

he sat making up a tax list, when a stranger came in and inquired what he was doing. Mr. Thane explained.

"Oh," said the visitor, "I would not give a dollar for the whole damn country, if it was put up for sale, let alone paying taxes to keep it going."

The citizens of Arkansas City are constructing buildings which reveal some of the results of prosperity, and a large sawmill owned by the Hyde Brothers is producing much splendid hardwood lumber and securing extraordinary prices in the export markets. Quarter sawn oak, black walnut, birch and other hard woods are all plentiful, and cotton-wood lumber is also utilized to a great extent in buildings.

\* \* \*

At a bend of the Arkansas River is Arkansas Post, which holds record as the first permanent settlement of the state: although it is recorded that some time earlier a Dutch settlement was situated farther up the river. When the vessel that landed those settlers returned again from Holland,



NEW HIGH SCHOOL, McGEHEE, ARKANSAS



BUSINESS BLOCK BUILT BY MR. HENRY THANE OF DESHA BANK, ARKANSAS CITY, ARKANSAS



THRESHING RICE AND BLOWING STRAW INTO  
BARN LOFT

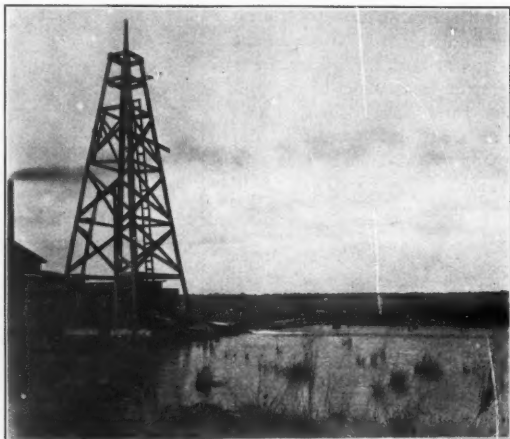
this drains 135,000 acres, although only 68,000 acres have paid the percentage of ten cents a year per acre to provide the drainage. The marks on the trees show the height at which the water stood the year round in former times; the trees now stand high and dry, and the drainage of the water has left a rich, alluvial soil to a depth of forty or fifty feet. Into the main river many smaller ditches pour running streams continuously. How the people of irrigation districts in the West would envy such a supply of water as that which the farmers of Arkansas seek to get rid of by expert drainage systems! In the bed of the ditch is a great growth of water hyacinth, which chokes so many of the streams of Florida. And now a Louisiana man suggests bringing the hippopotami from Africa to eat the hyacinth and clear the streams as they do in Egypt. In Arkansas the plant has already been found of value as fodder, and the farmers plan to feed their stock on it in large quantities.

On the borders of the streams were many negroes idly fishing. If there is a science the darkey truly loves, it is the piscatory. He will sit

for hours watching a float, when he could not be induced to spend half the time on anything that looked like labor.

The drainage system of Arkansas City has provided not only a great area for farm development, but for many other promising industries. In the parks in Arkansas City great, wild pecan trees have been preserved; there is an abundance of water oaks, and the land is reclaimed, so that the future of Arkansas City grows brighter and brighter. The vast Bayou Boggy has been drained, and the water of the bayou lowered fourteen feet by this ditch. It took some courage for the people to

go ahead with this drainage work on their own initiative. In this undertaking the name of Mr. Henry Thane stands prominent; he has been a very active citizen since he first settled here thirty-five years ago. A firm believer in the growth of the country, despite the adverse conditions and disasters of early years, he has lived to see the realization of his dreams for the Delta land in Desha County. He especially called attention to an old plantation near the city, showing what the reclaimed soil would be.



ON THE LINE OF THE "COTTON BELT ROUTE"  
Pumping plant for rice fields

Here some of the finest cotton in the United States is raised, and nothing could be more beautiful than one of these fields in bloom, with a wealth of purple blossoms waving above the white bolls. The fields look like an assemblage of fairy princesses clad in the royal color.

What a glimpse of old steamboat days was afforded when the steamer, "Katy Adams," a side-wheeler plying between Arkansas City and Memphis, Tennessee, arrived! A band was playing on deck, making an interesting gala day on board as well as in the town. The levee was covered with colored folks, and people watched eagerly as the great steamer stuck her nose in the mud, and held fast, not requiring a line or anchor other than that provided by Mother Nature. Her cargo was soon unloaded. The steamer is in charge of Captain Agnew, and is one of the most popular boats on the river. It reminded me of the palatial furnishings of the Fall River steamers. With a swish and a snort she backed out into the stream, and setting her prow up river set out for Memphis.

What could be more beautiful in the sunset glow than the bend of the river, revealing the Mississippi as the great commercial highway of the future? All that is needed to perfect this water highway is the protection of the banks by willow mattings as has been done at the jetties of the lower Mississippi. The cutting away of the banks is a serious menace, but the willow matting protection would make necessary but little dredging in the future.

From the verandas of the second stories of the Arkansas City houses a glimpse of the Mississippi is obtained over the levees, which awakens such enthusiasm as might have been felt by De Soto when he discovered the great stream. The floods come pouring and tossing down the river. One steamer, the "Kate Sprague," constantly traverses the river, carrying a tow of 150,000 tons of iron and coal; acres and acres of water are covered in these cargoes. This is the largest towboat in the world, and is said to save her

price every second trip over the cost of her cargoes if shipped by rail. Coming down from Louisville the boats look like a fleet of islands, and it is a sight worth seeing when they back up and swing around the bends, keeping off the snags. Mark Twain's vivid description of the Mississippi River comes to mind while watching the boats slip across the bars of the yellow sandbanks.

"What a pity that the river has so many curves," I said to an old pilot.

"Why, bless your heart," said he, "if it was not for those bends the river could not be navigated. With such a rush of current, curves are absolutely necessary."

\* \* \*

Those who recall the early educational reports about Arkansas will remember that the state was said to be largely an



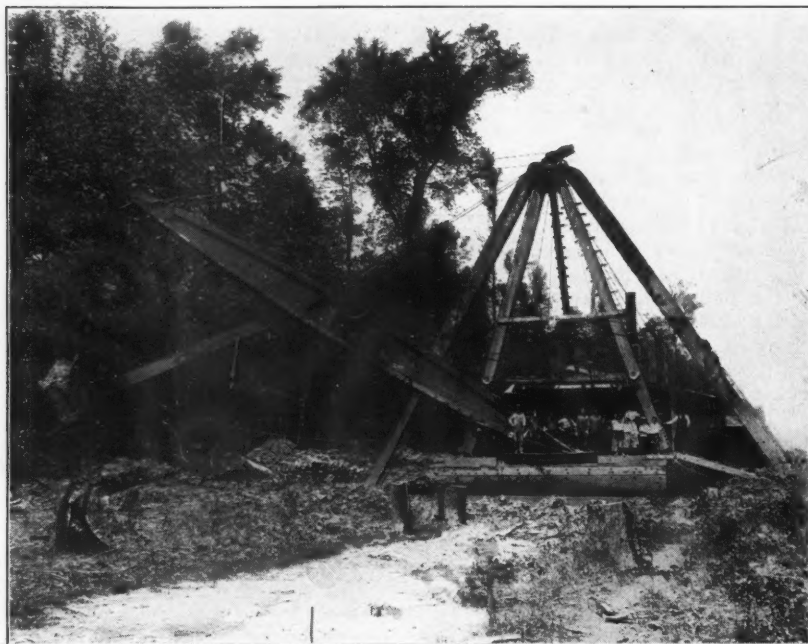
BETTER THAN COTTON  
Rice fields along the "Cotton Belt Route"

impenetrable swamp. Remembering this, and being eager to visit the firing line of the great system of drainage, we accepted Judge D. Hopson's invitation to visit Corning, where the Western Clay Drainage District work is rapidly being put through. A drive of about five miles with Mr. James R. Rhyne, the civil engineer in charge, revealed a fine agricultural country and the work of one of the large dredge boats. The dredge is built upon an immense flatboat, which was constructed and launched after a pit at the upper or starting point of the drainage system had been dug for its reception. After putting in the machinery the work of dredging began. The Marion Dredging Machine is used, and scoops about two and a quarter cubic yards of earth, roots and stumps at every lift, and these lifts

are made on a general average of once per minute. The ditches are upwards of sixty feet wide at the top and proportionally wide at the bottom, and the excavation must be ten feet in depth. Two hundred and fifty lineal feet of ditch are cut every twenty-four hours, and by shifting crews the work continues night and day. The excavation is done entirely by contract at a cost of \$.07855 per cubic yard. Already more than twenty miles of ditches had

drainage that no argument should be necessary.

Already many fine farms are being cultivated adjacent to this drainage territory, and a German colony located nearby exemplifies the thrift of the German people in the work of colonization. Situated in the very northeastern part of Arkansas, the proximity of Corning and Clay County to the great markets of the North lends interest to the agricultural lands which



DREDGE BOAT, WESTERN CLAY DRAINAGE DISTRICT, CORNING, ARKANSAS

been cut, with eighty-six remaining to be accomplished, and the contract includes seven miles of levee for the protection of several sections of land where the outlet approaches the Black River.

Taken altogether over a hundred square miles of very fertile agricultural land is to be redeemed from the swamps at a cost of three hundred thousand dollars or three hundred dollars per square mile. When one compares this low cost with the usual expense for irrigating an equal amount of arid land, the result is so apparent in favor of reclaiming land by

are being developed by this wonderful drainage work. As a town, Corning is not a large one, but a good one, and several new enterprises are needed to complement and fill out the desired quota of mercantile lines.

\* \* \*

After a run into Memphis just to take another peep at that rapidly growing city on the east side of the Mississippi, it was decided to travel by one of the famous Lee steamers in going up river to Luxora. It was a fascinating sight, sitting aboard the "Harry Lee," moored to the slanting

cobblestone-paved side of the river to watch the hustle and bustle during the last half hour of putting freight aboard. With the quaint two-wheeled dray, drawn by a sturdy mule, many consignments of groceries, meats, dry goods, agricultural implements, and household goods came jogging down to the gang-plank. The two-wheeled carts recalled to mind the French-Canadian carts in Montreal. In front and behind, close to the bank, were several other steamers, some bound north to Cairo, St. Louis and Cincinnati; and others bound south to Arkansas City, Helena and lower ports.

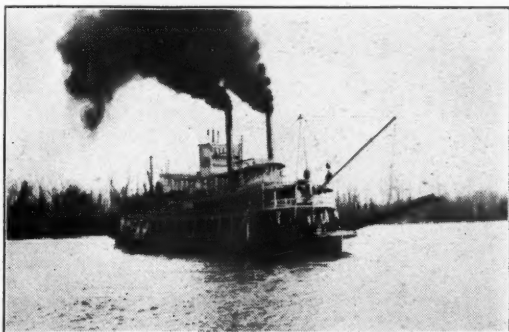
At a few minutes past five in the afternoon, our steamer cast off, and soon a race was on with another boat bound up-river. At frequent landings, both on the Arkansas side and the Tennessee side, freight and passengers were delivered by running the bow of the boat against the bank and dropping the great landing gangway, operated by means of a winch and derrick, or boom, erected at the fore part of the steamer. Into some of the old bayous or ancient channels of the Mississippi, the steamer would ascend sometimes for half a mile to leave freight and then turn back to resume her trip northward.

Late in the night there was a picturesque scene as the searchlights on the steamer were thrown on a considerable company of plantation darkeys who had come down to meet their employer, Mr. A. C. Carter, returning from Memphis, where he had been for supplies. The bank was steep at the landing, and the gang-plank was no easy matter to navigate. Added to the declivity was the fact that the mate was short of roustabouts and anxious to get away to overtake and pass a rival steamer before reaching the next landing.

A parley was held to induce some of the plantation negroes to assist in unloading; all the while the teams were loading and driven away, to reappear soon after for more goods, the young and the old were still lazily discussing the situation, and it seemed like a negro comedy on the stage.

The "stage names," too, applied to the darkeys were noteworthy, the mate calling "Here, Bigmouth," "Hurry up, Bad-eye," "Come now, Lame Bill," as he urged his helpers to hasten their paces.

The night passed, and much of the next forenoon, before we reached the landing at Luxora. Then a climb over the high levee which protects the town, and the great St. Francis Valley, and there spread out was a picture of luxurious vegetation which would be hard to describe. Here was the very heart of that almost fabulous St. Francis Valley where the soil is so deep and fertile that for half a century constant cropping in corn and cotton have produced no noticeable drain upon its fer-



STEAMER HARRY LEE, LEE LINE  
Memphis, Tennessee

tility. Mr. S. E. Simonson, a young man from Illinois who is developing a large holding of land for himself and Judge J. O. Humphrey, is doing a great work in arranging the survey and drainage system for some parts of this valley that have heretofore been too wet for cultivation. The St. Francis Valley Drainage Investigation Association, of which he is secretary, is working out the drainage problem for Mississippi, Craighead and Poinsett counties, and thus far the most valuable results have been accomplished, so that future success is in every way assured.

A visit was made to the stave mills at Luxora, to see how the logs from the forest brought in by railroad are first cut into bolts, of required length, and when quartered are steamed for twenty-four hours preparatory for slicing. The steaming



process makes the wood susceptible to the cutting-knife, which rapidly slices the wood into staves of uniform thickness, much as a bread slicer operates. Very dexterous and proficient become the men who operate these machines, and many thousands of staves are daily sliced and duly "stuck" to season, then shipped to many points in the United States and abroad to be made into butter and lard tubs, and flour, sugar, apple and other barrels.

The small squares, or edgings from the staves, after they had passed through the

fort for their people. Though the town is new, a splendid church is being constructed, a very large part of the contribution for which was donated by Mr. Lee Wilson, who is a native of Mississippi County and while yet a comparatively young man has accumulated a great fortune from a very small beginning, and has very liberally assisted in the development of Mississippi County and the St. Francis Valley. A novel feature in this church edifice is the upper portion, which is to be finished as a fraternal hall and library. But why not?—why should



ARKANSAS FARMERS RAISE PRIME WATERMELONS \*  
And they are profitable

jointing process, offer material for a new industry, the making of skewers which are used by the thousands in the great abattoirs and meat markets of the United States.

A visit was made to Wilson, a town of great promise, where large lumber mills are manufacturing staves and lumber of all descriptions, and the fifty thousand acres of cut-over land are being rapidly opened for cultivation and colonization. Everything is done in a business-like way at Wilson, and the neat, well-built houses of the workers attest the importance which the Lee-Wilson Lumber Company attaches to the matter of health and com-

not a community in these days of practical utility have a fraternal meeting place in a church, especially when there is ample room for it?

One of the large sawmills at Wilson was recently burned and is soon to be rebuilt with concrete and steel construction, thus making it absolutely fireproof. The great artesian well in front of the mill delivers a ten-inch flow of water continuously. This water comes from a depth of 1,567 feet and is absolutely pure, ensuring to Wilson a perpetual supply of sweet, soft water.

Our visit would not have been complete had we not hired saddle horses and rode out to the great plantation of Mr. Walter

Driver at Osceola. To one familiar with the little farms of New England and the pinched bounties which nature usually metes out to her hard-working husbandmen, it was indeed a revelation to ride with Mr. Driver over his great plantation. Thirty-five hundred acres of the most luxuriant cotton, cultivated and kept as free from weeds and grasses as a city truck farm, five hundred acres of strong, thrifty corn, and three hundred acres of the very finest alfalfa, timothy and clover meadows one's eyes ever feasted on, represent the 1910 crop of Mr. Driver's plantation. Southern born, and naturally expected

the exemplification which he showed is proof positive of the fact. With hundreds of negro workmen, both men and women, working side by side in the field and with scores of others pensioned off, too old or too young to work, there was a new aspect of Southern life and of the relationship of the white man toward his black helpers which was an inspiration to the Northerner.

Mr. Driver knows every colored worker on his plantation by name, and furthermore, he adopts a very important feature in farm economics—and that is to let each teamster "own" his own mule or



SILICA ROAD AT WILSON, ARKANSAS

to conform to Southern custom in renting his land to tenants and living a life of idle ease, Mr. Driver will have none of this. Accustomed to arise in the summer at 3:30, he rouses his several overseers, who in turn give the morning alarm among the hundreds of dusky field-hands, and there is "something doing" with Mr. Driver until sunset.

His cotton crop this fall will be worth fully a quarter million dollars—just think of it, ye who are accustomed to think of Arkansas as a place of no account. Mr. Driver believes that it is much cheaper and better to raise his corn and alfalfa forage, the latter yielding five to six tons per acre, than it is to buy it, and certainly

team. No other "nigger" is allowed to drive any mule but the one which he has assigned to him. So the drivers not only use the animals more humanely, but they feel a pride in seeing that the mules as well as the harness and outfit are properly cared for. Every year Mr. Driver, like many others in the St. Francis Valley, clears more and more land and extends his margin of cultivation. When asked how long it would take to clear and plant a new piece of land, I was surprised at Mr. Driver's answer, strongly supported by Mr. Simonson. "Why," he said, "I can have corn above the ground in that woods there in ten days from now. All I have to do is to clear away the underbrush, deaden

the trees and run a new ground plow through the earth to make that land as productive as any on the plantation."

To illustrate this declaration, he led the way to where such work was actually being accomplished. The ground was being plowed, followed by a single shovel plow or opener that in turn was followed by the corn planter and harrow, and right on this spot only a few weeks

young. There is not a native stone in Mississippi County. A pump pipe is commonly driven by a man with a sledge, twenty to sixty feet into the earth, for the water supply.

If the personality of the workman is incorporated oftentimes in the material worked upon, then the cotton produced under the close supervision of Mr. Walter Driver ought to be superfine and eagerly sought by the best mills of the country, for his cotton is raised on the very richest soil, under the most perfect system of cultivation, and represents when gathered the accomplishment of a very successful planter.

\* \* \*

The model little sylvan city of Burdette near Luxora is owned by the Three States Lumber Company and is a revelation unexpected as one comes upon it out of the immense virgin forests of oak, ash, elm, hickory, cottonwood, sycamore, cypress, gum, maple and various others of the tree family.

Mr. W. A. Gilchrist is the general manager of their immense mills. They have recently put down a fine artesian well, as at Wilson. At a depth of 186 feet, the contractors drilled through an immense cottonwood log between four and five feet in diameter. These wells are drilled many hundreds of feet before any rock is found. Our Mississippi County trip terminated at the busy and rapidly growing little city of Blytheville, a few miles farther up the Frisco.

\* \* \*

An organization in Arkansas that attracts attention is called the Arkansas Travelers, composed of commercial men traveling in Arkansas. They have a copyrighted trade-mark, which is the famous picture of the "Arkansaw traveler."

The Arkansas Travelers met this year in Helena, and had a jolly good time, including an excursion on the river and fireworks without limit. The colors of the organization are purple and white; with their purple neckties and hat bands, and white suits, not to mention purple sashes and stockings, they made a very artistic group of pleasure-seekers. It was evident that they were playing an important part in the state's development.



E. R. RATTERREE  
Secretary Arkansas Land Congress and Immigration Bureau

previous the underbrush and trees had stood in their natural wild state.

The soil of the St. Francis Valley about Wilson, Osceola and Luxora is made up in part of decayed vegetation, and in part of river silt which for thousands of years has been brought down during the overflow of the Mississippi and deposited. In peering into the hollow stumps as we rode by, evidence of the vegetable and silt deposit since the tree was young was often exemplified, for the hollow extended down sometimes four or five feet below the surface, thus showing that the ground had been built up that much since the tree was

---

# Prairie Rice Fields

---

WHEN Opie Read published his paper, the "Prairie Flower," it was at Carlisle, in Lonoke County. It looked like a pretty poor country in those days, for it is prairie land, and only recently has the evolution come by which the attention of farmers has been so thoroughly aroused to rice culture. The nature of the soil and the abundance of the rice harvests are facts attracting the attention of the world. Prior to the rice industry, Carlisle and the surrounding country were largely devoted to general farming and dairying. There are still broad prairies dotted over with fine herds of milch cows, and there are several condensing factories to reduce the lacteal fluid into about one-third of its original quantity. This is shipped in barrels to Little Rock and other towns and is largely used for making ice cream, and in the manufacture of confectionery. Arkansas should develop into even greater lines of dairying industry, and evaporated milk for domestic use should be one of her coming products.

Everyone knows the danger of present conditions in using raw milk, and there is also an annoyance about the supply in towns and cities far away from the dairies. But when it is once appreciated that evaporated milk is thoroughly wholesome, is pure and untainted, the advantages of using it are quickly manifest.

Carlisle is located in the midst of the celebrated Grand

Prairie country, and the development of the rice industry has already warranted the erection of a large rice mill, and many beautiful homes attest the profit which has come to those who early ventured to exploit this new industry. Journeying eastward, the vista of the far-stretching prairie to north and south mirrored a picture of what this country will be in a very short time when the greater part will be divided up into bountiful rice farms and supporting a hundred or a thousand times as many people as at present.

\* \* \*

Among the most interesting districts



WHERE OPIE READ EDITED THE "PRAIRIE FLOWER"  
Carlisle, Arkansas



THE UP-TO-DATE RICE GLEANERS — HAPPY AND HEALTHY, DON'T YOU THINK?

visited were the rice fields of Stuttgart. Rice roots have to be kept under water for a certain length of time, but the water is drained off before harvest. At Stuttgart are two rice mills where the grain is hulled and polished. In company with Mr. Daniel McGahhey and Mr. G. W. Fagan, at the head of the industry, we visited the mills. The crops are now being diversified, and the soil has demonstrated that it is equally well adapted for oats and corn. New railroads are being constructed to open up new rice fields.

Long before we arrived at Stuttgart we learned that a live bunch of real estate men lived there. They were ready for work at all times of the day and night, and always on hand to welcome strangers.

Mr. W. M. Price is a pioneer in the rice business and has been influential in bringing about the rapid development of the industry. He not only cultivates large rice farms, but devotes much time to locating newcomers and giving them a good start.

Looking out on the homes and the small farms which surround the city, and on the plants for pumping water, it is plain that diversified farming here is already an assured success.

An interesting fact for geologists and anthropologists to study is the finding of arrow heads at a depth of one

hundred and twenty feet or more below the surface, also fragments of bones in drilling for wells. This indicates that a great change has occurred in this region in comparatively recent ages of the world.

It was a busy day, but a day of favorable surprises, enjoyed at Devall's Bluff, an old town with a new throb of purpose and development. Here are situated many busy wood-working factories, among which are mills that cut the blocks from persimmon logs, from which shuttles are made for the busy cotton and woolen mills. Persimmon wood is especially fitted for shuttle-making, because the weight and density are just right, and besides being tough and durable, it takes on a fine smooth surface in finishing. Millions of these shuttle blocks are annually produced here.

Another interesting industry is the sawing out of golf stick blocks from the tough second growth hickory that is found



A RICE MILL THAT PAID FORTY PER CENT. DIVIDEND FIRST YEAR. ON "COTTON BELT ROUTE"



hereabouts in great quantities. Doubtless many of these golf sticks finally find their way into the hands of the most ardent enthusiasts of golf, for only the very best stock is used for the purpose.

Here is located a great oar-making mill, the largest in the world. If the "Jolly Tars of England"—for most of the product of this mill is exported—could see the dexterity with which their oars are sawed, shaped and turned to a splendid finish, it would furnish a topic for many a new yarn on the quarter-deck or along the wharves of the great



ANCHOR BLOCK MILL AND OAR FACTORY  
Devall's Bluff, Arkansas

Devall's Bluff both as a merchandising and manufacturing center. One branch of the rice industry which has not yet been developed in Arkansas is the putting up of rice in small packages ready for household use. Most of the Arkansas rice, at present, is sold to jobbers from other states, who are quick to recognize the superior quality and ship it to older rice communities, where it is sold, and adds to the reputation of the rice of those states. Some enterprising firm will soon recognize that Arkansas rice will stand advertising, for it has the quality, and the housewife will quickly discriminate in favor of it after once using it.



A THRIFTY FARMER'S YARD

fish houses when the day's work is over.

White River, upon which Devall's Bluff is situated, goes coursing by with a turbulent rush, but is navigable for the biggest of the river steamers. Just above Devall's Bluff it is planned to construct a canal from the bank back across Grand Prairie for about thirty miles. The water for irrigation will be pumped up from White River at a nominal expense and carried inland to be distributed as needed over the new and rapidly developing rice farms. It will form an artery of great importance to the rice industry, and serve to stimulate the growth of

At Devall's Bluff, as elsewhere, where lumber is being cut or roughly manufactured, there is a crying need for some wood-working industries that will utilize it down to smaller dimensions than at present.



PEARL BUTTON FACTORY  
Devall's Bluff, Arkansas

---

# That Farm in ARKANSAS

---

**B**EFORE visiting Paragould, up in Green County, Mr. Ad. Bertig gave us the assurance that there was something there worth while going to see. After visiting his great mercantile establishment and seeing the beautiful home he has recently built in a fine residential section of the town, there was no question but that Mr. Bertig had spoken truthfully. Still there are other fine mercantile houses and residences besides his that add attractive interest to Paragould.

From another's lips was learned the story of Mr. Bertig's perseverance. Landing in New York in 1872, a native of Austria, Mr. Bertig had little with which to begin his career. After some knocking about he landed in Little Rock, and his first job was as a dishwasher in a restaurant. Saving his money, he started out as a peddler, selling his goods among the sequestered sections in the mountain districts. Prosperity attended him, and soon after he sent money for his brother to come over from the old country. This young man he educated at the State University, and finally sent him down to Paragould with a small stock of goods. There was not much at Paragould in those days except an intense rivalry between

the Iron Mountain and the Cotton Belt railroads, the former presided over by Jay Gould as president, and the latter by President Paramore, and from the names of these two rival railroad presidents was coined the word Paragould, for here the two systems converging from the north cross each other.

There are many wood-working factories at Paragould, among them being several stave and heading factories, and several handle and spoke factories; one of the latter is the largest factory of its kind in the world, manufacturing chiefly axe and pick handles. As in other sections where lumber is cut and manufactured, so at Paragould there is a splendid opening for wood novelty mills that can work small stock.

A visit to the busy streets and among the banks and stores reveals an interesting commercial side of life. But a view of the High School building, and St. Mary's Catholic School, the Sanatorium building, which is a fine structure, and the several churches, emphasizes another side of life in Paragould which is equally interesting and important. "What man has done man can do"—and the success which has attended the efforts of those who have



Bertig Bros. Department Store,  
Paragould, Ark.



Union Station, Paragould, Ark.

helped make Paragould what she is, may again be repeated and accentuated by those who now join forces with her to make her what she surely is going to be.

\* \* \*

In visiting Governor Donaghey at the State Capitol at Little Rock, he anxiously enquired if we had visited his town, Conway, and when our answer was given in the negative, he expressed himself emphatically that Conway should not be passed by. So to Conway we went, and found it a most favorable locality, agriculturally considered, and also educationally; for here are three colleges and schools, rather more than the usual quota for an ordinary town.

It was Commencement Day at Hendrix Methodist College, and "Homecoming Day" was being observed by hundreds of alumni and alumnae. Speeches were made, appropriate for the occasion, and a banquet was spread and enjoyed by about eight hundred graduates and undergraduates. Though located at Conway but nineteen years, Hendrix College has already established the reputation of being one of the highest grade schools in the Southwest.

An anecdote about Governor George W. Donaghey was told later, but it deserves to fit in here, for it was in this town that the young Irish-American first got his start. While working with his kit of carpenter tools he attracted the favorable attention of a traveling salesman, who asked him what he would do if supplied with a good outfit of merchantable goods.

"Why," said young Donaghey, "I haven't anything to buy with! These tools are all that I have on earth."

"Well," said his interested friend, "supposing I supply you with the stock and set you up in business?"

"Then," cried young Donaghey, "I would work day and night in order to make good!"

When the stock arrived—as it did arrive—George Donaghey proceeded to make good, and every time that he could get ten dollars or more, he sent it on to his benefactor to reduce his indebtedness. It was not long before another carload was needed and supplied on credit as before; in a short time these goods were sold and payments made, leaving a credit

standing on the ledger of the wholesale house in young Donaghey's favor.

Things went on until the time came for building Hendrix College. With his practical experience as a builder, young Donaghey sought the advice of his benefactor, and was counseled to put in a bid on the contract of erecting the new college. Backers were furnished to supply the money for the work, and the contract was finished in a most satisfactory manner and to considerable profit for the young contractor. Following this, the young builder bid successfully on the work of additions to the State University at Fayetteville, and later made a fortune in contract work along the line of the Choctaw Railroad.

It was this practical experience in contracting and building which enabled George W. Donaghey to detect and point out how the state of Arkansas was being defrauded by those who had at first undertaken the building of the new State Capitol. With the people ready to back him in an honest expenditure of the money appropriated for an honest equivalent in the work of construction, George Donaghey was elected to the office of governor, carrying every county of the seventy-five in the state save two.

Governor Donaghey's home in Conway is a handsome one, and a source of civic pride to every resident of the town.

Only a few miles farther up the Arkansas Valley is situated Morrilton, where the Arkansas State Editorial Association was recently entertained and held its annual meeting. Surrounded by rolling hills, Morrilton is ideally situated not far from the old town of Lewisburg, which before the coming of the railroad was a flourishing trading post on the banks of the Arkansas River. Today, as a solitary heritage of its early industry, the old Lewisburg Tavern stands deserted and dilapidated. The county jail is but a heap of stones, and everything else is past and gone.

In company with Mr. John H. Ganner, a zealous "booster" for Russellville, and a good reader of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, the location of the new school buildings already under construction was visited. The new hydro-electric power station up among the hills tells another story.

---

# That Farm In ARKANSAS

---

**B**EFORE visiting Paragould, up in Green County, Mr. Ad. Bertig gave us the assurance that there was something there worth while going to see. After visiting his great mercantile establishment and seeing the beautiful home he has recently built in a fine residential section of the town, there was no question but that Mr. Bertig had spoken truthfully. Still there are other fine mercantile houses and residences besides his that add attractive interest to Paragould.

From another's lips was learned the story of Mr. Bertig's perseverance. Landing in New York in 1872, a native of Austria, Mr. Bertig had little with which to begin his career. After some knocking about he landed in Little Rock, and his first job was as a dishwasher in a restaurant. Saving his money, he started out as a peddler, selling his goods among the sequestered sections in the mountain districts. Prosperity attended him, and soon after he sent money for his brother to come over from the old country. This young man he educated at the State University, and finally sent him down to Paragould with a small stock of goods. There was not much at Paragould in those days except an intense rivalry between

the Iron Mountain and the Cotton Belt railroads, the former presided over by Jay Gould as president, and the latter by President Paramore, and from the names of these two rival railroad presidents was coined the word Paragould, for here the two systems converging from the north cross each other.

There are many wood-working factories at Paragould, among them being several stave and heading factories, and several handle and spoke factories; one of the latter is the largest factory of its kind in the world, manufacturing chiefly axe and pick handles. As in other sections where lumber is cut and manufactured, so at Paragould there is a splendid opening for wood novelty mills that can work small stock.

A visit to the busy streets and among the banks and stores reveals an interesting commercial side of life. But a view of the High School building, and St. Mary's Catholic School, the Sanatorium building, which is a fine structure, and the several churches, emphasizes another side of life in Paragould which is equally interesting and important. "What man has done man can do"—and the success which has attended the efforts of those who have



Bertig Bros. Department Store,  
Paragould, Ark.



Union Station, Paragould, Ark.

helped make Paragould what she is, may again be repeated and accentuated by those who now join forces with her to make her what she surely is going to be.

\* \* \*

In visiting Governor Donaghey at the State Capitol at Little Rock, he anxiously enquired if we had visited his town, Conway, and when our answer was given in the negative, he expressed himself emphatically that Conway should not be passed by. So to Conway we went, and found it a most favorable locality, agriculturally considered, and also educationally; for here are three colleges and schools, rather more than the usual quota for an ordinary town.

It was Commencement Day at Hendrix Methodist College, and "Homecoming Day" was being observed by hundreds of alumni and alumnae. Speeches were made, appropriate for the occasion, and a banquet was spread and enjoyed by about eight hundred graduates and undergraduates. Though located at Conway but nineteen years, Hendrix College has already established the reputation of being one of the highest grade schools in the Southwest.

An anecdote about Governor George W. Donaghey was told later, but it deserves to fit in here, for it was in this town that the young Irish-American first got his start. While working with his kit of carpenter tools he attracted the favorable attention of a traveling salesman, who asked him what he would do if supplied with a good outfit of merchantable goods.

"Why," said young Donaghey, "I haven't anything to buy with! These tools are all that I have on earth."

"Well," said his interested friend, "supposing I supply you with the stock and set you up in business?"

"Then," cried young Donaghey, "I would work day and night in order to make good!"

When the stock arrived—as it did arrive—George Donaghey proceeded to make good, and every time that he could get ten dollars or more, he sent it on to his benefactor to reduce his indebtedness. It was not long before another carload was needed and supplied on credit as before; in a short time these goods were sold and payments made, leaving a credit

standing on the ledger of the wholesale house in young Donaghey's favor.

Things went on until the time came for building Hendrix College. With his practical experience as a builder, young Donaghey sought the advice of his benefactor, and was counseled to put in a bid on the contract of erecting the new college. Backers were furnished to supply the money for the work, and the contract was finished in a most satisfactory manner and to considerable profit for the young contractor. Following this, the young builder bid successfully on the work of additions to the State University at Fayetteville, and later made a fortune in contract work along the line of the Choctaw Railroad.

It was this practical experience in contracting and building which enabled George W. Donaghey to detect and point out how the state of Arkansas was being defrauded by those who had at first undertaken the building of the new State Capitol. With the people ready to back him in an honest expenditure of the money appropriated for an honest equivalent in the work of construction, George Donaghey was elected to the office of governor, carrying every county of the seventy-five in the state save two.

Governor Donaghey's home in Conway is a handsome one, and a source of civic pride to every resident of the town.

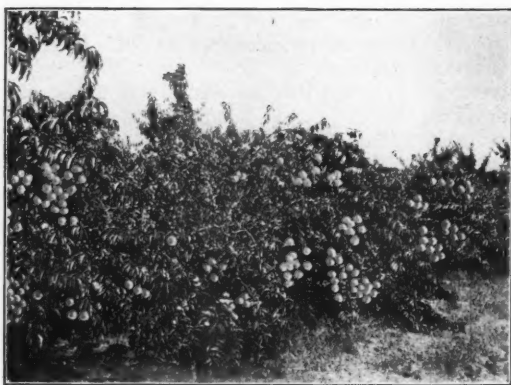
Only a few miles farther up the Arkansas Valley is situated Morrillton, where the Arkansas State Editorial Association was recently entertained and held its annual meeting. Surrounded by rolling hills, Morrillton is ideally situated not far from the old town of Lewisburg, which before the coming of the railroad was a flourishing trading post on the banks of the Arkansas River. Today, as a solitary heritage of its early industry, the old Lewisburg Tavern stands deserted and dilapidated. The county jail is but a heap of stones, and everything else is past and gone.

In company with Mr. John H. Ganner, a zealous "booster" for Russellville, and a good reader of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, the location of the new school buildings already under construction was visited. The new hydro-electric power station up among the hills tells another story.



The dam and machinery have but just been completed, and the power already developed is sufficient for present requirements as well as for a new cotton mill which it is hoped will be located at Russellville in the very near future.

High up on the rocky eminence above the dam, and 166 feet above the town, there has been hewn out of the solid rock a great basin for the town reservoir. Into this the waters of the river are raised by hydro-electric power, and will furnish one of the most effective water services that is possessed by any town in Arkansas.



A FIVE YEAR OLD ELBERTA PEACH ORCHARD  
Clarksville, Arkansas

In the vicinity are large deposits of semi-anthracite coal. The coal tipples at the mines are among the very best and among the largest in the Southwest.

\* \* \*

Crossing the Arkansas River, after a ride of a few miles from Russellville, and over the longest pontoon bridge said to exist in the world, we visited Dardanelle, high on the western bank of the Arkansas River, and a few miles from Mount Nebo, on the crest of which a beautiful summer resort has recently sprung into favor. For a mile up and down the main street busy mercantile houses keep pace with the development of the country and carry on a lucrative trade with the farmers. From the pure, sweet springs of Mount Nebo comes an ample supply of water for the use of the town. The cribs, built log-house-fashion and filled with rock, to

which the pontoon bridge is moored by great steel cables, are roofed to a peak and remind one of Spanish blockhouses.

During the mid-afternoon the train was climbing the heavy grades of the Ozarks and puffed into Fayetteville, high among the altitudes of northwest Arkansas; but it was not too late to pay the long anticipated visit to the ideal home of Mr. W. R. Lighton, described by him in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Some have pictured him an idle theorist, and a sedentary literary gentleman, but there he was in his garden, with sleeves rolled up, stooping over, vigorously pulling weeds, as though he were paid by the piece. With the hearty greeting, "Come in," there was a ring of Western welcome.

The interesting bungalow which he proudly calls home, and says is "not yet finished," is indeed an ideal retreat. The joy of living, he insists, is in making improvement and creating things day by day. Flanked by a wide fireplace, and surrounded by books on two sides, was a fine Baby Grand piano at one corner.

Mr. Lighton's farm shows the results of careful, intelligent labor and conscientious purpose. Touching upon farm subjects, Mr. Lighton asked us to first inspect his pet projects—his piggeries and his chicken yards. In the raising of pigs for market, Mr. Lighton has certainly exemplified a new method which should be carefully noted by every Arkansas farmer; for the common custom of letting the hogs run wild, to root for a living until they arrive at the age and size of marketing—say three years old—is proven by Mr. Lighton's methods to be very inexpedient.

In an enclosure of about eight acres, he had sown rape, and upon this over forty pigs and hogs and eight or ten calves and yearling heifers were living, and yet they could not consume the crop as fast as it was then growing. When they should overcome the growth, however, and crop it back, a field of cow-peas would await them, and finally to top off in the late



PONTOON BRIDGE AND CRIB ANCHORAGES,  
DARDANELLE, ARKANSAS

fall, a reserve of burr clover would be available. By this ready forage pigs could be grown and developed to profitable proportions in eight months rather than requiring three years by the running-wild method. Mr. Lighton explained that he was making his pork at a cost of a little less than a cent a pound. When one considers his plan of maturing the product in eight months, and selling it at eight and a half cents per pound, there can be no question but that there is money in raising pigs. As Ellis Parker Butler would say, "There is pigs as is pigs."

Fayetteville is called the "Athens of the Ozarks," because the University of Arkansas is located here. No less distinguished a personage than William Jennings Bryan has paid a tribute to the noble influence of this university upon the intellectual progress of the state.

To help establish the university here the patriotic farmer pioneers of this county gave \$130,000 in bonds, bearing eight per cent interest, in times when money was hard to get; it was a

good investment; for today Washington County is well-to-do and is peopled by happy and prosperous citizens. In every home is evidence of refinement and culture in a marked degree.

The scenery about Fayetteville resembles New England; the city is situated on a hill-top standing at an elevation of 1,500 feet. The population is already 8,000, with probably about 500 negroes. Nature has been lavish here, and has scattered lovely scenery on every side. What the Adirondacks are to the East and the Sierras are to the Pacific slope the Ozarks are to the mid-continent. Richmond Pearson Hobson, the hero of the Merri-mac, pays a worthy tribute to the climate and scenery of this enterprising little city.

The dark green foliage of the oak and walnut ridges is interspersed with the lighter shades of wheat and oat fields, seemingly fresh paint patches among valleys of stout timothy and red clovers. This is indeed a community of contentment.



NO, NOT A "RAZOR BACK," BUT A BERKSHIRE  
IN ARKANSAS

---

# rchards of Peaches and Apples

---

NOTHING seemed lacking in the ambitious and progressive town of Rogers to give it a true cosmopolitan population. Like Damon and Pythias, graduates of West Point and Annapolis, in the persons of Captain W. S. Willis and Mr. Robert C. Alexander, are located here, each a graduate of his respective institution, class of '83. Both Southern born, and forming a close friendship in undergraduate days, they have finally consummated close business relationships, and are focusing their forceful energies into colonization, industrial development and railroading. In this beautiful spot at the top of the Ozarks they have found their work.

In company with Mr. Alexander, "Vinola Wine Ranch," the magnificent farm of Mr. Carl A. Starck nearby, was visited. Picturesquely situated, with a fine overlook across the valleys and ridges of the Ozark Mountains, Mr. Starck has here planted a beautiful and productive vineyard, and has chosen as the most desirable vine the celebrated "Cynthiana," a native of Benton County, Arkansas, which has been domesticated.

To a connoisseur of grape wine, the product of Mr. Starck's vineyard has a delightful appeal. With a slightly astringent, piquant flavor, it suggests the body and vigor which is given the wine by the great amount of iron, potash and phosphoric acid found in this soil.

Mr. Starck has exemplified, in the landscape gardening about his home, how every desirable tree and shrub can be cultivated here. Surrounded by nature in her loveliest forms, his home contains a library such as any book lover might well covet. Hither come friend and stranger alike

from all parts of the country, to witness the success which has been achieved in homesteading land which was, not many years ago, an unbroken wild.

Occupying a little bungalow, one of the buildings of the Starck homestead, lives Colonel C. A. Ballou. His superb collection of Indian relics is worth journeying far to see.

In this strange museum is the most complete and valuable collection of Indian arrow heads, beaded needle craft and genuine blanket work; this the Colonel has collected during an arduous search, covering thirty or more years. Not even the Smithsonian Institution at Washington has such a complete assortment of Indian arrow heads as the Colonel proudly showed us. They represent the careful arrangement of relics found in searching the hunting grounds of the Mound Builders, and down to the more recent times of the Sioux, the Navajo and the Apache.

\* \* \*

No one can ride among the beautiful orchards around Rogers, without feeling that here is indeed the ideal environment for apple-raising, and there are more apple trees already in bearing condition in either Washington or Benton County than in any other county in America, according to the Twelfth Federal Census. Not only is Rogers a place most desirable for those who in the vigor of life seek to exploit fertile fields, farms and orchards (for almost anything except cotton can be raised hereabouts) but the fame of Rogers' fine climate has already induced people from Colorado and states in the North and East to seek homes here for their declining years. Senator F. F. Freeman,

whose connection with the business interests of the town marks him as a man whose enthusiastic constructive work always counts for progress, showed us many handsome residences about town one evening.

Mr. A. S. Teasdale, president of the Commercial Club, is an active factor in merchandising the fruit products of this section. Mr. Teasdale expressed the hope that thousands of the people whose interest will be awakened to the opportunities in Arkansas will at least come to see for themselves what is doing and what is yet to be done, in the realization of all that nature has furnished to the citizens of Rogers.

\* \* \*

No itinerary through Arkansas would be complete without visiting the scenic sections recently opened up by the Missouri & North Arkansas Railroad. Starting from Neosho, Missouri, the line cuts diagonally across the northern part of the state, running southeasterly, with its lower terminus in Helena, on the Mississippi River. In company with Mr. Lee D. Bell, the industrial agent of the Missouri & North Arkansas Railway, a most delightful trip was made through the mountains, and down into the agricultural and orchard sections of Red River and White River valleys. Though the country has but recently been thrown open by the building of this new route, yet splendid results are shown where peach orchards, apple orchards, strawberry fields and broad stretches of cotton, grain and corn, bear witness to the productivity of the soil. The road also is opening up fabulous mineral deposits of zinc, lead and other metals.

St. Joe is fast gaining the attention of mining men, who are looking toward the riches of its mines. Mr. R. L. Workman, one of the hustling and successful young men who have brought the rich deposits of zinc at this place to public attention, has accomplished results that are attracting capital and home-seekers.

As the train moved merrily along a little incident happened that distracted attention for a few moments from pastoral reveries, and furnished a new topic for conversation. Like the suddenness of an earthquake the train all at once began to tremble, as the trucks under the smoking car bumped over the cross ties. A telegraph lineman who was aboard instinctively sprang for the baggage rack over his seat, where he clung for safety like a Simian. But John, the colored porter, quickly realizing the situation, jumped for the air-brake line, and the train was soon brought to a standstill. It all happened so unexpectedly but few passengers realized that one of the trucks had jumped the track, and the train was soon on the iron again and rolling merrily



PRIZE HERD OF JERSEY COWS  
Arkansas State Fair

along. The report of the incident probably read: "Off ag'in—on ag'in—gone ag'in"—no, the roadmaster's name was McCarthy—and he was aboard.

\* \* \*

Welding Arkansas to her sister state of Texas with a bond like blood relationship is the town of Texarkana, right on the boundary, and spreading out into each state with her growing industries.

Up from the station, a broad thoroughfare, runs Main Street, along the middle of which an imaginary boundary defines the east half in Arkansas and the west half in Texas. Up several blocks from the station stands the imposing Post Office Building also in the line; for the proper mailing address for this town is Texarkana, Ark.-Tex.

Starting its career as a railroad construction camp for the two railroads that in early days came together right on the state line, Texarkana at once became a division point with shops and terminals; and has now grown into a great manufacturing town with many wholesaling and distributing warehouses.

Lying in a horseshoe basin surrounded by low hills, the city presents a vista of beautiful homes, busy factories, and well-built stores. A visit to the roof of the handsome First National Bank Building would convince one that here is a very prosperous city.

Surrounded by fertile agricultural lands and served by nine railroads centering here, the city has become a hive of thriving industries.

The abundant supply of natural gas which is afforded local consumers at twenty-four cents is one of the strongest inducements for manufacturers to locate here. Nearly fifty enterprises and firms came to Texarkana in 1909, and approximately two million dollars worth of improvements will be erected during 1910.

The progress of Texarkana has been astonishing. No citizens in the United States are more law-abiding, more cultured or more home-loving than the Texarkanians of today.

Nearly half a million dollars are represented in church property of all denominations. It is also an educational centre, and the public and private schools enroll about 3,500 pupils, no pains or expense being spared to maintain the highest grade in all educational work.

Texarkana is supplied with natural gas from the Caddo Lake oil district which offers to manufacturers fuel at a price about the same as coal at \$1.75 per ton.

Close beside the railroad station is a handsome railroad Y. M. C. A. Building presented by Miss Helen Gould. With a membership of over twelve hundred the association work fills a very important place in the social and moral standing of the city.

There are vast deposits of shale and potter's clay about Texarkana which are being successfully worked; and the very cheap gas fuel should make Texarkana one of the most extensive brick and

tile manufacturing cities of the country.

\* \* \*

With an outlook over a beautiful country broken by high hills, deep gulches, broad valleys and level plateaus Marion County, with Yellville for her spokesman, proclaims herself an empire capable of producing all the necessities and luxuries of life.

A country home lacks few things to be desired where pure water and verdant forests abound, and there is fruit in the orchard—corn, potatoes, grain, grass and alfalfa in the fields—cattle, sheep and horses in the pastures, and poultry around the farm yard; this lends an enchantment that subtle chemists cannot make, and king's jesters cannot supply.

Not only does the Ozark region excel in the diversity of its products of farm, orchard and garden, but in hardwood, minerals and marble as well. The greatest deposits of zinc ore yet uncovered are located around Yellville, situated on the White River division of the Iron Mountain Railroad, and the central town of the Ozark region. It was from one of the big mines near Yellville that the largest chunk of pure zinc ore ever extracted from the ground was taken to Chicago and is now in the Field Columbian Museum. The opening up of the mining industry upon an active and permanent basis has begun, there being several rich mines in course of equipment and operation near Yellville. When the mining industry becomes thoroughly established, the farmer and gardener will have at their very door the best markets for their products.

\* \* \*

Sometimes, in empire-building, as in character-building, seemingly inconsequential things lead to momentous results. In the early days of Arkansas, a pioneer, driving an old horse and a rather decrepit mule, was trekking across the state southwestward, toward the Indian Territory. In the vicinity of what is now Beebe, he pitched his camp for the night; and was crestfallen when, on the morrow, he found that the old horse was dead. Unable to buy another, or to proceed with his double outfit with only the mule as a team, he decided to give up his journey for the present, and sought employment



with a railroad construction gang. Husbanding his income, he was able in about eight months to buy a considerable tract of land nearby, and immediately gave up railroading. He secured some strawberry plants, and soon demonstrated that luscious, large berries could be raised here. Not long afterward a Georgian happened that way, and seeing what was being done in strawberry culture "reckoned" that peaches would also bear prolifically hereabouts. He, in turn, secured some of the land nearby, and not only planted a large peach orchard himself, but "staked" almost everybody who was willing to venture in planting young trees; and he awaited the first crop before receiving his pay. From this accidental mishap to the old horse, is largely attributed the great peach and strawberry industries which have been so successfully started over the western and other parts of Arkansas.

It may be asked why it is that Arkansas, richly endowed with every possible attribute in the way of minerals, metals and agricultural resources, has not already become a well-developed country. Two well-grounded reasons are offered in explanation.

First, it was the great migration of the gold seekers in '49 and the fifties that blazed the trail across Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, and via the southern routes to California in quest of the yellow metal. But in the wake of these hardy pioneers the home-seekers followed. The impassable swamps and trackless mountains of Arkansas presented a condition which turned the tide of immigrants to the northward, and so the natural bounties of the state were not discovered in those times. Later, the breaking out of the Civil War, and the much discussed Mason and Dixon Line, raised as it were a Chinese Wall to oppose and turn back the searchers for homes; and they, too, trekked westward along the golden trail. The Western states have been filled up, leaving perhaps the best of Nature's bounties for later times; and the passing of those who naturally felt some bitterness toward the North has given place to a younger generation. Young men and women, who have enjoyed the benefits of better educational advantages,

and are conversant with the national conditions as disseminated by magazines and newspapers that form an important factor of education and present-day intelligence, are eager to let bygones be bygones, and this will effectively serve to eradicate sectional feeling and eliminate the northern boundary of Dixie Land.

The commercial intercourse brought about by railroads and the migration of people between states, is no less a factor in building up national resources than in the general exchange of commodities. It is a great mistake to expect a home-seeker from the timber belt of Michigan to be suited only for the timber sections of Arkansas; or an experienced corn-raiser from Iowa to locate only in the corn belt; for the general knowledge which a farmer has about one crop will be synthetically applied toward the success of raising something else. New England is coming to the realization of this fact, and is already reaching out into the South, Southwest and West to induce cotton planters, truck gardeners, and men from the citrus belt to come to the old farms of New England, and with their practical knowledge resuscitate and exploit New England resources, in a way which New Englanders themselves have failed to do. New blood, new energy, a variety of ideas, are as much a stock in trade and an asset for the people of Arkansas, if they can secure these from other sections, as any material thing that might be brought in.

No greater blessing in disguise was ever bestowed upon the people of Arkansas and other cotton-raising states, than the arrival of the boll-weevil pest; for it has caused many a cotton planter to diversify his crops, and by so doing really discover more profitable crops than cotton. It is evident that in Arkansas, as in some other Southern states, more corn is being raised every year, and so communities which heretofore have sent thousands of dollars away to purchase feed for stock, are now keeping their money at home.

When all ways lead to Arkansas and population is rapidly increasing, capital will take notice, and the industrial uplift and development of the state will soon follow.

# Arkansas' New Word, "Advertise"

By WILLIAM R. LIGHTON

Author, "An Arkansas Farm."

THEY say that Arkansas is awakening. That's absolutely true. And it's high time.

Looking around over the state, it's a bit hard to believe that Arkansas is a century old. If one wished to be merely complimentary, he might say of her that she bears her age remarkably well. If he wished to be critical, he might say that she has dawdled along inexcusably in her growth and development.

After a hundred years of life, any state, lying right in the heart of things, inconceivably rich in all natural resources, with farming lands equal to any demand that may be made upon them, ought to have "got somewhere." Arkansas hasn't. Compare her development with that of any neighbor state, and she's miles and miles behind.

What's the trouble? How does it happen that Oklahoma, for instance, in her callow youth, lying right next door, has won recognition in a decade, while Arkansas, with as much or more to offer in opportunities, has lagged and drowsed for ten times that span?

There's just one possible answer. I don't know the motto of the State of Arkansas; but it might be this: "We don't advertise." That expresses exactly the spirit of the state in the last hundred years.

This long time, the rest of the Southwest has been quick with new life. Arkansas has slept. This long time, the rest of the Southwest has held the center of the stage in immigration affairs. Arkansas has stood in the wings, a mere "supe." This long time, the rest of the Southwest has been working out its destiny in sweat and blood. Arkansas has loafed and whittled.

Outsiders know practically nothing of the truth about Arkansas. That means that Arkansas has never taken the pains

to advertise the truth. She has never made even the mildest sort of a bid for the newcomer. She hasn't seemed to care for him. She has never put herself to the trouble of letting him know what she had to offer him.

Take, for illustration, the matter of her farming lands. If you've followed the subject of land values, you know what an acre of alfalfa land is worth in Kansas or Texas. On the higher plains, not too remote from market, fifty dollars an acre is a fair price. In Arkansas there are hundreds of thousands of acres of alfalfa land, as good as the best that Kansas can show, which may be bought for from five dollars to fifteen dollars per acre. These lands will yield a ton more to the acre per year than the Kansas plains meadows.

You know what an acre of high-class potato land is worth in Nebraska or Colorado. Arkansas has hundreds of thousands of acres of potato land, capable of producing four hundred bushels per acre per year, which may be bought for from five dollars to fifteen dollars per acre; and the Arkansas crop is a lot nearer the market than that of Colorado.

You know what an acre of high-grade pasture is worth in the dairy states of the North. Arkansas has hundreds of thousands of acres capable of supporting half-a-dozen cows per acre through a nine-months pasture season, which may be bought for from five dollars to fifteen dollars per acre.

You know that a good hog-ranch in a Northern state isn't to be sneezed at. Arkansas has hundreds of thousands of unused acres, on which hogs may be produced at a cost of less than one cent a pound. This has been absolutely demonstrated. These lands may be bought at from five dollars to fifteen dollars per acre.

And so on through a long list.

With all this, only a small fraction of the

cultivable area of the state is under the plow. The major part lies fallow, waste, while other lands in the country round about, much less desirable, are at a premium.

If these facts were known, can't you see what would happen? It's as plain as a pikestaff. But who's going to publish the facts, if the Arkansaswyer doesn't? He has never taken the trouble. Until this present period of grace, the money that Arkansas has spent in advertising would hardly fill a beggar's tin cup. For no valid reason, Arkansas has loitered along the way, watching the procession of commonwealths go by.

That couldn't last forever, of course. A change was bound to come. Virtue may be hidden under a bushel and never discovered; but trust this eager race of ours to find out wealth.

Arkansas teems with wealth, or with the raw materials for making it. And all at once, as suddenly as between sunset and dawn, the people of the state, no less than the outsiders, have awakened to the fact and its meaning. There will be hereafter for Arkansas no more folding of the hands in sleep.

Since the beginning of the year, Arkansas has been fairly riotous in devotion to the new idea. If there's a word that passes current in Arkansas today, it's "ADVERTISE."

To be sure, not all the people of the state are now actually "under conviction;" but they're crowding one another at the mourners' bench. Say "advertise" to any average assemblage of Arkansas business men, and you're made to understand at once that you're talking, not to a lot of hooting scoffers, but to a company of earnest "seekers."

The state's hope, of course, does not lie in the mere fact of undeveloped resources, however vast. Undeveloped resources, as such, spell nothing but poverty. The private owner of a hundred thousand unproductive acres may starve to death in the midst of his great holdings. By the same token, a state which has nothing but raw "opportunities" may be down at heel, out at elbow, dragging listlessly along under a dead weight of "wealth" as valueless as Crusoe's gold on his island.

That has been Arkansas' case, almost to a T-Y-ty, up to the beginning of the present year. Her unused natural capital has been a liability rather than an asset.

Now, you mustn't think that Arkansas is to suffer because of this laggard policy. In a sense, she's all the better off for it. Do you see how that is?

The inertia, the delay, the dull inactivity, mean that Arkansas has not yet fallen into the hands of the boomers. Other neighboring states have. Meaning no disparagement, it's well known that in parts of Oklahoma, Kansas and Texas the boomer was the first man on the ground. He was the first to appreciate conditions and opportunities. He came, saw, camped, took options on all the likely chances—and made the late comer pay. That's history.

Nothing of the sort has happened in Arkansas. Search the state over, and you'll find no trail of the boomer. Somehow or other, he's missed this field, passing by on the other side. All the better.

In his place, the professional boomer is a useful chap. Many and many a community owes its life and reputation to him, and to him alone. But, in a brand-new country, he has his limitations. The boomer must have his profit. When a new country begins to pay boomers' profits before it begins its real development and its production of real wealth, it's handicapped. Pictitious profits inevitably mean padded values.

There have been no boomers in Arkansas. Maybe the game has been started, now and again, amongst a small bunch of professionals; but it has always died a-borning. In all this hundred years, the boomer has never succeeded in setting his mark definitely on a square mile of all these thousands.

Do you know what *that* means? The meaning is unmistakable. Arkansas alone of all these rich Southwestern states, is a virgin field for the home-maker. There is no boomer's premium on anything. The home-hunter, coming in as a stranger, sees his opportunity, not through a glass darkly, but face to face. The dollar he invests buys a dollar's worth, pressed down and running over, with no rake-off for anybody.

That's almost unbelievable, isn't it.

in this day? Farmers, investors and speculators are not usually slow in finding the undeveloped opportunity, where values are at rock-bottom. Yet Arkansas is a field absolutely neglected.

The logic of it is plain. Look at your map, and you'll see that the state is not on the beaten trails of the homeseeker. No matter which way he's headed, nor where he comes from, bound for the new fields, it's a chance if his route takes him through Arkansas. This is no thoroughfare. It's curious, isn't it? Right in the vital center of the new Southwest, accessible, inviting, familiar by name only—*undiscovered*.

This in spite of the fact that never in any time, in any field, have there been richer opportunities awaiting the man who will come in and take them. Search the country over, and you'll find no fairer or more fertile farming lands than lie in Arkansas. Any average acre, in good hands, can be made to produce in a twelve-month more dollars than the best acre in Iowa, or Illinois, or Nebraska will yield. There are single acres, devoted to trucking and fruit-growing, paying one thousand dollars a year—a good, big dollar for every forty square feet of surface.

What ought such land to be worth? That question is hardly asked in Arkansas today. There seems to be absolutely no relation between real value and selling price. Nobody is trying to measure selling price in any other way than

by the clumsy standard of what the acre will fetch. In the undeveloped districts lie millions of acres that may be bought for a fraction of their value; nowhere in the state have I found a single acre of land that was priced at its obvious real worth.

Sooner or later, that state of things had to change. The change has actually begun. This is the year when Arkansas starts. Looking on, you may see before your very eyes the stir and thrill of a new life. Five years hence the slow-going old Arkansas will be but a memory.

The conjure-word is "Advertise." The state has felt the subtle spell, not of the word alone, but of the idea. It needs ideas to beget awakenings. See what this idea has begotten: A couple of years ago, a very master of the craft would have had no end of trouble in worrying a reluctant dollar from almost any Arkansas community for any project of advertising. This year the State Land Congress is raising a fund of fifty thousand dollars for that use; and one city alone—Fort Smith—has thirty thousand dollars pledged by its citizens for a campaign of advertising on its own account. Turn where you will, that's a master-word.

Arkansas, the indolent, the laggard, the unprogressive, proud of her outworn ways and of her very obscurity, paying out real money for publicity, bidding for a place amongst the industrial states! If that isn't an awakening, then one never happened.

## THEODORE ROOSEVELT

And Theodore Roosevelt! Future history will carve his name in the niche of eternal fame. He is the very embodiment of all that is best and noblest in American manhood. A true knight, a man without fear and without reproach. He is the apostle of deeds, of strenuous life, of life full of duties to be performed, tasks to be executed, wrongs to be rectified. The joy of life pulsates in his manly veins, the triumph of the righteous battling with the numerous octopi that threaten to undermine our industrial existence glistens in his eyes; a better helmsman, a steadier steersman to guide the vessel of this republic does not exist. His is the voice of justice, of fairness, of absolute equality among all classes. Happy is the land that can boast of such a man, that can appreciate his virtues.

—Dr. Elias Copeland, Portland, Me., 1904, in "*Heart Throbs*."

# Flashlights of Public Men

By J. E. JONES

THE great state of Montana, the third largest in the Union, growing so fast that its population has doubled in ten years, and with approximately 600,000 people within its broad walls, is represented in the lower branch of Congress by Charles N. Pray. And if there is anyone who has an idea that Congressmen do not have to work, he ought to watch Representative Pray. He is at it early and late, and the pack horses that climb the Western mountains do not carry half as heavy burdens as are loaded on Montana's public servant in Washington. I have found him at his office close onto the midnight hour, and it is my impression that he is one of the hardest and most persistent workers in Congress. Congressman Pray "drives" things at Washington, he goes the rounds of the departments, chases hither and thither to look after the wants of a great people, and is a regular attendant at all sessions. His manner impresses one as mild, and he has a conciliatory, convincing way of getting things. But when this mode of procedure fails, then there is another way for which Montana is famous, and for which its Congressman has something of a record at home and at the Capital—he fights! One day he had a bill before the House to reimburse to the extent of a few hundred dollars a couple of old residents of Montana on account of rent they had paid out of their own pockets while officers of a land office. It was a comparatively

small matter, but it meant a great deal to the men interested, and it was in every respect a proper claim. The Republican organization had a sudden fit of economy, the Democratic side was seized with the same kind of a spasm, and the House was in an uproar. The man from Montana was in his element, and he hung Champ Clark's scalp along with a lot of Republican ones to his belt. On a division there was an apparent majority against the bill, but Mr. Pray demanded tellers, and then his friends came to his relief and the cloak rooms were scoured for additional votes, with the result that the bill was passed by sixteen votes. When the Sundry Civil Bill was being considered Mr. Pray offered an important amendment, carrying an additional appropriation of \$160,000, for the establishment of nine rescue stations throughout the country. The appropriations committee wouldn't listen, and on the floor the powerful leaders, Tawney and Fitzgerald, of the Republican and Democratic sides, opposed the amendment. But that never phased the member from Montana. He made a vigorous speech and passed his measure. These two incidents served to convince the "powers that be" that when Pray is in the arena he is pretty apt to get what he is after, and that to stand in the way is at the risk of getting hurt. Representative Pray was formerly a prosecuting attorney for a number of years in Montana, and during his administration chased the cattle thieves out





Copyright 1910  
Harris & Ewing

CHARLES N. PRAY  
United States Representative-at-large, Montana

of his country—all except those he sent to jail. Now maybe Congressman Pray is mild-mannered—a number of Congressmen thought so early in the session, but these same gentlemen might dispute such a statement at this time.

Montana has four great trunk lines running through it, and the development of its agricultural interests is marvelous. Of the thirty great government irrigation projects four are located in Montana, and 500,000 acres of land are being reclaimed in the state. Mr. Pray made a speech upon the bill, and took a strong part in securing the appropriation for twenty millions of dollars that will go into these developments. He helped work out the bill for the Public Lands Committee called the "Surface Title Bill," and as a result of this measure 63,000,000 acres of land throughout the country will be subject to settlement, the government reserving the mineral rights. He addressed the House in support of the Postal Savings Bank Bill and the Crow Reservation Bill, passed the Senate Bill through the House, establishing the Glacier National Park, got another land office for Montana, and secured an appropriation of \$100,000 for the survey of public lands in the eastern part of his state. He also made a speech on the tariff, and passed as many bills as any member of the House.

The member from Montana has all the "get there" qualities for which Montana is famous. He believes Montana is the greatest of all the Western states in natural wealth. Its wonderful growth and development have produced a demand for a great amount of legislation, and the people of the state have in turn produced a Representative who can get for them the things they must have.

\* \* \*

**WILLIAM W. COCKS** represents the first Congressional district of New York, and this district comprises the greater part of Long Island, just now the popular residential site for wealthy Manhattanites. Incidentally Theodore Roosevelt is a constituent of Mr. Cocks, and that the two have for a long time been on very excellent terms is illustrated by a large number of missions of importance upon which Mr. Cocks was sent by the ill-

trious ex-president during the last administration. If there is any similarity between these Long Islanders it is that both are frank in expressing themselves—for Mr. Cocks, like the distinguished gentleman from Oyster Bay, can always be relied upon to speak his mind. However, his policy is to go directly to his constituency rather than spend an endless amount of time in debate in the House. Mr. Cocks believes that the sessions could be greatly shortened and more business transacted,



CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM W. COCKS  
of New York

if the policies which he advocates and practices in this respect were more generally adhered to.

In the state of New York, Congressman Cocks has been prominently identified with the Hughes movement, and was active in both conventions in which the present governor was nominated. At Washington he has been particularly active in securing aids to navigation, and has been able to accomplish a good deal in this direction for Long Island Sound, greatly to the gratification of the masters and pilots who operate in those waters. He has been an earnest advocate of all matters bearing upon river and harbor improvements, and especially with refer-

ence to the Atlantic Deeper Waterways Association, the object of which is to provide an inland waterway along the Atlantic coast. The life-saving service look upon him as one of their most earnest champions, and the fishermen, oyster men

head, and in which great railroad and other interests are actively engaged in a splendid endeavor to advance the agricultural interests of the state and country.

He has been active in the good roads movement and has introduced a bill providing for government aid in supplying surveys and specifications for the various states and providing for a National Highways Commission.

The Long Island district has many varied interests, and Representative Cocks looks after them all. One of his colleagues told me that he was always trying to determine what task his duty assigned him, and no matter how difficult it may be he industriously and intelligently performs it.

Now that "Teddy" Roosevelt is home it is more than probable that he and Congressman Cocks will get together and frame up something new for the benefit of that delightful region, "swept by ocean breezes," which they call home.

And while it seems entirely fitting that this district should be number one in the state of New York it might also be called number one of the United States; if it had not been for Long Island the greatest city of the country could not have been built on its present location. Geography and history have done their part, and the Empire State's first district might very properly be given the same countrywide distinction as its chief city.



CONGRESSMAN POLITTE ELVINS FROM MISSOURI  
Whom Speaker Cannon says is the most promising man in Congress

and other deep sea interests have reason to be thankful that he is in Congress.

As he is the ranking member of the Committee on Agriculture, his activities in constructive legislation have necessarily been largely along lines for bettering the conditions surrounding farm life. He has supported the conservation policies proposed by the Agricultural Department, and in his home state has been identified with the movement of which W. C. Brown, of the New York Central, is the

\* \* \*

**S**PEAKER CANNON walked down the aisle leading from the rostrum he occupies in the discharge of the duties of his position, and when he arrived in front of the young Congressman from Missouri, stopped suddenly and asked: "Say, Politte, what the deuce was the name of that stuff you fought for so hard when the tariff bill was up?" Now Uncle Joe's curiosity had been aroused because he sat in the Chair

while Politte Elvins, aged thirty-one, and often spoken of as "the Kid" of the House, trounced the House leaders on the floor of that august body, and got a raise of 100 per cent on barytes—the same aforesaid barytes being used chiefly in the manufacture of paint—but the point of importance to the Elvins position lay in the fact that fifty-two per cent of the product comes from Washington County, which is in Congressman Elvins' district.

The aged Speaker likes "the Kid," and he does not hesitate to say so—he has even gone further and declared that "young Elvins is the most promising man in Congress." As the Speaker is not in the habit of handing out such bouquets, it is quite natural that Mr. Elvins' friends place a good deal of value on such a compliment. There are a good many young men in Congress, and perhaps this fact explains in a large measure the great number of splendid achievements effected in progressive legislation at the session just closed.

Politte Elvins admits that he started for Congress when but nineteen years old. At twenty-four he might have completed the journey but for the fact that he was barred on account of his youth. Then he was side-tracked for six years, but in the primaries two years ago he carried ten of the eleven counties of his district. It may be that young Mr. Elvins has hitched his cart to the Senatorial star—he never has said so, but if such might happen to be the case some of the old 'uns will not forget what happened when he decided in the time of his teens to go to Congress.

Congressman Elvins comes from the "lead fields," and to him the Missouri Congressional delegation give the credit of retaining the Dingley schedule on lead ore and pig lead. He was active in looking after the proper protection of all other products that affected his district. He is a member of the committee on Mines and Mining, and helped to draft the law creating the Bureau of Mines, which legislation has been hailed with delight in every section of the country where there are mining interests. His speech in support of the measure attracted widespread interest and had much to do with the

final success of the legislation. He is also a member of the committee on Immigration and Naturalization, and introduced the Administration measure for the further restriction of immigration. He supplemented this bill with one of his own, that has brought endorsement from the most influential organizations and men interested in the subject, throughout the country. He helped to frame the Criminal Alien Deportation Law, and the law for the suppression of the "white slave" traffic.

Along the lines of local legislation he has had the same success that has attended his efforts in the larger matters of general legislation, and has pulled \$50,000 of appropriations out of the Rivers and Harbors Bill for his district, and landed \$60,000 in public buildings appropriations.

The wise old men in Washington admire Elvins and the Elvins way, and they all call him by his first name, which, by the way, was the family name of his French mother, and is pronounced Po-leet, and not Polite. They not only like him but they boost for him—maybe because he is so much younger than the rest, but more likely the reason is found in the fact that he goes after what he wants and gets it in the same way he landed in Congress in plenty of time to be dubbed "the Kid."

\* \* \*

THE member of Congress from the second district of South Carolina, Judge James O'H. Patterson, has rather upset the popular impression that a man in order to get Congressional favors must belong to the regular Republican organization. Now while Congressman Patterson is a Democrat and got 8,440 votes in his district in the last election, against fifty-eight for the Republican nominee, yet he has done what no Republican has been able to accomplish. The established rule in connection with appropriations for public buildings is that they will be granted to only cities of ten thousand inhabitants or where the gross receipts of the office exceed ten thousand dollars per year; but Mr. Patterson got ten thousand dollars for a site and fifty thousand dollars for a building for Aiken, South Carolina, which is a place of about four thousand population, and with receipts running far below

the usual amount required, and to top off all that, has practically arranged for free delivery. This is, of course, a local matter, but simply goes to show what the right kind of a congressman can accomplish by keeping everlastingly after things.

There is a delicious air of the southland about room 409 in the House Office Building, and in it I spent a pleasant half hour with Judge Patterson, while he told me



REPRESENTATIVE J. O'H. PATTERSON  
of South Carolina

of his great interest in the projects to drain the swamp lands of the south. "We are realizing the greatness of the irrigation projects in the west," he said, "but it seems to be rather difficult to make our people understand the greater advantages that attach to drainage problems. In the West, the irrigation systems must first be installed, and then it is necessary to get people to come in and settle on the lands; while in my state the people are already there and the moment the lands are supplied with a satisfactory drainage

system cultivation begins; and these lands are as valuable as any of the lands that are being talked about so much in the West." Judge Patterson made a speech upon this subject that attracted a great deal of favorable comment among Congressmen at the time, and did much to enlighten his colleagues in reference to the needs of the South.

Judge Patterson has covered his district with rural free delivery routes, and in this matter as well as in the instance cited of the Aiken public building has demonstrated his ability to "get things." He has also secured a soil survey for Saluda County which will be of great value to the agricultural regions as it will clearly define the chemical and physical value of the soil in the different regions, and show conclusively the kind of crops to which each section is best adapted. In the way of local legislation it is found that the Congressman has been unusually successful in securing appropriations indemnifying sufferers from outrages perpetrated during the Civil War, but in the broader and more comprehensive field of national affairs he has addressed the House upon the subject of the tariff, and threw some hot shells into the Republican camp in his argument along the line that the opposition was attempting to serve the interests rather than the consumers of the country, while his speech upon the Federal Judiciary System has been circulated pretty well over the country. He elicited great applause from members of his party when he declared that "federal judges are the 'sappers and miners' of despotism," and characterized the system as "against the policy and principles of our government and of all civilized nations" because it places "the machinery of the courts of justice beyond the reach of the poorest and humblest citizen who seeks redress for a wrong or remedy for an existing evil."

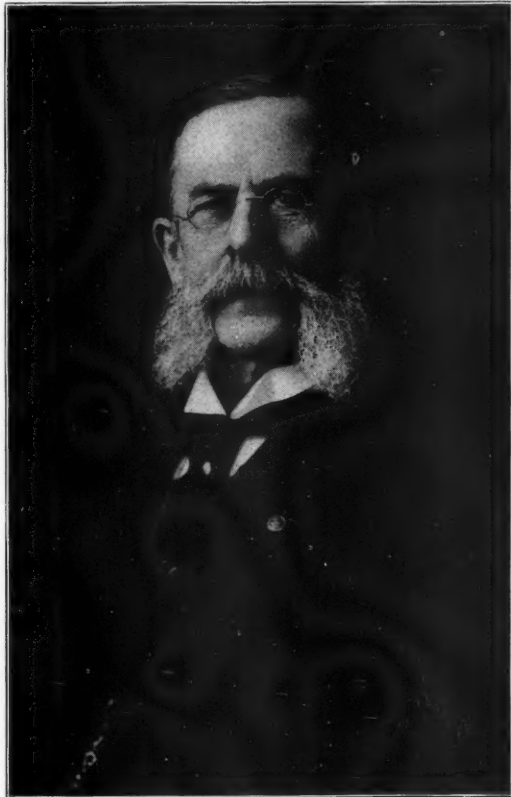
No matter how much one may disagree with Judge Patterson upon his views, yet it is doubtless true that the Republicans in Congress maintain the highest respect for the ability and fairness with which the South Carolina member has presented his argument from his party's standpoint.



ONCE in a great while there is a man who thinks more of looking after his health than of remaining in Congress—but the number is few, and many good men have finally broken down completely and passed down and out as a result of the grind and worry of congressional life and the excitements of vigorous campaigning. Captain Barclay, of the twenty-first district of Pennsylvania, is the exception to the rule, and with the end of the Sixty-first Congress he will retire to private life, having declined to again be a candidate from his district.

There are great interests in Pennsylvania that command the careful and constant guardianship of the commonwealth's representatives in Congress, and in his part of the stupendous work that has been accomplished Captain Barclay has been an important factor because of the strength he possesses as a business man. There is an abundance of men possessed with great powers of oratory and eloquence in Washington, but the number of business men who have gained success in the building of commercial and industrial enterprises is not so large. Among the foremost of these stands Representative Charles F. Barclay, of Sinnemahoning, who has acquired a very substantial degree of success in his field of labor as a lumberman. He is first and all a self-made man, and he has given his best efforts to the service of his country, not only in the halls of Congress, but during those earlier and more trying periods of our history when the country was in the throes of Civil War. In the early sixties we find him as a volunteer private in the "Second Buck-tails" from Pennsylvania, serving with distinction until 1865, and having arrived during that period by degrees of promotion to the rank of Captain. The lumbering in Pennsylvania is practically a thing

of the past, but though Captain Barclay is in his sixty-fifth year he is not ready to cease his business activities, and has consequently transferred his lumbering operations and investments to the rich regions of the far West. "I am going to be absolutely free to come and go as I



CAPTAIN CHARLES F. BARCLAY  
Congressman from the Twenty-first District of Pennsylvania

please," Captain Barclay told me, "and my health has been so broken that I do not feel called upon to sacrifice it any further to remain in Congress." And then he settled back in his office chair and told me why he believed his district was one of the most important in the Union, and reviewed briefly some of his efforts to help accomplish sane legislation—especially in reference to the tariff, for the protec-

tion of the chemical wood products, the independent oil producers, the manufacturers of glass, and other great industries of Pennsylvania. In McKean County the same region has been producing oil since the early sixties, which is the banner record of the country. Eighty-nine per cent of this production in the oil country is by the independents, but the Standard Oil controls the pipe lines and storage facilities and is therefore refining about ninety per cent of all the oil. In view of this fact Captain Barclay expresses the opinion that it was a grave mistake when

district, and the tariff schedules concerning these products are of vital interest, and the schedules have been carefully looked after by Representative Barclay. In his congressional duties he has especially included every kind of service he could perform for veteran soldiers, and many old soldiers and their families have him to thank for pushing their interests until final favorable action was effected.

HON. CHARLES A. CROW represents the fourteenth Congressional district of Missouri, designated in the state itself as the "Monkey Wrench District."

Mr. Crow is a member of the Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union, he being the only Representative in Congress belonging to that great organization. As there is a population of over 250,000 people in his district it is readily to be seen that he has plenty to do in Congress. He is a member of the important Committee on Pensions; on Public Lands and Levees and Improvements of the Mississippi River and takes an active part in the affairs of each.

Mr. Crow was formerly postmaster at Caruthersville, and while there he called the attention of Congress to the manner of weighing the mails, and was one of the pioneers in bringing about a change in methods by which it is estimated a saving of perhaps ten million dollars a year is being effected. In a notable speech Congressman Crow declared that "if the railroads were paid a fair, and only a fair price for their services in carrying the mails—the deficit now found in the Post Office Department would be wiped out and a surplus appear instead." He cites the fact that the government pays double transportation on its mails—first for hauling cars, and secondly by paying freight on the mails hauled in these self-same chartered or rented cars. The remedy lies in paying the railroads only for the cars themselves, since that is really all they transport, the mails being cared for by the government messengers in the mail service. "I would double the present rate per car that the railroads now receive," he declared, "and this equitable readjustment would save the government at least \$25,000,000 per year."



CONGRESSMAN CHARLES A. CROW  
of Missouri

Congress was stampeded as a result of its desire to get a "whack" at the great oil trust and took the tariff off crude and refined petroleum, and thereby injured the independents without affecting in any way the interests of the trust. He endeavored to convince his colleagues that they were making a mistake, but the air of the whole country was too full of the anti-trust germ to bring legislators to a realization of the actual effect that would result to the detriment of the independents.

Thirty-five per cent of the chemical wood products, which includes wood alcohol, charcoal, acetate of lime, etc., come from McKean in Mr. Barclay's





# Citizens of Destiny

By MORGAN ROBERTS

**R**ECEIVED in Africa and Europe with almost royal honors, the guest of kings and peoples, and equally welcomed by both, the stalwart bronzed hunter of the fiercest carnivora of the old and new world, famous forever in the annals of the chase and the records of the zoologist, the writer of forceful and scholastic English, a fearless, purposeful orator and statesman—Theodore Roosevelt has come back to his own people after a year of relaxation which has not been idleness, and months of travel which have been an ovation seldom paralleled in the history of the world.

"A Man of Destiny" is he beyond question, once placed, against his own wishes, in that "graveyard of political ambitions," the vice-presidency, to be in the providence of God called to be the chief ruler of the American people. What he is yet to be "lies on the laps of the gods"; yet that he stands today first in the affection and confidence of the people of the United States, none can doubt. What his future is to be lies under providence in his own hands, and only his own refusal to accept further honors from the Republic can prevent his further progress along the dizzy heights of place and power.

His emergence from obscurity and his attainment to the highest office in the gift of the people, with the remarkable interest felt all over the world in his character and movements, his recent honors, and the peculiar and tense conditions of popular feeling in America place him more completely in the mid-current of American

altruistic desires and hopes than any other statesman since the days of Lincoln. Blended with hopes, doubts and fears, a comparison is often drawn between the life histories of Julius Caesar and Theodore Roosevelt.

\* \* \*

Briefly it may be said that Caius Julius Caesar, born in Italy July 12, B. C. 90, and Theodore Roosevelt, born in America October 27, 1858, were both sons of reputable and well-to-do parents, and both as children were frail of body and unable to play or study like most children of their years. Both, however, gained rapidly in health and strength, and developed an energy, will, and versatility which left their former playfellows far behind. Both married early; Caesar before the completion of his studies when only seventeen years old; and Roosevelt at twenty-two on his graduation from Harvard. Both were widowed and both married again, Caesar in his thirty-third and forty-first years, and Roosevelt in his twenty-eighth; but here the parallel ends, for the great Roman's love-life was by no means a devotion to the family relation, even according to the rather liberal interpretation of his times, and his amours with Cleopatra considerably antedated the more famous and tragical romance of Marc Antony's infatuation for the "star-eyed Egyptian." Roosevelt's high ideals of domestic and marital love and duty, have, undoubtedly, greatly added to the respect and esteem felt for him.

Caesar's democratic tendencies and the



influence gained by his first marriage aroused the anger and deadly suspicion of Sulla, the tyrannical dictator, to such an extent that he fled from Rome, and was an exile in Asia until the death of Sulla three years later, whereupon Caesar returned from banishment in Asia to study oratory and rhetoric at Rhodes. He returned to Rome where like Roosevelt he appealed to the interests and support of the common people; was chosen pontifex at thirty, and allied himself with Pompey, who then sympathized with his advocacy of popular reforms; and became at thirty-two quaestor, a semi-military, semi-civil administrator in Spain.

\* \* \*

During the like period, Roosevelt had studied at the New York Law School, had served in the New York legislature, during three years, headed the State Republican delegation at the Chicago presidential convention in 1884, and after the death of his young wife lived at his Dakota cattle-ranches for two years or more. When thirty years old (1888) he joined the National Guard of his state serving some four years as lieutenant and captain; when thirty-one was appointed by President Harrison on the Civil Service Commission and became its presiding officer, resigning (1896) when thirty-six years old to become the police commissioner of New York City, and later (1895-97) president of the bi-partisan board. He was then thirty-eight years old.

Caesar had allied himself with Pompey by marriage when thirty-three; was chosen aedile at thirty-five, and expended vast sums on the popular games and in lavish entertainments; was chosen praetor and pontifex maximus when thirty-seven, but was charged (probably unjustly) with being in sympathy with the conspiracy of Catiline. When he was thirty-eight, Pompey, tired of campaigning in the East, returned and disbanded his veterans, while Caesar a year later as propraetor made a successful campaign in Spain, and at forty was chosen consul, and formed the First Triumvirate with Pompey and Crassus, which a year later passed an agrarian law giving to landless citizens a part of the public domain, hitherto unjustly monopolized by the aristocracy of Rome. Having

married his daughter, Julia, to his great ally, and later rival, Pompey, he married for his third wife Calpurnia, and was given by the people charge of Cis-Alpine Gaul and Illyria, to which the Senate added all Gaul beyond the mountains; to this charge, after the banishment of Cicero, he departed in his forty-first year to begin that series of wonderful military achievements which his own Commentaries have recorded for nineteen centuries, and made known to every civilized nation.

How at the age of forty-two he turned back the invading hordes of the Helvetii, a migration of 368,000 warriors, and their scarcely less warlike women and little children, after a terrible battle in which the women fought and died, within their wagon-lager, so desperately that scarcely 110,000 survivors returned to their deserted homesteads; how Ariovistus vainly led his German myriads against him a year later, and four great tribes of the Belgian land fled before his legions in utter defeat, were too long to tell. When the tale was told in Rome the Senate decreed that for fifteen days a public thanksgiving should honor the great commander. At forty-four the ancestors of the sturdy Breton sailors of today and their Norman allies made war with fleets and armies upon him, only to find that on sea or land the Roman's genius and leadership were unconquerable.

\* \* \*

The next year the Roman senate heard with dismay how Crassus had given battle to the Parthian archers and lost his own life thereby, while Pompey's legions in Spain had added little to the territory or prestige of the Republic; but from Gaul the letters told how Caesar, bridging the Rhine, had conquered the warlike Teutons, and carried the Roman eagles into Great Britain; and again, for twenty days this time, Rome, *en fete*, celebrated with games, decorations and feasting Caesar's unprecedented conquests.

The next year (B. C. 54) Caesar made a second and permanent occupation of England, hurrying back to Gaul just in time to crush a great insurrection before it burst into a general conflagration. Two years later, at the age of forty-eight, he besieged Vercingetorix, the last great

Gallie leader, in Alise, Burgundy, although in addition to the flower of the Frankish champions defending the city three hundred thousand men of France tried to crush and overwhelm his splendid infantry, or to cut off his supplies and force him to raise the siege. Vercingetorix surrendered, and the next year, his last in Gaul, Caesar devoted himself to the complete and honorable pacification of his province, after which he marched his troops into winter quarters at Ravenna.

But he had become too successful and too popular, and Pompey and the Senate, controlled by the patricians who feared that their ill-gotten lands and sinecures would be lost should Caesar come back in triumph, decreed that Caesar should disband his army by a certain date "or be regarded as an enemy of the state." Marc Antony and Quintus Cassius alone put their veto on the measure, but were driven with violence from their seats and sought refuge in Caesar's camp.

\* \* \*

The Senate declared war, but Pompey found when too late that only two legions were left to meet the triumphant unconquerable veterans of the Gallie contingent then marching upon Rome, and took refuge in Greece, but controlled the Mediterranean with the fleets of the republic. Caesar, in his fiftieth year, crossed the Rubicon, defeated Pompey's legates in Italy and within a month entered Rome in triumph to find that the Senate had accepted the inevitable and voted to make "the enemy of the republic" dictator. This position Caesar held eleven days, and then relinquished it to follow Pompey, whom he attacked at Dyrachium, and was for the time obliged to retreat into Thessaly, whither he was followed by Pompey to Pharsalia. The battle for the mastery of the world was stoutly contested, but in the end Pompey was defeated.

Returning to Rome, Caesar was made Consul for five years and dictator for one year, and thereafter sailed for Egypt, where when fifty-one years old he became the lover of Cleopatra, then in the zenith of her charm and beauty.

When fifty-four years old (B. C. 46) he defeated Seneca and Cato, who had raised an army against him, after which he de-

clared an amnesty to all who had opposed him. He reformed many abuses, amended the Roman calendar, defeated the sons of Pompey in Spain, and received from the facile Senate the titles of "Father of his Country" and Imperator, was made dictator for life, and decreed divine honors. The summer month, Quintilis, was named Julius in his honor, and the usage of the world still perpetuates this tribute of honor to Caesar.

Indefatigable, versatile, and apparently really desirous of deserving these honors, he wrote several works of which only his immortal Commentaries remain intact, proposed to form a digest or code of Roman law, to drain the malarious Pontine marshes, enlarge and defend Italian harbors, dig a canal through the Corinthian peninsula and conceived many other worthy enterprises.

But a conspiracy of sixty senators, some from mere hatred and envy; others because they saw that the republic was doomed to become and remain a monarchy, had determined upon his death. Warned in vain by Calpurnia's forebodings, the warnings of a soothsayer, and it is supposed from other sources to "beware of the Ides of March" (March 15, B. C. 44), he fell under the daggers of a chosen band of senators, many of whom he had greatly favored, and all of whom had profited by his clemency.

Caesar was fifty-six years old but still tall and vigorous, noble and graceful in presence, bald from the long-continued pressure of his helmet, rather spare and thin of face, wore neither beard or moustache, and was remarkable for the beauty and expression of his prominent black eyes.

Roosevelt, also, at the age of thirty-nine began his national prominence by his services as Assistant Secretary of the Navy in preparing for the Spanish-American War, and later resigned his office to raise the First U. S. Volunteer Cavalry (the "Rough Riders") with which as lieutenant-colonel he fought at Las Guasimas and San Juan Hill; took part in the siege and capture of Santiago de Cuba, was promoted to the colonelcy of his regiment, and made governor of the captured city. While the sudden close of the war prevented any further display of his undoubted

ability and courage, it certainly made him a very prominent and popular candidate for the governorship of New York, just as Caesar's early but unimportant military career in Spain ended in his first election as consul at Rome.

As governor of New York (1899-1900) Roosevelt became conspicuous in reforming the abuses connected with the enlargement of the Erie Canal, instituting and enlarging the scope of civil service reform and calling an extra session of the legislature to enact a bill to tax the property of railroad and other corporations occupying the public street by franchise, on the basis of real estate; in spite of corporate and Republican protest.

In 1900, at the Philadelphia Republican National convention, and chiefly because of the insistence of the Western delegates, he accepted a nomination as Vice-president on the same ticket with William McKinley of Ohio, and was elected November 6, 1900. On September 14, 1901, having been recalled by swift messengers from his hunting camp in Vermont by the news of the assassination of President McKinley, he was sworn in as the twenty-sixth President of the United States, being at that time but forty-three years old, and the youngest incumbent of that office.

To his honor be it said that he attempted to carry out "absolutely unbroken the policy of his predecessor," and that whatever changes in his cabinet took place were without prejudice to the feelings or prior rights of the McKinley appointees; His action in connection with the coal strike of 1903; the Venezuelan difficulties, when he firmly maintained the Monroe Doctrine, and aided in securing a peaceful settlement with the European powers involved; the ratification of the Cuban reciprocity and the Isthmian Canal treaties, and the recognition of the Republic of Panama were the main features of his first administration. Re-elected in 1904, he showed more strongly his strong belief that the masses of the people of the United States were unjustly deprived of their full share of the general development and prosperity, and while his administration was illumined by his action in hastening peace between Russia and Japan, and he undoubtedly hastened

the recognition of many public burdens and abuses he became cognizant of the enmity and distrust of the same "better class" whose fear of prestige and profit proved fatal to Caesar.

At the close of his term in 1908, at the age of forty-nine, having practically named his successor, and the presumable heiritor of his policies, he retired from public life and prepared for a great hunting and exploring trip into British East Africa. It was in vain that he made every effort to come and go as an American sportsman and author. Wherever he went a royal hospitality and an almost royal reception were accorded him. At the close of his adventurous expeditions, loaded with trophies and scientific collections, and followed by the good wishes of all of every race and condition with whom he came in contact, he issued from Africa only to become the guest of every nation and people visited on his return to America.

What will Roosevelt become hereafter? It is impossible for him to become a smug ambassador; a leisurely chief justice; a library-haunting litterateur, or the kind of a "statesman" aptly described as a "dead politician."

Strong, virile, fearless, keen to investigate and unsparing in his opposition to abuses, he comes back to his own at a crisis in American affairs, which many dimly apprehend, but few appreciate.

Caesar could not palter, or accept the role of a complaisant despot, placating the people with smiles and amusements, and leaving the abuses of his era to "the healing hand of time." Neither will Roosevelt. "Similitude in dissimilitude" characterizes the meteor-like energy of these careers, and only the differing conditions of time and environment have strongly accentuated the difference (not in their courage and energy) but the nature and duration of their military service.

Both turned from the usual methods and beliefs of their class to favor the masses, and both excited the anger and distrust of the caste to which they naturally belonged. Caesar at last took the imperial power to serve a degenerate republic and fell by the hands of those who had profited by the decadence of Rome.

What will be the future of Roosevelt?

# Just Back from Mars

by R·K·Carter

(ORR KENYON)

Author of "My Boy Charlie," "A Celestial Detective," etc.

*THE first installment of this remarkable satire appeared in the August number of the National, and has been pronounced one of the cleverest pieces of imaginative work that has recently appeared in print. In view of the advancement of aerial navigation and psychological research it is peculiarly appropriate at this time. No one who has studied the marvels of modern invention and advancement will say that such a journey as Doctor Carter describes may not sometime become fact, rather than fiction, as we now regard it. The second part of this story, presented in this number, tells what Doctor Carter saw when he reached Mars, and how he returned to earth.*

THE night of the first of September was a magnificent one. The moon was at the full, showing very near to Mars as the fiery planet rose early in the evening above the eastern horizon. Everything was in readiness for my dash to Mars, the provisions all stored away, the liquefied air ready in its cylinders of Austrian gun metal, the vibrating engine standing ready for the master's touch, and the wonderful repulsion transmitter, looking like a great metal sphere with a long flexible hose about two inches in diameter, and ending in what looked exactly like a spray nozzle for a garden hose. All was in readiness.

To say that I felt a trifle nervous is stating it mildly. Keely had insisted that I needed no preliminary practice, no trial spins; the principles were so few and so simple as to require no extensive study.

"Power always lies in simplicity," sentimentously observed my "control," when I wondered at these declarations. "You men always complicate matters. The more you improve a machine the simpler you make it; that is, if the improvement is real. It looks too all fired simple to tell

folks that there is more real force in a few billion ultimate atoms than in a big Pennsylvania Electric engine. The mischief of it is to liberate it; it's there all right, tugging away, and never tiring. Just put your vibrodyne in motion and you have more force in a second than you'd get from a Great Mogul in a hundred years."

I was nearly paralyzed when Keely told me I must start the ethero-plane myself. He positively refused to touch the transmitter. I was to do it all.

"This is your expedition," he remarked curtly. "You can't let another fellow do it and get the glory yourself. There isn't going to be any fake about this trip to Mars."

Thus encouraged, I grasped the repulsion hose in my right hand and taking up a small tuning fork, pitched to A sharp, struck it on the engine and then applied it to the vibrodyne. Instantly a shock was heard, followed by a low hum, rising in pitch as the tone of a siren rises. It soon became a roar, then a shriek and I stopped my ears, letting the repulsion spray fall from my hands. Keely smiled

at my confusion and assured me the sound would soon cease. This proved to be true, rising to the extreme height of audible sound in an ear-piercing scream that was positively terrible, suddenly subsided and left us in silence.

"The vibrations have risen too high for you to hear," explained Keely. "Just like some people can't hear crickets, but can hear lower pitched sounds all right. Those vibrations will go on increasing till they turn into heat, and then into light, and burn the whole blamed apparatus up into incandescent gas if we don't control them. That was one of my Philadelphia troubles. I melted down a lot of dollars trying to find how to keep them under."

Then he showed me a regulator cock. This I turned part way, and the low, steady hum of the vibrodyne, a rather pleasing sound in fact, gradually became fixed, not rising or falling, and keeping on as tirelessly as gravitation itself.

"Now take up your repulsion transmitter," said Keely. I grasped the hose spray, and at his direction pressed a spring near the nozzle. At once I felt a fine, delicate vibration in the apparatus, and the whole great ethero-plane began to stir.

"Point it straight down," shouted Keely, and I did so just in time, for the machine was moving toward the wall of the shop. As I directed the spray nozzle toward the earth beneath us the ethero-plane rose steadily and smoothly as a giant engine on a perfect track, and in another moment we were clear of the walls and rising silently toward the zenith. In five minutes we were a thousand feet above the earth, which lay white and peaceful in the full moonlight. The sensation was that of perfect safety, perfect steadiness, and perfect control. I shouted with delight, and grasping a bottle of wine at my feet, broke it over the edge of a bull's-eye window, crying:

"Kaiser Keely der Grosse!"

My shadowy companion grinned from ear to ear. Then he reached into his vest pocket and took out a beautiful gold snuff-box, tapped the lid and extended it toward me with a profound bow. I noticed a splendid diamond on the box, a companion to the one that always adorned the shirt front, and accepted the

proffered honor, nearly sneezing my head off in consequence. Keely laughed heartily and explained that possibly some of the liberated atomic force had gotten into his box.

"It's the real thing," he said good-humoredly; "have another pinch."

"No, thank you! That's snuff," I replied, waving it from me, while my "control" laughed again.

He then explained that, while he deeply appreciated the honor I evidently intended in naming the ship after him, he felt that it was unwise to do so, and reminded me that mortal men must be treated as such.

"You'll have to call it the 'Fellowrox,'" he suggested. "It was bad enough to start off without letting your 'angel' see you go; but that had to be. I couldn't visualize myself with him hanging round, so we had to start in private, so to speak. But now you must attend to business. You've got to steer this craft and look sharp."

We were moving toward the east because the surface of the earth beneath us was moving that way. Mars and the moon were close together and Saturn not far off to the left. I saw that I must steer right for the red planet, and inquired of my "control" just how to operate the repulsion transmitter. He replied:

"It's a good deal like getting a refractory pig into a pen. You point his nose the other way and twist his tail—then he backs right in. So you must direct the nozzle of the transmitter away from the point you want to reach, and the contrary kick of the repulsions in the ether will shove you along. You know a fellow once invented a canal boat that was pushed along by a stream of water, drawn in at the bow and squirted out at the stern. It is something like that. You can increase speed by turning on more repulsions. Press that spring near the nozzle and you will increase; remove the pressure and you will slow down."

I saw that we were diverging somewhat from the course taken by the earth, and it occurred to me that I must not alter our velocity too much till we were out of the atmosphere lest friction develop too much heat. When I was about to



mention this to Keely he answered my thought, as he frequently did.

"Yes, you're right. Keep on at about sixty thousand miles an hour till we veer off clear of the atmosphere; then you can put on more steam if you want to."

I was gasping for breath by this time and bethought me to close tightly the bull's-eye near the engine, and to see that all other openings were sealed. Then I slightly opened the stop-cock on an air cylinder and allowed it to leak slowly, thus compensating for the air consumed by my breathing. A little experimenting soon gave me the mastery of this matter, and I was perfectly comfortable.

When the temperature began to fall Keely showed me how to turn on more heat by throwing the spherical engine into gear. This created as much heat as I wanted, and could be regulated so as to need no attention. When I was hungry pemmican and canned foods were ready, or I could operate a neat little cooker from the engine heat just mentioned.

"Look ahead!" shouted Keely. "There comes the moon."

I glanced through the lookout bull's-eye and felt my nerves badly shaken up. Nearly in our path was a fiery monster of enormous size apparently rushing down upon us at an inconceivable velocity. I glanced at the clock on the wall and noticed that it was about four hours since we started. Yes, four times sixty thousand would make 240,000. That was the moon's distance. We were about to pass the nearest heavenly body.

"Shall I steer farther south?" I anxiously inquired.

"No," replied Keely, "you are on the right course. There is no atmosphere to avoid, you know. Just turn the nozzle toward the moon a bit to kill its attraction. We don't want to be transformed into a minor satellite."

I did as he suggested; the ethero-plane veered slightly southward, and in a few minutes the vast, shining body swept by us and began to recede in the distance.

"Ships that pass in the night!" ejaculated Keely, chewing meditatively on a straw.

I was still nervous; the thing had been

so sudden, and I reflected on the possibility of a collision in the depth of space.

"No, you won't run into anything else," said Keely. "There isn't anything now till we get to Mars."

Just then a sharp ping was heard as if outside the wall.

"Meteroids," said Keely. "Lots and lots of them. You remember Simon Newcomb calculated that the earth catches about a million in a day. They won't hurt; not unless we meet a big fellow. But you've got to watch out. You can't see 'em coming; no atmosphere to heat them up from the friction; and they are likely moving as fast as we are. Wouldn't have much time to dodge if you were standing out on deck in the open. They move along five hundred miles a second maybe."

Through the lookout I saw a sudden flash of light against the ethero-plane. The same loud ping was heard.

"There's another," remarked Keely. "Can't see it till it strikes. Then the motion becomes heat so quick there is just a puff of smoke as the whole substance burns up. Interesting, isn't it?"

I agreed in this opinion, but found myself growing weary. Keely assured me that we were now all right. The earth had receded so far as to look like an ordinary moon. The moon itself was not visible, having passed far astern. The indicators showed a fairly regular speed of some one hundred thousand miles per hour; and the great vibrodyne hummed steadily like a hive of bees. Lashing the repulsion transmitter fast so as to preserve our direction I lay down to rest and slept more soundly than ever before in my life, alone on the vast deep of space, for Keely had obeyed a call for his services on another planet and left me for several hours.

I woke up greatly refreshed, the air supplied from the liquefiers being singularly pure and clear. There was no sunrise, for there had been no night. Lacking atmosphere to diffuse the light, the whole sky was black, and the sun and stars glowed intensely but distantly, as it were. Keely appeared as I was wondering what would happen to me if he failed to show up.

There is no need to dwell upon the incidents and accidents of the trip. Each

day was much the same except when my inquiring mind led to our taking a day off, so to speak, and testing the possibilities of this new and delightful mode of locomotion. I turned on all the power there was in the repulsion transmitter, till the vibrations rose so high I could hardly keep hold of the nozzle. Then I veered out of our regular course and speeded the ethero-plane down the great track of the Milky Way. Automobiles? They weren't in it at all. The indicators showed a velocity of a million miles an hour and we hummed along on an even keel at such a rate that the dog star stood on his hind-legs and howled as we flashed by. Even Halley's Comet seemed to stand still when I tried to persuade it into a race.

What a thrill there was in that kind of going. No swishing air to blow your eyes out; no need of goggles, except to confine my breath. It was stupendously great. But Keely took a little of the wind out of my sails by reminding me that the folks on his side can go still faster; they have only to think of going to any place and they are there. I remembered Miss "Julia" told Mr. Stead the same thing, so I suppose it must be true.

The great day was over at last, and we settled down to a regular push for the goal. Three weeks passed rapidly; we neared the fiery planet, and I had to direct the repulsion nozzle ahead for a time in order to slow down to a speed comparable to that of the Martian atmosphere, for it is plain that had I encountered that medium while moving at an enormously different rate, the ethero-plane and myself would have been incinerated in a few seconds.

We approached Mars from behind, as it were; that is, we chased him up along his own orbit, slowing down more and more as evidences of atmospheric resistance were manifest. As Keely had said, the height of the Martian atmosphere was not nearly equal to that of the earth, and it was not till we had descended to a height of ten miles that we were really immersed once more in air. Directing the repulsion waves toward the ground (I see I must not say "earth"), the ethero-plane was kept afloat and the descent made as gradual as was consistent with

safety and my desire to see all I possibly could before making a landing. Of course the inhabited portions of the planet were plainly before us, and after sailing over the surface for hundreds of miles at an elevation of some two miles with the bull's-eyes wide open to the atmosphere, I at length swooped gracefully down and grounded on a vast green plain, just outside the largest city I could discover.

\* \* \*

There was no solitary business here. I did not stand alone viewing the landscape o'er with only my guide to appreciate the vasty nothingnesses with me. On the contrary the ethero-plane was welcomed by an enormous crowd of Martians that trooped out of the city and ran in on all the rail lines leading from the surrounding country.

I can only touch the main points in this narrative; the entire data will be given to the world in my forthcoming book entitled "The Tip Top of the Universe, Or How I Discovered Mars."\* Besides, it is impossible to give away all I know in one short magazine article.

I must tell, however, of the strange Martian railways. I saw at a glance that the gyroscope principle governed everywhere. They were all monorails, and the cars were equipped with big gyroscopes which preserved the balance under all conditions of motion or rest. I made a note of this and determined to use gyroscopes in my next ethero-plane. With a big gyroscope humming away steadily, such a craft would run perfectly straight through the universe until its course was changed by etheric repulsions or some other agency.

My reception by the hospitable Martians was very exhilarating, but there was one drawback, I could not understand a word they said, and my speech was wholly unintelligible to them. I looked round for Keely, but he was not visible. Spooks never like crowds, you know, so I had to excuse him. Just as we were settling down to a sort of universal sign language a tall, military-looking man, wearing some insignia of office, happened to use a word

\*Arrangements for publication now pending. Delay caused by my disinclination to accept more than thirty dollars a word.

or two that sounded familiar. Instantly I repeated them, and he smiled delightedly, and volunteered a sentence that I comprehended with a little effort. It was Esperanto. The day was saved. My new friend informed me that some very sensitive psychics had learned the Esperanto from some "discarnate intelligences" who had paid the fiery planet a visit sometime before, and quite a few Martians had been affected with the fad, not only because they hoped some day to communicate with the earth, but on account of the simplicity of the language.

I was feted, and dined, and toasted, and courted and rewarded for my feeble attempts to lecture on the wonders of the earth, till I saw that I would soon corral the major portion of the possible resources of the entire planet. But as I did not want the ground\* (I was going to say "earth" again), I spent a little time in running about the planet and acquainting myself with its history, advantages and possibilities.

Here I will reveal a singular feature. The Martians, like the psychics, can converse by simply thinking, if they choose. In other words they are all mind-readers. Whatever was in one Martian's mind was open to all the rest. This at once knocked out one of my pet schemes. I was busily forming a plan to organize a gigantic Earth-Trust, and mentioned its outline to my Esperanto friend, only to have it squelched in a moment. As soon as he understood what a trust is he smilingly informed me it would be impracticable on Mars, since the essence of such a combine is secrecy, and the very nature of the Martian life is absolute publicity.

In this I saw the Martians practically agreed with Mr. Roosevelt. I had taken time and space in my lectures to tell the Martians about Mr. Roosevelt, and explained that the only reason I had not invited him to accompany me on my dash to the planet was the fact that he was so busily engaged in skinning beasts and other things in darkest Africa, but I promised to try to bring him along on my next trip, even if I had to offer two dollars a word on the part of the Martian publishers. Here I met another Waterloo. There

\*My modesty has always stood in my way.

are no publishers on Mars! What? Of course not. No publishers! No editors! No magazines! No books! No newspapers! Absolutely no advertising of any kind!

"Keely! Keely!" I called desperately, "let's get back as fast as we can go. Why, this place is a desert unrelieved."

But I found, before my departure, that there are some very nice things about our nearest planetary neighbor. There are the "canals." Oh, yes; I have many notes about them. This much I can tell now. The water does not run up hill, as so many newspaper men said on the earth. Not at all. Mars is smaller than the earth, and his waist line is not so prominent. He moves more slowly, and takes longer to turn the corners. His ice caps are very thick, and raise the surface of the polar regions. When the ice melts in the spring the water flows toward the equator between enormous dykes, just like those of Holland, which protect the low-lying fertile lands, and allow of irrigation as needed. Most of the temperate and torrid zones are thus watered at will, and produce astonishing crops, supporting an immense population.

The Martians live a happy, pastoral life, undisturbed by wars or rumors of wars. They have no battleships, no armaments, no frightfully expensive ammunition, no war secretaries or war offices, no fortifications, no anything to drain away the vital resources of the communities.

When I retreated to the ethero-plane and thought it over in quiet, Keely visualized himself and talked it over with me.

"It's all straight goods," he commented. "How are you going to have war when every fellow knows all the other fellow has in his mind? You can't plan any surprises. You can't mine and countermine. You can't help yourself; just one thing to do—talk it over and arbitrate."

"But think of no publishers," I gasped. "And no books or magazines! What a calamity that would be at home!"

"How are you going to publish anything when everybody knows it already?" asked my "control." "What would I have done in Philadelphia under that rule? But these folks say that invention is not

stamped out by the absence of competition. Everybody invents and discovers for the public good."

"Blissful estate!" I ejaculated.

"I reckon Mr. Roosevelt was about right (he generally is—somewhere about) when he said publicity would cure the trusts.

"If I knew you and you knew me—  
If both of us could clearly see,  
And with an inner sight divine  
The meaning of your heart and mine,  
I'm sure that we would differ less  
And clasp our hands in friendliness:  
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree  
If I knew you and you knew me."

Keely repeated the lines reflectively, and there was a brief silence which he broke by replying to my thought.

"Yes, you're right. We must be starting back. Won't do to camp here too long. This Martian atmosphere is rather pure for your lungs."

So we gathered together all the information we could concerning the strange life of our neighbors, stowed away many interesting mementoes of our visit, and prepared for our departure among many regrets. I did not forget to take many photographs of the Martian scenes. The last one, which I prize most highly, was taken by an obliging Martian, showing the great ethero-plane all ready for the start, I standing at the open bull's-eye with my hand on the vibrodyne.

The last speeches were made, the camera handed in by my obliging friend, the American flag firmly nailed to the great staff on the Martian Government Building, and then, with a farewell wave of the hand, I touched the spring on the repulsion nozzle, directed it downward, and we rose majestically into the air, and were off for home.

What a thrill it gave me! Off for home! Home from a foreign shore with a vengeance. What man ever felt the full force of that thrill unless it was aided and abetted by the entrancing reflection that he had simply beaten all creation, and was in a class all by himself. And then the thought of the immense benefits to be conferred upon the race by the wide dissemination of the absorbing information—

Keely interrupted me with,—“Now you're polysyllabbling to beat the band.

Don't talk about me and my atomic disintegrations and luminous envelopes of the hydrogen corpuscles. You've got a tremendous scoop on hand, and it makes you feel fine."

I felt that there was truth in his words and settled myself to make the homeward trip in as short a time as possible. I knew that there were others in this Martian exploration business, or at least many were thinking and dreaming about it. The possibility that somebody might think up a way to get in ahead made me feel uneasy and I drove the vibrodyne on and on till I endangered life itself.

In two weeks and a half we approached the outlying strata of the earth's atmosphere and prepared to make a landing. It was a cloudy night and nothing could be seen. I had carefully slowed down to the proper velocity, and used the repulsion transmitter so as to permit a gradual descent toward the earth. At length the cloud strata was reached and the ethero-plane soon passed through. I saw we were in a mountainous region, but it was evidently not the Blue Ridge, as the date was November 14, and white snow areas could be plainly seen.

Down we floated, nearer and nearer, endeavoring to discover something that might aid me in determining our geographical position. I did not want to land in China, or Australia, or Greenland. I knew that we were somewhere in the temperate zone, but farther than that I was unable to calculate. If only I could manage to drift over London or New York, especially the latter, I would try to anchor to the Statue of Liberty enlightening the world and secure as spectacular a return home as one could wish. But no signs appeared that I could recognize.

"When Noah was hunting for a port," remarked Keely, "he sent out a scout or two. You've got a first-class dirigible balloon; suppose you let her out, get aboard and leave your guide rope fastened to the ethero-plane, so you can wind yourself up again with the power of your engine."

In an evil hour I accepted this suggestion. The balloon was lowered, speedily inflated, the gasoline put aboard, guide rope fastened, and I started on my

reconnaissance. Before I had dropped a thousand feet something happened. I felt a series of tremendous jerks on the guide rope, becoming so furious as to threaten the overturning of my balloon. Next thing the rope parted, I shot down toward the earth, frantically heaving out ballast, and, as I glanced up, I saw the great ethero-plane soaring away at a frightful speed toward the west. My heart sank into my boots. It was going right against the eastward motion of the atmosphere, and increasing its speed every second. While I watched my fear materialized, the whole machine grew so hot it began to glow, and in another instant darted toward the western horizon, a full-fledged meteorite, blazing, fiery, incandescent.

\* \* \*

When I recovered my senses the dirigible was swaying wildly over a forest, the guide rope caught in the trees. With great difficulty I made my way to the ground, and stumbled about in search of help. Before morning I discovered some hardy peasants in the fields, and on attempting to speak with them, found that they were Russians. I was on the plains of southern Siberia, without any resources except a few hundred dollars in my inner pocket. The ethero-plane was gone with all my machinery, my instruments, my data, except my pocket diary, and all the stuff I had brought from Mars. I was simply stunned at the magnitude of my misfortune.

Pulling myself together with all the resolution at my command, I summoned my little knowledge of the Russian language, persuaded my peasants to conduct me to the nearest railroad, and embarked on a train for St. Petersburg. Next evening I bought a newspaper at a city we passed through and the first thing I read was a headline:

#### BIG NOVEMBER METEOR

Fell In Forest  
Near Moscow

Thousands of people had seen the light of a mighty meteor as it flashed westward across the country and plunged deep into the earth in the heart of a forest. Those who ventured near the place reported

that the ground was too hot to approach nearer than one hundred feet.

My last hope died. There was no use looking for any remains of my instruments or data. They would keep intact for a thousand years imbedded in arctic ice, but not ten seconds in that fierce heat. Clearly I was up against it. The only explanation I could think of was that the flexible repulsion hose was not lashed fast when I left the ethero-plane. It should have been, of course. But when a fellow starts out to make a fool of himself, or of others, he is bound to slip over some such precaution. That confounded, eel-like hose must have got to wobbling round carelessly, and the spring knocked against the wall and put on more power. Then it naturally started things to moving, and without an intelligent steersman it simply ran amuck. A runaway horse is bad; a runaway auto is worse; but a runaway ethero-plane is worst. I was in the superlative. Why didn't Keely stop the thing? But I remember he declared he was not to touch it himself.

Thanks to a strong constitution I soon recovered my balance, and, on reaching Moscow, sent a telegram to Mr. Fellowrox in New York, thus:

Just back from Mars. Will be in London  
November 21. Orr Kenyon.

When this was done I felt more comfortable, for I knew that Mr. Fellowrox's vast experience in marketing soft soap would enable him to use the advance information where it would do the most good. I sped on to St. Petersburg, and started from that city for London in a few days. Just before leaving the Russian capital I was confronted by a most important situation. It suddenly occurred to me that I needed the testimony of other witnesses to prove the truth of my extraordinary tale. I did not have to be reminded of this by the press, or by anyone else whatsoever. A fool, or an inspired idiot might have overlooked this necessity, but a man of sense must think of it of course. Here I was, returning from the most marvelous trip ever taken by a mortal man, having seen things entirely outside the experience of the race, and it was most reasonable that the public



should demand proof. While I was meditating over this, a wire came from Mr. Fellowrox. It read:

The press and the people want solid proofs. Be prepared fully. Fellowrox.

I was real glad that I had thought of this in advance of any such suggestion, but I accepted my "angel's" message and set to work in earnest. The situation was decidedly unique. It presented itself before my mental vision in this wise:

All my elaborate data, my calculations, observations, photographs, etc., as well as all the many objects presented to me or picked up by me on the fiery planet, were absolutely lost. I could not even send out another expedition to find them. They were but as smoke and ashes. Aside from the crippling effect this had upon my proofs, it was a tremendous monetary loss. For instance, radium abounds upon Mars; in fact, it serves as one of their chief valuables, and I had acquired a few pounds as some moderate compensation for my laboriously translated lectures to the Martians. When I reflected on the value of this one item to a citizen of New York I confess it was a little depressing.

There was the ethero-plane. Perhaps I should say, had been, for distinctly it was not. I could show the empty workshop in the Blue Ridge, and the remains of some tools employed there. Then some of the workmen who had assisted in the manufacture of the various parts could be called into court if necessary. I had with me the remains of my dirigible balloon, carefully packed away. I foresaw that someone would suggest that such a craft could not possibly carry me over the whole of my dash to Mars. This point was evidently open to criticism.

There was my pocket diary. Ah! I could show my entries, with appropriate dates, telling of the new and strange scenes through which I had passed. But my experience with the human race led me to imagine that somebody, somewhere, would bob up and suggest that, as these things were entirely outside of human knowledge, I could easily invent the whole blamed record from beginning to end.

Being a logical creature, this staggered me. In my trouble I did the most natural

thing—I called on my "guide" to help me out. Mr. Keely had positively refused to answer all my calls since the accident with the dirigible, but, to my relief, this time he visualized across the table, looking rather thinner than usual.

When I demanded of him that he supply the missing link in the "evidence" he smiled his old grim smile, and reminded me that he could not and would not appear to the multitude. "Besides, they would say you had been 'coaching' me."

I saw I could not prove much by my "guide."

"My time for that sort of thing is long past," he declared meditatively. "But there is one point that rankles in my subconsciousness."

"What is that?" I inquired.

"I made a big mistake in not lecturing," replied my "control" sadly.

I assured him that I was not likely to imitate him in that particular, and then urged him to offer some practical suggestion as to my proofs. The more I urged, however, the more shadowy and vaporous he grew, and at last disappeared. But as he vanished, a faint whisper reached my straining ears. He said:

"When you've tried everything in creation, there's always Mr. Stead."

That brought me to my feet with rapturous enthusiasm. In a flash I remembered my sealed envelope, lying safely tucked away in my desk at home. That suggested a circumstance I had utterly forgotten in the hurry and rush of my incredible experience. One day, when I was talking Esperanto to my Martian friend, the fact of his so easily reading my mind gave me a reminder, and I asked him if he and his fellow-Martians could read my sealed paper. I described it briefly, and its situation; whereupon he immediately began: "When Adam was—

But, hold! I very nearly gave that away in advance. That would never, never do. It is my most valuable asset in my present state of bankruptcy. This simple incident will, I see clearly, afford a means of positive proof that I have been to Mars; and Mr. Stead is the man to help me.

If Mr. Stead will only persuade Miss "Julia" to switch off the wires from her

"Bureau" for an hour or so, the thing is, as Keely expressed it, "dead easy." Miss "Julia" took pains to inform Mr. Stead that she could walk, glide, progress from anywhere to anywhere in a few moments. It only required that she should think the desire to be somewhere, and, lo, it was accomplished. Hence it is perfectly easy for her to step over to Mars and ask my kind friend there if he "read" my original poem for me, on the twenty-seventh of September, and then pick up Mr. Stead's handy pencil and write it down, just as she wrote those beautiful "Letters." Then a properly constituted committee can visit my home, open my sealed envelope, and compare the two writings. They may or may not be "automatic," but it is axiomatic that stronger proof can hardly be desired.

P. S. If, however, some critical minds

call for more "copy," I will suggest that they undertake the simple task of proving that I have *not* been to Mars. While they are busy with that pleasing undertaking, I will have time to compile my data, and get out my book.

2d. P. S. I have just found in my vest pocket the small tuning fork I used in starting the vibrodyne. I am reminded that the distinguished engineer, Mr. W. Lascelles Scott, when appearing before that august body, the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, to relate his experience in Mr. Keely's shop, offered in evidence as to the existence of a strange force a small tuning fork which he had used at Keely's suggestion to start the big motor. Following this illustrious example, I offer this fork in evidence, and mark it "Exhibit C."

Yours always,

O. K.

## LITTLE BY LITTLE

**L**ITTLE by little the time goes by—  
Short, if you sing through it, long, if you sigh.  
Little by little—an hour a day,  
Gone with the years that have vanished away.  
Little by little the race is run;  
Trouble and waiting and toil are done!

Little by little the skies grow clear;  
Little by little the sun comes near;  
Little by little the days smile out,  
Gladder and brighter on pain and doubt;  
Little by little the seed we sow  
Into a beautiful yield will grow.

Little by little the world grows strong,  
Fighting the battle of Right and Wrong;  
Little by little the Wrong gives way—  
Little by little the Right has sway.  
Little by little all longing souls  
Struggle up nearer the shining goals.

Little by little the good in man  
Blossoms to beauty, for human ken;  
Little by little the angels see  
Prophecies better of good to be;  
Little by little the God of all  
Lifts the world nearer the pleading call.

—From "Heart Throbs."

# The Nobility of the Trades

SCHOOL-TEACHING AS A TRADE

Charles Winslow Hall

A VERY short distance from and plainly in view of the windows of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE office, 944 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, stands an ancient and long disused building, painted yellow, in front of which the city of Boston has erected a massive block of granite encasing a great bronze tablet with this inscription:

TOWN MEETING SQUARE  
NEAR THIS SITE  
THE FIRST SETTLERS OF DORCHESTER  
WHO CAME ON THE SHIP MARY AND  
JOHN, JUNE, 1630  
ERECTED THE FIRST MEETING HOUSE  
HERE THEY HELD THE FIRST TOWN  
MEETING AND ESTABLISHED  
THE FIRST FREE SCHOOL IN AMERICA

BY A VOTE OF THE TOWN IN 1639  
IT BECAME THE FIRST FREE  
PUBLIC SCHOOL SUPPORTED BY  
A DIRECT TAX UPON THE CITIZENS

ERECTED BY THE CITY OF BOSTON  
JUNE 5, 1909

Here, then, if some lover of the free public school system of America wishes to make a pilgrimage to its very source, must he come with reverent head and heart, where amid the city streets the turf is still green, and tall trees burgeon and grow, where first of all the children were welcomed to an education at the cost of the taxpayers of the town.

It was nearly forty years later that the Colony of Massachusetts Bay ordained that the other towns in their jurisdiction should follow the example set by Dorchester in 1639.

At an early day in the history of American colonization, our fathers recognized the need of education, and attempted to build up a system of public schools. It was not at first that the entire burden of expenditure for tuition was laid upon the municipal government to be defrayed by taxation.

Virginia's efforts to establish schools at Jamestown in 1620-21 were paralyzed by the Indian massacres of 1622, and not until 1649 was there any decided progress made in this direction. The Dutch of New Amsterdam in 1633 established their first public school, under Adam Roelandsen, and Winthrop and his Boston associates employed "our brother, Philemon Parment" in 1635, and Daniel Maud from 1636 to 1642. In 1642 it was declared that "the teacher is to be appointed by the people and paid by the people, and to teach all such pupils as shall be sent to him to write and read."

Each village or district of fifty families was to establish a primary school, and those of one hundred families a grammar school, but some years elapsed before these laws went into effect, as the penalty of five pounds for non-performance was too low to enforce them. Watertown, Massachusetts, in 1647 built the second of the many little schoolhouses which have since by thousands covered "the great and terrible wilderness" of the inner Western land. In 1650 the builders

employed "Richard Norcross schoolmaster for the children to reade and write, and soe muche of Lattin according to the Order of the Court, as also if any of the town have any maydens yt have a desire to learne to write yt the sd Richard should attend them for the learning of them, as also yt he teach such as desire to cast accompts, and yt the towne did promise to pay the sd Richard for his employment, thirty pounds for the year."

Each scholar learning writing and Latin extra was to pay fourpence per week, and those in English threepence, these receipts to be paid into the town treasury toward the school expenses. It was not until 1679 that the Massachusetts Colony raised its school expenses by taxation.

The Plymouth Colony in 1671 appropriated "all the profits from seining bass, mackerel and herring at Cape Cod" for a public school. The first year's receipts were thirty-three pounds, about \$165, and John Morton was hired "to teach the children and youth to read the Bible, to write and to cast accompts" in 1671.

Connecticut established public schools at Hartford and New Haven in 1639, and in view of the severity of her Mosaic laws, which punished unnatural children with death, ordained that if a father did not educate his children sufficiently "to fully read the English tongue and understand the capital laws," he should pay a fine of twenty-one shillings. Rhode Island established her first school at Newport in 1640, and at Providence in 1663. New Hampshire hired the first two Boston teachers, Philemon Parmont at Exeter and Daniel Maud, much later, at Dover. Maine, long attached to Massachusetts and vexed by Indian wars and French invasion, established her first school at York in 1701. Vermont is said to have begun in 1724. William Penn on arriving at Upland, Pennsylvania, in 1682, found a Swedish school duly established and organized others in Philadelphia the same year, but the Moravian missions in the middle of the eighteenth century had made the best record up to that time. New Jersey employed John Calton, her first teacher, at Newark in 1676. In Maryland Ralph Crouch, between 1639

and 1670, "opened schools for the teaching of the humanities," but the conditions were not favorable to a high respect for the average pedagogue, as at that time something very like white slavery was bringing into the colonies many unfortunates reprieved from gallows and prison to be sold into enforced servitude for a term of years. In 1678 it was written to Jonathan Boucher, Rector of Annapolis:

"Not a ship arrives with settlers, redemptioners or convicts, which schoolmasters are not as regularly advertised for sale as weavers, tailors or other trades, with little other difference that I can hear of, except perhaps that the former do not usually fetch so good a price as the latter."

In North Carolina Charles Griffin is reputed to have established the first school in Pasquotank County, 1705, and South Carolina in Charleston, 1701.

The Federal Government, in organizing the Northwest Territory after the Revolution, used the following language:

"Religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged."

In Ohio, Marietta, founded 1787, established a school in 1788; in Indiana Territory the French at Vincennes had a school under M. Revet in 1793, and the Jesuits one at Kaskaskia, Illinois, in 1754. John Seeley of Monroe County, Illinois, kept the first English school in 1785, but public schools were not established until 1855. Michigan dates back its school enterprise to M. Cadillac, who offered funds to start a school at Detroit, where a mission school was founded in 1755, and a schoolhouse was built in 1775.

In Wisconsin James Parker taught at Green Bay in 1791, and another school is credited to Prairie du Chien in 1817. Minnesota had an Indian mission school in 1834, and its first public school at St. Paul in 1847.

But it were too long to tell the splendid story of recent achievement and of federal state and municipal encouragement all over the Republic, and largely within the memory of living men. A few words should be given to the general methods

of popular education in England and America.

The hornbook invented in 1450 and used considerably up to the close of the eighteenth century, was the usual textbook of the elementary school. A thin slab of hard wood was covered with parchment on which were printed the capital and small letters, numerals, and some elementary syllables and words. Over this a thin sheet of transparent cow's horn was placed and firmly bound so that no moisture could penetrate. To this the Bible, and the sampler on which little girls painfully stitched the letters of the alphabet, some "Godly saying" and a border of "herring stitch," or some conventional pattern of impossible flowers and foliage, and the legend, "Mary Smith, her Sampler," or the like were about all that the children used up to the beginning of the eighteenth century. The A, B, C book, Book of Manners and the Assembly's Shorter Catechism came into use soon after, and a spelling book was printed in America in 1736. The New England Primer, one of the most popular as well as the most curious text-books of its time, was published somewhere about 1687-1690, had an enormous circulation and use in America and was sold extensively within the memory of living men. It was the very embodiment of that combination of religious sentiment, with secular learning, which our fathers steadfastly advocated, and their descendants have generously abandoned in our public schools, only to have them stigmatized as "Godless" by those for whose benefits the Bible and religious exercises were excluded.

But around the simple village and district schools of the Republic cluster many of the sweetest and grandest associations of American life.

We love to recall our early school days in a country district; our apprehensions as to neglected lessons, and our anticipations of the games at recess and intermission, the kindly, careful, superintendence of our toilet, the filling of the dinner-pail, and the satchel of books, the run along the narrow footpath under the orchard boughs or between the tall dew-laden clover of the meadow to the next

farmhouse, where one or more playmates awaited you; the exchange of childish gossip and the leisurely saunter along the country road, stopping here at a rond of sweet flag to cull an aromatic root, or tender inner leaf, most elysian of earthly salads; gathering flower sprays of the great sweet-briar bush for "teacher"; looking cautiously under the low stone arch of the little bridge for lurking trout or spawning alewives, and talking all the time of fishing in the Great Pond, berrying at Sandy Point, following the bass-seining boat on Saturday and like topics.

Then the dilatory ascent of the sterile hill on which the "little red school-house" had sheltered two or three generations, the summons of the bell, the rough benches seamed with jackknife-scars, and scored with ink blots, souvenirs, if one only knew, of mischievous urchins and careless girls, since become stout ship captains, prosperous merchants, exacting teachers and staid fathers and mothers in Israel.

At last all are seated, the young teacher, little more than a girl herself, and not infrequently formerly a pupil like ourselves, calls the school to order, and leads the reading of the Scriptures, and the recital of the Lord's prayer, to be followed perhaps by singing "There is a Happy Land" or the more secular strains of "Lightly Row" or "Uncle Sam is Rich Enough to Give Us All a Farm."

Then follow the simple lessons in "The Fourth Reader," Colburn's "Mental Arithmetic" and Murray's "English Grammar," followed by copying with more or less extravagance in ink the decorous apothegms written so carefully in our copy-books by the young teacher.

At "the noon hour" what a rush there is for luncheon pails and boxes; what haste to get away to get May apples, sassafras roots, berries, wild berries and succulent leaves and blossoms, for your live boy is always hungry, and in the country finds something to stay his omnivorous appetite, where your "grown-ups" long vainly for meal time. Then to school again, and the pattering of bare feet along the narrow paths to home and supper.

In winter the "big girls and boys"



come to school, and often the gentle girl teacher gives way to one of the sterner sex, often a young collegian or embryo minister, earning his own way toward graduation. Sometimes great-boned and hard-fisted sailors, lumberers and farmers came to learn a little more of "the three R's," and incidentally to test the manhood of "the new teacher," who out of school was often not unnaturally "the bright particular star" of local society, and the source of more or less jealousy, when any local belle showed him the least favor.

Many an under-vitalized and helpless student-teacher has been left in a deep snowdrift, tied to a roadside tree or smoked out by the stoppage of the schoolhouse chimney at the hands of such rude pupils. On the other hand many a young lawyer and minister has won his first spurs by convincing some village bully, or a group of half-grown conspirators, that pluck and pugilistic skill were not inconsistent with good breeding and gentle ways.

But the great burden of American school education has been borne by American women, who in every state and territory, and under every vicissitude of climate, weather, prosperity and even danger, have done work which has never been

adequately recognized and seldom adequately paid.

Often misunderstood and misrepresented, generally handicapped by poorly kept buildings and insufficient furniture and appliances; exposed to extreme cold and heat, and terrific storms, and sometimes to insult and danger from savage Indians, and not less dangerous outlaws and criminals, the endurance, courage and devotion to duty of the American woman teacher is one of the first elements of the prosperity of the Republic, and the intelligence, morality and patriotism of its people.

In the biographies that today describe the career of so many thousands of American citizens, who in war and peace have been eminent servitors of their nation, state or city, there are relatively few individual histories which do not, or should not, record the fact that the subject of the sketch began his education in the public schools. Myriads of successful merchants, manufacturers, lumberers, miners, etc., never received any further education than that conferred in the "little red schoolhouse," except that later secured in the way of business, and the general information and reading of maturer years,

## HYMN TO PEACE

By HENRY DUMONT

**A**BIDE with us, O Peace! Consign black War  
To deep oblivion. Heal thou the scar  
Left by his wild dominion over us.  
With thee our queen, the memory of loss  
Through ages past will perish at thy feet.  
Allure us to a worship that is meet  
For thee, whose wondrous beauty holds the eye  
Of even those who, frantic, seek to die  
By horrid hand of war. Rule thou our hearts  
With thy sweet will, and save us from the arts  
Of greed and pride. Awake in us the love  
Of noble things. Raise thou our thoughts above  
The vain advantages of strife, and lead  
Us on through furrowed fields to cast the seed!

—From "A Golden Fancy."

# Arkansas—A Reberie

Ofie Read.

IN America," said an Englishman, "I am repeatedly asked: 'What do you think of our city?' We never ask a stranger what he thinks of London. We don't care." The spirit that prompts the American to ask the opinion of a stranger concerning his city is a spirit of sensitiveness, and sensitiveness does not desire an expression of honest opinion so much as it wishes for unstinted praise. Nothing is more sensitive than a new community or an old community that is made the butt of a joke. Take Indiana, for instance. How ignorance roars with laughter at a joke on the Hoosier State. In one of Hoyt's farces the old man says to the "innocent" girl that has come to "touch" him, and who has just said that her father has departed this life: "There, now, don't cry. He may be better off," and artlessly she replies, "Yes, we lived in Indiana." Now anyone that has traveled in this country knows that Indiana is one of the greatest states in the Union. Intellectually it stands shoulder to shoulder with the most advanced. In literary invention it is second to no commonwealth in America. Within its borders live more "characters" than in any ten other states outside of New England and the South. It is not the college in Indiana that is making her literature; it is the hillside "character," the natural food for fiction and poetry that render inventive letters possible. Literary expression, criticism, the niceties of academic poise are the outgrowths of study, of training; but the imagination is inborn. Imagination is the literary constitution, the blood of poetry, the mother of genius.

Arkansas, like Indiana, is replete with individuals, with "characters"; and still further sharing Fate with the Hoosier Commonwealth, it is the butt of the vaudeville "humorist." Notoriety that led to the eternal joke on Arkansas did not begin with old Sandy Faulkner's turn of the tune, nor with the famous painting

of the "Arkansaw Traveler," the squatter, the cabin and the boy sitting in the ash hopper; it began when Arkansas was a territory, when flat-boat ruffians on the river referred to a murderous knife as an "Arkansaw toothpick." But in even that early day when the territory was the refuge of outlaws from older communities, some of the ablest and most thoroughly educated men of the nation established their homes in this salubrious wilderness, and in many a cabin there were rare old books, and in not a few of these log habitations were to be found hanging on the chinked walls diplomas from the world's great universities. In the year 1819, William E. Woodruff, a down-east Yankee, began the publication of the *Arkansas Gazette*, now one of the great daily newspapers of the South; and anyone with interest enough to turn to the early files of this journal will find statesmanlike editorials, together with poems, sketches and stories of high literary quality. And here, permit me, please, to arise and to explain. I shall not enter upon a wordy defense against the numerous attacks that have been made on me by men who cry out that I have brought obloquy upon the State, men who doubtless have never read a line of what I have written. Candidates for office, playing upon local resentment of outside criticism—no, not criticism, for to criticise is to judge; but outside gibes and jeers—candidates creating a prejudice against a scribbler in whose heart there was no malice, creating a prejudice and then winning applause by feeding it, have pointed to the "slurs" cast by me at the good people of the State. The truth is that I have never written a word derogatory to Arkansas. Upon her soil I had spread the small canvas of a rude painting and have sketched "characters" from her lavish crop of "individuals," the inherited right of every pen. I have drawn in like manner on Kentucky and my native state of Tennessee, and against it there was raised no cry, no charge

that I was seeking to insult their dignity. After the establishment of the *Arkansaw Traveler*, a weekly publication which hopefully we termed "humorous and literary," peculiar characters came in to squat between its column rules. We could not keep them out. I was made to feel that legislators and dealers in railway lands had taken offense, and many a time in reverie I said to a whimsical visitor who came and peeped in at the door of wayward fancy: "Stay out, please. They say that you are ruining the reputation of the State. Go away."

"I won't go away. I belong here."

"Yes, you belong to the household, but they say that you are a disgrace to the family. You've got your sleeves rolled up, and there are bristles on your arms."

"But I'm an honest man; I work."

"True enough, but that counts for nothing in society. You are too natural, too Anglo-Saxon. I admit your strength and your ancient respectability; I know that Bloody Jeffreys hanged and quartered some of your lusty kin, that inspired Bunyan was one of your breed; but years of mental darkness have fallen upon your family, robbed you of your intellectual grace and left you rude and droll."

"And therefore you should love me."

"I do, God bless you, yes; but I am not running for office and have no railroad swamps for sale. These men are ashamed of you. You have not learned to hide the truth that is in you; you have not learned the art of talking chaff."

"That may all be, but let me come in and I'll be as proper as a County Judge."

"Well, come in then, just this once."

No, I couldn't keep them out. I shunned them in the street, sought the company of the "gent," etiolated in the shade of over-refinement, but to no purpose; the quaint ones teemed in upon me, mastered me; and for the sake of their companionship, so new, so refreshing, I suffered the lash of the legislative candidate who rode to the Capital on patriotic pretense. Sketches written for the week reflect upon the writer but little credit when they are gathered up and stitched into a cheap and flimsy book, and I wish to disclaim all responsibility for a number of pamphlets brought out by over-industrious publishers, illustrated with a blacking

brush and shoveled forth, bearing my name. To me they have been of great detriment, and from them I do not receive one cent of royalty. I have been charged with having compiled "On a Slow Train in Arkansaw," a book which possibly I may have seen, but which surely I have never opened.

The years have flown swiftly since the old *Arkansaw Traveler* days, and on the site of the "squatter's" cabin there towers a college, and on the banks of the Thames ripe lawyers read the decisions rendered by the son of the boy that sat in the ash-hopper, listening in wonder to old Faulkner's fiddle. One by one the old-timers, individualism underscored with a heavy stroke, have dropped out, giving place to cultivation and the art of linguistic skill, and with Dryden I am constrained to believe, that "what we gained in skill we lost in strength." For romance, poetry and heroic characters men in every age have turned to the past, but in Arkansas romance and characters were contemporaneous. The cotton field in bloom, the melancholy cypress, brooding sentinel over the dreamy waters of the bayou, the joyous mockingbird worshipping a sunrise which he himself had "melodied," the song of negroes, away off somewhere, chimes from the belfry of happy souls; the quaint old planter, sitting on his veranda, humorous under a mortgage, calling out to passersby: "What's your hurry out there? Get down, come in, and pay your respects to the ladies while I make you the finest julep you ever smacked your mouth over, sir." Where stood his rambling old house now stands a cotton mill. Do you see that dead apple tree, the only remaining relic of an orchard away over yonder on the hill? Beneath its decaying boughs the old man sleeps. And do you hear those men laughing out there in that automobile? The grandson has just repeated one of the old fellow's stories. The young man has returned from the State University. He knows Ovid and can splutter Pindar, but he has no imagination. The old man was the troubadour; the young chap is only an elocutionist. I recall one night at a neighborhood reception given in honor of a foppish poet whose fame, native to Vicksburg, stretched thinly up and down the

Mississippi. Among the guests was the old man who now sleeps beneath the dead apple tree. Sophomores would not have accepted him as a scholar, but philosophers would have looked upon him as one of their guild. He did not know many books, but among those of his intimate acquaintance were Swift, Fielding and Shakespeare. The River Poet resented his literary opinions, expressed surely with mildness and decorum, and turning upon the old man snarled at him.

"Colonel," he said with a sneer, "perhaps you don't know as much about such matters as I do."

"Ah, as much as you think you do."

"Think I do! Old man, I have written more poems than you ever read."

"Yes, you have written more poems than anybody ever read."

\* \* \* \*

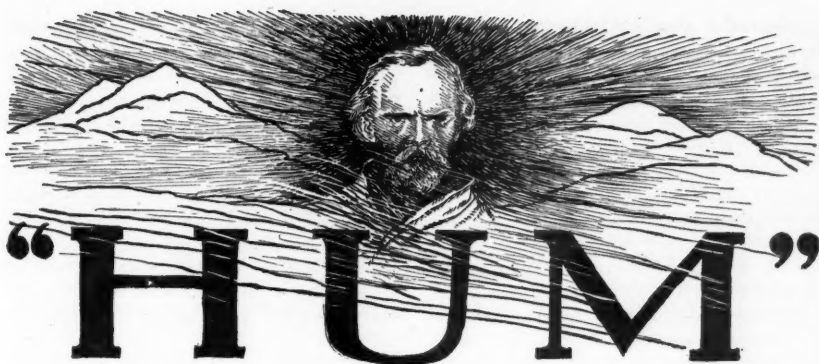
The old order had to pass away, as the age of chivalry had to pass, as every condition must change, some societies sinking beneath natural decay, as Rome sank, and others arising into a higher civilization as England arose out of medieval darkness. With her sister states Arkansas arises, nor in many respects is she far behind some of the most progressive of the mighty family. The war drenched with blood the sacred chambers of her devoted household; then by the carpet-baggers she was robbed of the pittance that the great wave of fire had left unconsumed. With no pensions poured forth by eager politicians, with no resources save her own determination, she took another view of her destiny and began her own reconstruction. The old planter, who with Stonewall Jackson had trampled a Teutonic army into the bloody mire, scoured his out-house wherein a carpet-bag governor elected by himself had quartered his negro militia, and like the early Roman warriors, set his hand to the plow. To his sons he said: "Boys, let us work and forget. After all it is our flag. Our mothers stitched in its stars and our fathers fought beneath them; and therefore it is not like the flag of a foreign country."

They went to work and forgot, always forgot till political enemies misrepresented them, and then sometimes they remembered and cried out in their resentment. And now the resources of this

great empire are developing. Men are learning that here they can found a more prosperous and a pleasanter home than out on the blizzard-swept plain. But it was a hard fight, for in the mind of the misinformed immigrant there arose objections, as for instance: "The laws are not enforced. The public-school system is not efficient. There is much drunkenness."

In Arkansas the laws are enforced as strictly as in any state, and human life is more secure, more respected than in many of the graft-ridden cities of the East and the Middle West. Nowhere in the Union are the public schools surpassed; and as for intemperance—more than ten years ago the national government published figures that proved a startling fact—that less alcohol was consumed per capita in Arkansas than in prohibition Maine, indeed than any other state. Go to any watering place in the country, and doubtless you will find that many of the most temperate and cultivated of the visitors are from Arkansas.

Europe loves her art, but in America "progress" is the one word that never fails to inspire a city council or a rural audience. With reverential pleasure other nations may look upon architectural stability, but with us an old building is regarded as an evidence of commercial decay. We applaud the new steel girder hauled upward into the clouds. In this "American push" Arkansas is not lagging behind. But for my part, contemplative and unprogressive, I would rather look out upon her rivers, Spring, Current and Eleven Points, the most beautiful streams I believe that flow in America; I would rather see the black bass strike at a ray of the rising sun, rather hear the dew-crested quail whir over the gem-sprinkled meadow land; rather lie down beneath the wild crab tree in bloom, and listen to the mimic roar of the humming bird—far rather than to be jerked skyward in an elevator and commanded to look out from a tower upon the trade marvels that unpoetic "progress" has wrought. In Arkansas the new Captains of Industry are remarkable men, treading down the flowers in waste places, erecting smokestacks; but I love the humorous old-timer, unconscious poet, lover of the woods, the friend of all men.



A SERIAL

By FRANK HATFIELD

*Copyright, Reid Publishing Company*

CHAPTER XXIV

A SHORT while after our return, a sound sweet and thrilling as it was soft and low, filled us with joy, and intensified the glow of a cloudless September day. A wee note—that, on its tiny vibrations, bore the crowning glory to the peerless woman I loved. A wavelet—but of mighty power. I recall my Fulma's illumined face as she clasped the tender little form; my mother's loving, solicitous, watchful eyes; Zenia's adoration. I hear Tom's hilarious congratulations. While I write, I see the evening light as it danced through the old maple, gorgeous in its autumnal robe, and kissed the hair of my sleeping darling while it rippled across the nestling face of my baby boy.

\* \* \*

With equal sharpness stands out a bleak day in March when storm clouds lowered, and, bursting with fury, flung huge mantles of snow over moor and woodland, across lake and stream. Not less dreary than the black pall which, at evening-bell, dropped silently over hearts brimming with love and happiness; rested its somber folds about a sunlit head; and stretched its impenetrable veil between us and the idolized face of our darling little Adolph.

I see my beautiful Fulma lying like the rudely crushed flower; feel the warm waves of sympathy that surged around us; and again, sense the gleam of hope that penetrated the gloom, when our noble Zenia tenderly gathered the heart-broken little mother in her embrace and whispered: "Safe in loving arms, dear one. Safe in the land of light and love." The Subagino stone glowed against the auburn hair. "Yes, darling, I know, I know. Oh, Feanka, my husband!"

I took her from Zenia and held her until the storm of anguish died slowly, softly away, and the deep blue eyes shone again, with the light of faith and resignation.

\* \* \*

The snowdrops and yellow crocuses were blooming on a small mound. The forget-me-nots promised an early visitation. The bees came daily and hummed a lullaby to the tiny sleeper who knew not of their coming. Life and death! Joy in the busy toilers. Sorrow in the loving heart that ministered at the consecrated shrine.

The delicate hands paused in their work—and the eyes that gazed on all the gifts of spring, drooped, as though searching for that other flower no spring would ever bring.



"Dearest," she said, looking up, "let us go to other scenes."

It was needless to ask why she wished to go. This one sad episode in our joyous life had left a mark on my little wife almost as legible as the white lock in my hair she so often asked about. I never told her all. That picture must not rest in her memory. We planned to spend some time in the Swiss valleys and under Italian skies. Then? The Isle of the Sky—the haven of love and peace.

The books Orson so much desired had been secured. Fulma, greatly moved by the suffering poor she had occasionally seen in America, placed her legacy in trustworthy hands for their relief. My mother was to return with us, but as she did not think it wise to go on the Continental tour, I arranged with Dick Watson to accompany her to London at the right time.

"Nothing could give my wife and me more pleasure," he said. "We have long wished to visit England. Give me a fortnight's notice by cable. I will provide against any possible failure."

\* \* \*

We sailed on a French steamer for Paris. From this gay capital, with its many bewildering attractions we turned to the romantic shores of Lake Geneva. We lingered long in Chillon, while I told the girls the story of Bonivard, with some of the poet's embellishments. It was difficult for them to believe the tale, for they knew nothing of human depravity. Others have been skeptical—but not for the same reason.

From our headquarters in Vevey we wandered to those delightful places by the Swiss lakes and in the picturesque valleys, which have been so admirably described—always returning to the charming Vevey with renewed pleasure. Zenia said it was "a dream life with ecstatic variations." Occasionally, we made moderate ascents, just far enough to realize the pleasure of Alpine climbing, and obtain a closer view of the rugged glaciers. At Zermatt, our interest centered on that tragic, yet irresistible pinnacle that lifts its scarred head into the realm of silence.

"I should like to try it," said Zenia, with enthusiasm. "I could go to the top."

"I think you could, Zene," admitted Tom, "that is, if Motoo were here."

"It is not wise to call up bad pictures, Tooma," she asserted.

"Oh, no picture could be bad if you were in it, Zoesey."

From the shell-shaped grotto where the Rhone is born, we watched a crowd of tourists near the Glacier Hotel. The diligence had arrived. Coming toward us, encumbered with the up-to-date paraphernalia of the complete Rambler, was a person whom Tom at once recognized.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed. "He is a Mohegan. I know him by his waddle. It's Brindley!"

The doctor's astonishment was not greater than the pleasure he manifested at meeting us—but he listened to our tale with a skeptical air that was slightly embarrassing.

"It is more mysterious than the glacier," he said, "as difficult to comprehend as its motion."

"But as clear and as definite as its offspring," I asserted.

Brindley shook his head. "Well put," he said, smiling, "but you are still romancing; the old dream on the 'Mohegan' indefinitely prolonged."

"If it is," I said, "may we never awaken."

The diligence was ready to leave. He looked at our fair companions as he offered his hand.

"You are right," he said thoughtfully. "Dream on!"

\* \* \*

I noted the lengthening shadows on the Rigi and Mt. Pilatus when we drifted at sunset on the blue bosom of Lake Lucerne, a pastime we often enjoyed. They warned me of the approaching equinox; the zodiacal division so close to an anniversary that would bring fresh sorrow to my darling's heart. So I planned to reach the bewitching shores where Claude's mythical palace entranced the ambitious Pauline; seeking, by this diverting picture and its incomparable setting, to withdraw her mind from the little green mound far away. I was so far successful that when we left Como for our winter sojourn in Rome, Naples, and Florence, the roses again bloomed in her cheeks, and the old

love light once more illumined her blue eyes. The mantle of sorrow was falling.

But it was in Florence that her spirituality again glowed, and with added luster, when I told her of Savonarola, in the old chambers of San Marco—and, in Rome, dwelt upon the exalted faith which had made radiant the sin-stained walls of the Coliseum.

Naples, Capri and Sorrento visited, we turned our faces, while the spring was yet young, toward Venice. Much I speculated as to how the "Bride of the Sea" would impress our girls—what emotions would be aroused by scenes and conditions so different from others already known to them. When we crossed the lagoon, my pulse quickened, and at the call, "Venezia," I was nervous with excitement. A long-cherished hope was near fruition.

As we came out upon the broad marble platform, at the close of one of Venezia's brightest days, and gazed down the white steps to the Grand Canal, the ever-present enchantment seized us. Fulma and Zenia were speechless with wonder. Not a sound—save the babbling of Italian tongues, and the splash of a gondolier's oar as the boatman hastened to join his importunate confreres at the stairs.

Tom selected a handsome fellow, with a winning smile not wholly unmixed with expectancy, who deftly transferred us to the Hotel Europa. We engaged Donatello for permanent service.

It was a festival night in Venice. From our balcony, we looked down upon a fairy scene. The Grand Canal was alive with merry, gaily dressed pleasure seekers, who with mirth and song, bright colors and twinkling lights, floated on the moonlit waters. Ever and anon came the melodious cry of a gondolier.

Our silence was broken by Fulma. "Feanka, let us join them," she said; "the night is beautiful; I wish to go upon the water."

Her words gave me joy. The irresistible present was eliminating the persistent past.

"Good for you, Fulma," exclaimed Tom. "Donatello said we would want him tonight. He is waiting."

The girls, nestled among the cushions of the gondola, were fairer than their Venetian sisters, and many an admiring glance was bestowed upon them; sometimes a murmured comment on their beauty, as we glided past lines of palaces—mute witnesses of a splendid age—beneath balconies whence dropped merry words and fragments of song—past curtained boats where impassioned voices breathed of love. Thence, on to the Rialto, and down to the Piazzetta where the "Lion" and "Saint" grimly watched—while the gay idlers flittered amidst the bright lights and dazzling fabrics of the Arcades. Then Donatello swept through the moonbeams out upon the lagoon.

"Oh, it is joy to be here," cried Zenia, tossing back her heavy hair. "Let us wander no more."

"That is my wish, my sister," said Fulma.

"And I heartily concur," assented Tom. "It is simply ravishing here."

We lingered on the shimmering ripples until eleven notes from the Clock Tower came over the water.

\* \* \*

On the morrow, we found apartments in an old palace on the Grand Canal. Amidst the faded grandeur of this relic of bygone days; in the quiet seclusion of its vaulted chambers, and on its spacious balconies, beneath which Donatello alternately slept and sang while he awaited our bidding; we came closer to our Zoeian life.

We soon learned that our Venetian maid was affianced to our attentive gondolier. Greatly did these two contribute to our *dolce far niente* life, for Donatello, in his own domain, outrivaled Baedeker, and Paola knew just where to find the necessities and luxuries for our table, the choicest flowers for our rooms. Each morning her excellent judgment and dainty fingers tempted our appetites; each day Donatello guided us to those places of interest he shrewdly guessed would best please us; each evening a well-appointed, faultlessly served dinner awaited our return.

I suspected that Tom was liberal with the gondolier.

It was our custom to lunch at Florian's but occasionally we went to some quaint,

out of the way cafe known to Donatello. Tom's lingering commercialism instigated the idea that something in the way of a commission crept unawares into the boatman's pocket. Never mind—the viands were excellent, the service good, and we enjoyed ourselves.

"Here's to Venice!" exclaimed my comrade, at one of these repasts. "A man once called this place an 'old water-logged town.' He must have had congenital hydrocephalus."

"What?" I asked.

"Oh, dropsy of the brain, big head, or something of the sort. That reminds me; I should think that lots of little children would be drowned in Venice."

"A frightful thought!" exclaimed Zenia. "What made you think of it?"

"These canals, Zene. You wouldn't care to have Beula here."

"Would I not! I would give half of Venice, if I had it, to see her for one hour—the precious darling! I wonder how she looks now."

"Looks? Oh—radiant and beautiful, with her dark laughing eyes and matchless little mouth, just like—"

"Why, Toomal!" gasped Zenia. "What a place to—"

"What's the matter, Zoesy? Can't a fellow take the sweets in advance?"

\* \* \*

Our favorite resort on Sunday was the island church of San Giorgia Maggiore. But it was the great Tintoretto and the grand music that attracted us, not the perfunctory ritualism of the worldly priests. Compared to the sublimely simple profoundly spiritual worship of the Zoeians it seemed like a travesty on the teachings of the Master.

After these visits, our girls always withdrew awhile to what probably had been a chapel in our old palace. A room unadorned, save by its softly frescoed walls and wonderful cathedral windows. Possibly, a place where others, now forgotten, had drawn near to their Maker. On one of these occasions my comrade and I went off by ourselves. As we crossed the piazza, Tom suddenly grasped my arm and pointed to a woman coming out of San Marco.

"Why, there is Clarisse Vernon!" he exclaimed.

I recognized her at once, though she was much changed from the dainty French maid who served at my last supper on the "Mohegan."

"Can it be possible!" I exclaimed, as we met. "What brings you here? And Mrs. Durand? Are you still with her? Is she in Venice?"

"*Mais oui, monsieur.* She is very sick."

"Here in Venice, and ill?"

"*Oui, monsieur*—at Hotel Barbesei."

"Clarisse, you remember Mr. Selby." I hastily wrote our address. "Give this to your mistress at once," I said.

"*Ma foi, oui,*" she exclaimed with evident delight. "Oh!—I go *tout de suite.*"

"Tom, let us return at once," I said. "We shall soon know more. Something new and strange is before us."

Within an hour I received a note from Mrs. Durand, requesting me to come to her.

When Clarisse admitted me, her smile expressed gratification and relief. As I glanced through the half-open door leading to the madam's salon, I was shocked at the change in this once brilliantly beautiful woman. The pallor on her thin face intensified her large, luminous eyes. The silver threads in her dark hair could no longer be counted. The roses that were once on her cheeks had fled. The well-rounded arm had shrunk, and the shapely hand seemed thin and weak.

"Oh! at last! At last!" she exclaimed, half rising from her couch and drawing a fleecy wrap about her.

"Nay, dear friend do not try to conceal your surprise. You are looking at a wreck that has come ashore on these heavenly islands—one that will put to sea no more except on the great unknown sea where chart and compass avail not; the one we all must cross sometime—somehow—somewhere."

"Oh, no!" I said. "In this charming spot you will recover."

"Not so," she said. "The good Doctor Giamo gives me no hope. I have an incurable malady. The mortal draperies are falling fast. In a few days or weeks—it matters not—I shall pass away. Even now, a hand reaches for the signal that will drop the curtain on the last act of a tragedy or comedy, as you will, in which



"Clarisse drew aside the portieres and beckoned to me."

I have played my little part. Ah! I thank God for sparing me until this hour. Come here!"

She laid her hand in mine—a little wan hand on which the blue veins were painfully prominent.

"It is all past criticism, now," she said, with a sad smile.

"Yes—It is all past, Mrs. Durand."

"Mrs. Durand," she repeated. "Ah! why not? No, I forgot—It is better so—I am so glad to see you! Now, tell me everything that has happened since we parted at Cape Town."

I gave her our entire history save that of the one shadow which had crossed our threshold. The hand that rested in mine during my story slowly withdrew and interlocked with the other as she closed her eyes.

"Merciful Father," she said. "I thank Thee for sparing me thus long. I shall see Thine anointed. And these people are with you!" she exclaimed with her old fire. "What perils! But what a reward!"

She touched the white lock in my hair. "I thought so, dear friend. Have you still the little charm?"

"Assuredly! I have always worn it; would you see it?"

She shook her head. "It has served its purpose," she said. "It passed you through the gates of death."

"I think it was a higher power," I said.

"Quite true," she smiled, "but know you not that the Supreme uses earthly means? Is Ternal here?"

"No, he and Moto have gone on a long tour. He will join us, in London, at an appointed time."

"Alas! I do so wish to see him." She looked at her wan hand. "Mr. Hatfield—I have something to tell you. I must not long delay, for I know not the exact hour of my departure. I—What is it, Clarisse?"

"Le Docteur Giamo, madame."

"Ah, cher Docteur," greeted Mrs. Durand. "I have had such a surprise. A friend I have not seen for years. Mr. Hatfield, Doctor Giamo."

The doctor's English and my Italian were twins, but we managed to understand each other with the aid of some French. He looked at his patient. "Signora, you are excited, and must rest awhile. She is not well, Signor," he apologized.

"Don't go," she protested, as I rose. "Yet, perhaps it is best. I must preserve my strength. Come tomorrow, you and your Fulma. I love that name. Zenia? No, not yet." She put out her hand.

I stood by the doctor's gondola when he came down the steps. In reply to my anxious inquiries, he told me that his patient might live for months, or might pass away suddenly. Excitement, he said, would hasten the end. He advised caution. When I asked him if there was anything wealth could do, he said: "No, a king's ransom would not avail. Besides, she lacks nothing," he added, as he entered his gondola.

\* \* \*

Before I had finished my sad tale, tears were flowing from our girls' eyes.

"Oh, my sister," said Fulma, "we must be to her as daughters. We must surround her with tenderness and love."

"And we will make the closing hours of her earth-life fragrant," said Zenia. "Ahl! Feanka—must we wait until tomorrow?"

"Yes, dear, and you, even longer. Only Fulma may go with me in the morning. Mrs. Durand can bear but slight excitement."

"I know what I shall do," cried Tom. "I will send her the richest wines, the rarest flowers and the choicest viands that can be bought in Venice."

The once resplendent flower against whose frail stalk the reaper's sickle was already pressing, lay on the couch, faded, but still lovely. Fulma's gentle hand parted the draperies.

"Oh, my precious Josie Wallace!" cried Mrs. Durand. "Come to me! Come to my arms! Oh, my child," she said, pressing the golden hair to her cheeks, "this is more to me than all the cunning of the physician. It gives me strength and hope. Kiss me, darling. Do not fear, dear friend," she said in answer to my admonition. "I am better than I have been for months—yes, really, but if not, what matters? May not my life be

bright at sunset?" The hand on which the opal's subtle fire glowed, intertwined with Fulma's. "Josie, my love, call me only Isabel—the name I have so often heard from your dear mother's lips. Strange," she murmured, the long lashes veiling her dark gray eyes, "your first cradle was on the Atlantic billows, and you may stand by my last resting place in the City of the Sea. Strange are the ways of the Supreme! But He has been munificent in granting me this one great joy. Kiss me again, precious, and then I have much to say to you.

"Josie, your mother and I were school girls together. You do not know what that means, child. Then we parted. I inherited from my father a strange gift, an insatiable longing for the mystic lore and occult science. Soon after his death my mother and I went to India. I spent many years there, drinking deep from those fountains of knowledge to be found only in that land of mysteries.

"Close association with a profound scholar, Rama Dvivedi, awakened a mutual interest that ended in wedlock. It was mostly a marriage of intellect. One son was born to us—a strange child. With such a parentage how could he be otherwise? Rama was educated in England, but his fatherland claimed him irresistibly. I have never seen him since. Ah! dear heart, I would rather hold you close than talk, but I feel that I must tell you more. I passed happy days in Calcutta, and during the hot season, at Simla. At these and other places, I was in contact with the great metaphysicians of India from whom I learned what I told your husband.

"They knew about this great race, whose foster-child you are, through traditions preserved by a remnant of those people who, in a remote past, had been separated from the main body by some convulsion of nature. They lost their individuality by amalgamation with other races, but the tradition lived, and the Eastern sages found the key to the mystery." She smiled. "Yes, I know what you would ask, Mr. Hatfield. I shall tell you, but not today. I wish Ternal was here. If I were stronger I would bring him. Carissima, do I weary you?"

"How can you ask it, Isabel?"



"Oh! it is so sweet to hear that name!" she said, with a look of intense satisfaction. "Well—there is not much more. After my husband died I returned to England that my son might be educated at Oxford. When he went back to India, I met and married, in Bohemia, an English officer, Major Durand. He died in battle, soon after our marriage.

"Since then," she resumed, "I have been a wanderer, seeking what I have not found. From the Cape I went to the Diamond Mines, thence to Zanzibar, and then to Paris, where I lived until two months ago, I came here. Ah, me! I am a woman without a country or kindred. And you, Josie?"

"I have only an old childish aunt, and a second or third cousin in the United States, a Mr. Whalen."

"Whalen? Certainly, he was your mother's second cousin. I knew him through her. A peculiar man, pleasing and somewhat gifted. When I returned from India, he resumed his innocent attentions, but alas! The major had an ungovernable temper, an uncontrollable jealousy. Without cause, he challenged Mr. Whalen to a duel and wounded him seriously. Another link in the chain of life.

"Now, Mr. Hatfield—God sent you to me. A burden and a worry have been removed. When I am—I know you do not like the word—well, sometime you will see that all I possess is placed in Clarisse's hands?"

"Most willingly, my dear Mrs. Durand—that is, if I am—"

"Still here, you were about to say. You will be. Do you know anything of Mr. Whalen's financial condition?"

"Yes, he has enough to meet every need."

"Well, then all goes to Clarisse, except—" she touched the opal ring and glanced at Fulma. "My securities are with my bankers, in Paris. See! I have anticipated your acceptance of my trust." She took from her portfolio a sealed envelope, evidently containing a small enclosure. "This," she said, "bids my bankers hand to the person who presents the duplicate of what I have enclosed, all they have in keeping. This duplicate

you wear. I shall forward the order at once. With my banker here are some ten thousand lire, which I shall also make available.

"One more request. Do not allow any sensuous Venetian priest to mumble meaningless nothings over my clay. Let it rest, unnamed and unmarked, at San Michele—unwept, save by the pulsations of the dark blue sea. This is all. Now, let us be bright and gay while Clarisse serves luncheon. I must apologize for the poverty of my board. I demand so much of my maid she has but little time to exercise her ability as a caterer. Why, Clarisse!" she cried, "whence all these dainties, this delicious wine, these charming flowers? You do not know? Ah! Mr. Hatfield! No? Then it was Mr. Selby. Dear, kind, thoughtful soul! Oh, Josie, we will make this grim old room into a conservatory. Oh, how cosy and beautiful all this is after long years of starvation! Now, fair English rose, I'll babble no more. Let us eat and drink for tomorrow—we will do it all again, and the next day, and the next—and, oh! so many happy days. Now, tell me all about Zoeia, dear, and about Oron, Loredo, Madu Rea and Adofa. I will not interrupt."

Nor did she for more than an hour. When Fulma paused, she said:

"It is a dream from which I would not awaken. Sweet daughter, you have been sitting long. Go through the apartments and see the quaint old tapestries. They are interesting."

Then she looked at me some moments without speaking; and as she gazed her eyes became fathomless; and on her pallid face there stole a caressing light, like young moonlight. "Dear Mr. Hatfield," she said, "are you aware that to you and Mr. Selby has been accorded an experience which, with one exception—if we can believe old records—has never before been granted to mortals? Do you know that but for this Audofa you would not have found the people with whom you have dwelt for seven years? That not only did you find them through him but, through him, saw them, as well? Do you realize that from the time you first fell asleep in Zoeia, your personalities have

changed? That but for the influences that daily surround you, you would lapse into your former conditions? Darling Josie has had the impress of the race so long it cannot fade. Zenia, precious woman, was to the manner born—and Termal—God grant that I may live to see him!"

"Your words awaken strange memories," I said. "Tell me all you know!"

"No, not now. Here comes our precious one." The clock chimed. "It is nearly time for the good doctor," she said. "Kiss me fondly, Josie, before you go. Remember—come early, tomorrow."

#### CHAPTER XXV

Mrs. Durand was toying with a mass of fragrant flowers—Tom's latest contribution. Between her fingers was a bunch of carnations.

"And this is Mrs. Selby—daughter of Termal!" she exclaimed. "Come hither, fair one. If I might presume, I would place these blossoms in your hair 'of color glorious,' my illustrious Zoeian guest."

"Why not, my sister? It is my wish. I am only Zenia."

"Only Zenia," she murmured. "Mory-atma was right. They do not know—they do not know."

"Of whom do you speak, dear friend?" I asked.

"Oh, I was thinking aloud, Mr. Hatfield. I muse too much. Well, be it so, dear one, but you must call me Isabel. Come, sit close to me, unworthy though I am, and tell me of your island home. Josie, dear heart, you know where your place is. Have no apprehension, Mr. Hatfield, for my good doctor assures me I am better. He says my friends are more potent than his drugs. Now darling, your lovely voice—while I rest and listen."

Zenia talked until luncheon was served. Now and then her listener would say: "Pause a moment, dear, I want to look at you and—think."

She surveyed the dainties Clarisse had arranged nearby.

"Your kind husband is lavish of his gifts," she said. "Now, let us be happy and gay. Afterward, Mr. Hatfield shall read to us, and tomorrow—ah, blessed tomorrow—I will have a piano here, and then songs and music!"

Thus the days glided away. Our life was devoted to the patient sufferer. Tom was often with us, and many delicious melodies rang in the old palace. Even Dr. Giamo entered into our joyous life, and neglected his patients, I fear, to play the violin with us. A tinge of color came into the pale cheeks. Each day the brightening invalid spoke of her happiness.

"Ah, Mr. Hatfield," she said, "could I have had something like this years ago, I would now be as when you saw me first."

And still what I wanted to know was withheld. I wondered why, but did not ask. Much, too, I pondered over Zenia's advice that I cable Mr. Watson. Had I made an error in my calculations? It seemed impossible—but I acted by her judgment and sent the despatch.

Then came Ascension day—that quiet day in Venice, save for the joyous bells. While we were sitting on our balcony in the evening light, a note came to us, written by Clarisse. It contained only the words—"Madam wants to see you. Come now."

We looked at one another with foreboding. She is sinking, we thought, and hastened away.

Instead, Mrs. Durand received us as usual, even brighter and gayer. To our surprise, she was dressed in rich evening attire.

"I was simply lonesome, and wanted you all," she explained. "I feared you might not come tonight. My selfishness has broken up your domestic pleasures."

"Oh, Isabel, say not so," implored Fulma. "We are always glad to come."

"You precious, darling woman! I believe you. Well—we will make a fit closing to this sacred day. Dr. Giamo is coming, and with him two friends who play on mandolins. Unfortunately, they cannot come until late. Meanwhile Josie, love, you and Zenia shall sing for me, will you not? It will seem tonight as though angels were singing. And then—we might play some games, and tell stories. I have one to tell you—it has just come to me. And we will draw upon dear Mr. Selby's floral bounty and weave flower-garlands (Tom looked at me with the awed expression I had seen before), and choose a queen—I know who she will be," she

laughed—"and circle around her while we sing. These beautiful flowers! Dear as they are, they breathe not the fragrance of those that cluster on the Rose Pavilion and bloom on the Clematis Bower. Why do you look at me so, Mr. Hatfield? Do I surprise you?"

"Slightly—dear friend."

"It is because I am babbling again. Oh, I am so happy I could fly! See! I can walk!"

She rose and crossed to a table by which Zenia and Tom were sitting.

"Good!" I applauded. "You are much stronger."

"Yes, I have not felt so well for months. Pardon me—Clarisse, have the ices come? Are the wines cooling?"

"*Mais oui, madame.*"

"Faithful, thoughtful woman," she murmured, as the maid left. "Yes, Mr. Hatfield, I am much stronger. Why—if I should recover!"

"God grant it!" exclaimed Tom.

"If I should become well again! I wonder if you would—would—No, I must not ask it."

"Indeed you must!" I said.

She looked at each of us with ineffable sweetness.

"Well then—I wonder if you would—take me with you."

"Of course we would!" exclaimed the girls, clasping her in their arms.

"We should never leave you here," I said.

"You would not? Oh, say that again! And I should see Oron and Loredó and the darling little Buéla, with all the loved ones? What joy! Is Oron very handsome, Mr. Selby?"

"Godlike! Mrs. Durand."

"Yes—yes! He must needs be."

The games and the garlands were forgotten. She talked incessantly of Zoéia as the hours flew by, until some remark of Tom's recalled Captain Mathers.

"The dear man!" she said. "Tell me of him."

We told her about our last voyage with him, and chatted on until she rose—unsteadily, I thought. I offered my arm.

"Thank you," she smiled, "I am going back to my old nest. We are creatures of habit. Ah! the old place is best after

all. Sit by me. Now, Zenia, darling, if you will sing the—What was that?"

"The bronze giants striking the hour," I said.

"No, no! Do you hear nothing else? Zenia, love, you should hear it! Listen!"

"It is a man's step ascending the boat stairs," I said. "He is now crossing the torreno—Dr. Giamo, perhaps."

"A man's step? That is not merely a human footfall. Oh, he is coming! Coming in answer to my prayer and longing. Zenia—your father!"

Clarisse drew aside the portieres and beckoned to me.

"Tom, come here!" I called, as I grasped Termal's hand.

"Good heavens! Termal—whence, and why?"

"I was wanted," he whispered. "I will explain later. How are the chronometers, Feanka?"

"Recently adjusted and true."

"And the charts, Tooma?"

"All prepared, Termal."

"The mission of the College?"

"We have everything Oron wished us to obtain."

"It is well! I have made all arrangements. I have communicated with Ben Ali. We must leave here within a fortnight."

"And Motoo?" asked Tom.

"Going back. He left San Francisco for London last week."

"That's good news!" exclaimed Tom.

"And now about the dear lady?" asked Termal. "Is she very ill?"

"She has been," I said, "but tonight she seems brighter and stronger. She is burning with desire to see you."

"I know all about it, Feanka. Take me to her."

"Padu! Why—Padu!" exclaimed the girls.

"My daughters!" he folded them in his arms.

Then Mrs. Durand received him. I watched her with some anxiety as she gazed at the massive form and handsome, sun-browned face before her, for she appeared greatly agitated. The contrast was pitiful. One, a giant, mighty to overcome, to protect and to save. The other a woman, peerless, but weak, fading and

alone. A wave of sadness surged round me as I resumed my seat beside her.

"Termal," she asked, "did you know that I longed to see you?"

"I did, Mrs. Durand—and I came."

"Yes, thank God! Termal, the night would wane before I could tell you of half the joy I have had with your matchless daughters; of the comfort they have been to me; of the pleasure they have given me by their account of your wonderful country and people. Do you know—who and what your people are?"

"Yes, madam. We are a simple folk who love the Father and our fellowmen."

To and fro she turned the opal ring.

"Aye, truly, Greatheart—But you are something more. Your sires were the 'Sons of God'! Nay, doubt it not. Mory-atma, my teacher, so said, and he knew. It is told in the Jewish Scripture; but only those who read between the lines can discern the truth. This knowledge has been withheld from you—or most of you—by the Supreme, that you might develop your higher spirituality through your Master, Kesua. Termal, you were sent to lift Fulma from the sin and degradation of this lower world into one of the mansions of the King. You were sustained you knew not how; there were periods you cannot recall. Was it not so?"

"It was, dear madam."

"Yes, Termal, your people are of celestial origin. The strong earth element inherited from your maternal ancestors, with its pronounced mark, has been fading. It will grow dimmer and dimmer until your humanity is lost in your divinity.

"You are unknown, because your island home cannot be seen by mortals save at long intervals and under special conditions. Your beautiful begemmed, sunlit home! Your glorious—glorious—Mory-atma, they did not know it," she murmured, closing her eyes, her words scarcely audible, "they did not know—but I have told them."

"What's that?" said Tom. "There's something wrong, Fean! These numerous wax lights—the air! I'll open the other sash!"

"What is it, dear?" I asked.

"What? Why—I must have been in—India. Who is talking to me?"

"It is I—Mr. Hatfield."

"Oh!—but who am I?"

"You? Why, you are Mrs.—you are Isabel."

She clasped her hands and nodded, a smile shimmering across her face and lingering round her lips.

"She is all right now, Fean."

"I hope so, my boy, but I don't like the blue tinge on her lips."

Then she looked at us.

"Fulma, dear heart, please ask Clarisse for a glass of water. Tell her, please, to serve the ices and wines. The others are not coming. What time is it?"

"It struck eleven a short time ago," I said, "about the time you were—in India, I think."

"When Isabel was in India?"

I assented.

"She has returned—are you glad?"

"Yes, I am very glad."

"Really?"

"More than I can tell."

She breathed the sigh of a comforted heart. Then, as if fired by some inward glow, she turned to Termal with rapid eager words:

"Termal, you alone can take us over the barren waste, across the seething sea, through the dark passage into the Realm of Light. Oh, it will be heavenly!" she gasped, springing up, a deathly pallor on her face. I caught her in my arms. Her head fell upon my shoulder as a look of wonder and rapture stole into her eyes.

"Why—how strange," she whispered.

"Some one—is—calling me—beckoning—to me—Why—it is Hum, . . ."

\* \* \*

Footsteps, the sound of voices, and the twang of an instrument sounded on the stairs. . . .

"Tom!" I cried. "Go to the door! They must not enter! Fulma, go to Clarisse, dear! Comfort her."

I threw open the casement. The draperies waved gently as the night breeze from the Adriatic crept through and ruffled the hair of the silent sleeper. . . .

A mellow, flute-like note came from far away—as from the faint gleam on the dark sea—the heralding gleam so vividly associated with her who was gone.

# Blue Eyes and the Murder Mystery

by Wallace Irwin

I HAD fallen down on the Beau-regard divorce story for reasons which would have concerned only myself—except for the fact that they concerned the San Francisco *Messenger* a great deal. I faced my city editor weak but unashamed.

"What's chivalry got to do with the newspaper business?" thundered Jupiter Jackson, straightening his big horn spectacles and piercing me with the little purblind eyes that could see a news story better and further than any other editorial pair on the Pacific coast.

"But let me explain the circumstances," I began, groping cub-like for an excuse.

"I don't want circumstances—I want news," he roared. "They may run off their morning editions on chivalry, in Bolivia or South Boston, but in San Francisco—not. There's nothing gray and hoary about the *Messenger*. It's yellow, and we don't care who knows it. I don't want either donkeys or Don Quixotes in my local room, Mr. Ferguson. When two rival reporters get to playing Alphonse and Gaston over a front-page feature story, there's only one thing they can write for me—that's their resignations."

I said nothing. I was willing, but not anxious, to hand in mine.

"My boy," went on Jupiter, becoming more jovial as he became less Jove-like, "if you were a fresh college cub, I'd fire you. But you're too good a reporter to fall down this way—for some such medieval motive as sentiment. I suspect you of being kindhearted—it grows on you. Kindheartedness is like drunkenness; an

amusing, harmless sport when indulged in the privacy of the home, but a damnable vice when carried on during business hours. I'll put you on probation, and a short one—understand?"

Jackson began thumbing his assignment book.

"So you want a job—let's see. There's a banquet on tonight at the Chamber of Commerce."

"Look here, Mr. Jackson," I objected, "I'm not too proud to beg, nor too pure to steal, but I'm too darn smart to report a Chamber of Commerce banquet."

"What do you want?" asked Jackson patiently.

"Something with life in it, if you don't mind."

"Very well, Mr. Ferguson. Take the morgue."

Mr. Jackson snapped his jaws together after the most approved editorial models. Our interview was over.

The San Francisco morgue detail, known locally as the "merry-merry," wasn't new to me. That cold storage of tragedy had been tucked in the alley-side of a municipal building off Portsmouth Square, convenient to the murder-crop of Chinatown and the suicide-beat along the Barbary coast. The coroner's office upstairs had a cheerful carpet on the floor and an enlarged portrait of Mr. James Corbett enshrined beneath the Welsbach burner. A suggestive, yet unconscious, tribute to the "gone but not forgotten" of pugilism, this enshrinement in the coroner's office. I found Deputies Krause and Kelley playing pinochle, just as I



had left them two years ago. "And dull years they've been at the morgue," said Kelley sadly, turning over a spade.

Wrigley Sweitzer of the *News* and Gum Shoe Williams of the *Globe* came on the job about 7 p. m.

"Have you got a loose cigar about your clothes?" asks Wrigley, fidgeting with his plate-glass spectacles.

"Just like old times," said I, handing out the snipe.

"Been very little doing for a week," volunteered Williams. I could hear his gum-shoes squeak.

"Very quiet," I agrees.

"If you're down here for the Wong Fook robbery case," snapped Sweitzer, "I'll tip you right now—there's nothing there that hasn't been covered since Sunday."

"Aha! I hear the tappings of your Italian hand," said I to Wrigley. "When you tackle *finesse* it's like a baby elephant trying to pick a Yale lock."

"Well, what *has* brought you down here tonight?" enquired Sweitzer peevishly.

"S-s-s-sh!" I whispered. "I'm walking in my sleep. Maybe, if I stumble on a good story I'll fetch it to you and lay it bleeding at your feet. That's ever been a habit of my generous, but muddled, nature."

Williams and Sweitzer, filled with the memory of old stings, sneaked away like the much-foiled villains on the thirty cent circuit. They were headed for Chinatown. I knew the Wong Fook case was being covered by White of our office. So I settled back in my chair and went on reading "Who's Who" in the telephone directory.

At 9.35 I was called to the telephone.

"Ferguson," said Mr. Jackson at the other end, "we've got first line on a big murder story. Sylvester B. Dodge—yes, the banker—he's been found dead at the Blue Lion Inn—little shack near the Cliff house. Stab wound. Last person seen near him was a woman."

"Wasn't Dollie van Zandt, was it?"

"Right. Apperson and Hoyt from our office are out there now. But we want you on the story. Hire an automobile and beat the coroner to the job!"

I chartered a wandering touring car and shot over the fog-clad hills in the direction of the Cliff house. The case of Sylvester Dodge and Dollie van Zandt had ranked high among rank scandals less than a year ago. Dollie, formerly a Klondyke actress and wife of a Reno faro dealer, met the elderly, opulent Dodge and divorced her husband—for a substantial consideration, some said. Everybody prophesied that Sylvester would finally marry her and settle down in some polygamous community like Paris or Siam. Nobody thought it would come to the stabbing point. Who knows? Murders will happen, even in the worst regulated families.

It was after ten when I reached the Cliff. Apperson was visibly on the job—but Hoyt had gone out in the wake of the detectives, scouring the country for the woman, who had escaped. A little back parlor on the second floor was filled with chambermaids and waiters throwing nervous spasms in five languages. Nothing in nature is more useless than a waiter in a hotel murder. The corpse can neither tip 'em nor order 'em around. What is there left for the waiters to do? The body of old Dodge lay on a sofa. He had been found outside on the veranda with a keen stab-wound running through his jugular vein.

Gerard, the proprietor, was the only one of the pack who didn't reverse himself every time he spoke. Name of a dog, how terrible! Yes, monsieur and madame often came there for dinner. This evening they came in an automobile and left the chauffeur outside. The automobile had gone back to town. Immediately? Ah, no! The chauffeur had lingered to drink the highball with Otto, the head waiter. But assuredly the automobile had gone back to town without monsieur and madame. Shortly before nine o'clock monsieur had paid the bill. When last seen alive he was walking up and down the veranda with the lady. Were they quarreling? Perhaps. But who can tell why people quarrel? Jacques found the body at half past nine. Madame had gone, apparently afoot. Alas, how ruined was his hotel!

Wandering along the cliffs I ran across a night watchman who had been too



*"'I think I have the drop on you,' said a melodious contralto."*

scared and not quite drunk enough to tell what he knew to the police. After I had helped him along the road to Jagville with another drink he talked fast enough. He had seen the couple arrive and had watched the automobile. No, it hadn't gone back to town, as Gerard said. It had waited up the road a piece, and when the lady came out the chauffeur had helped her

aboard. The machine had proceeded about half a mile up the road, then by the distant tail-light, the watchman had noticed the car stop, apparently to let off a passenger. It had gone on almost directly. It was the night watchman's deduction that Dolly van Zandt, for some reason unknown, had refused to go to town, but was now hiding in "Carville."

"Carville" was a quaint little colony composed of abandoned street cars which had been shoved end for end, banked up, roofed over, provided with housekeeping accommodations and rented as a near-Bohemian outing colony by artists and lovers of the wild sea waves. As many of the car-cottages were usually abandoned, the place would make a safe refuge for a few hours.

I whistled for Hoyt, gave him a bottle of whiskey and requested him to keep the watchman in some reporterless and policeless oblivion. It was now nearing midnight. The hungry hawks of the news were beginning to pour in, the coroner was there, and wire was open for me to the *Messenger* office. There was less than an hour between me and my story.

I struck across the rolling sands toward Carville. If Dollie van Zandt had been crazy enough to trust her life to a place like that—

Behind a tangle of sand-brush I saw something white flutter into the shadow.

"Who's there?" I said. "Come out and show yourself!"

A feminine figure advanced and stood revealed in the moonlight. Her arm was extended toward me, and on inspection I saw she was holding a bright object with a straight barrel pointed at my head.

"I think I have the drop on you," said a melodious contralto. "Now, sir, never mind stopping to argue, but come along with me. I want to talk with you."

She advanced a little closer. The expression of her face, concealed by an enormous automobile veil, was impossible to guess, but there was determination in her attitude. "Come, now," she continued, shoving the gun close to my nose.

"As you wish, Madame," I said, grinning to myself. "By the way that shooter's wobbling in your lily hand, I don't think I'm in the thick of danger—neither do you have to interview me at the point of a gun. To speak frankly, there's no lady in the city limits of Frisco I'd rather talk to than you, at this very moment."

Say, maybe I didn't begin pinning gold medals all over myself. The idea of a reporter being held up and compelled to interview the newly escaped principal in

a murder mystery struck me as crowding luck to the delirious limit.

With the gun still tickling my hat brim and the lady's fingers buried in the lapel of my coat she led me. I was her docile, her pomeranian spitz. Already I saw the featured headline in tomorrow's *Messenger*, "Dollie van Zandt's Story of the Crime!"

At an isolated and deserted car on the outskirts of the pygmy village she stopped. The door stood half open in the moonlight.

"Step inside there and light a match," said she coolly. "You'll find a candle on the table. Light that, too."

It wasn't a car *de luxe*, this dwelling, as I saw when the candle's flame flickered up. Two or three chairs, a table, some broken bottles. The woman pointed me to a seat and herself took a chair across the mildewed table. I was not unmindful of her pretty, girlish figure, nor of the graceful fingers that grasped the .32 calibre, pearl-handled toy which was supposed to work my intimidation. She uncoiled about eighteen yards of pink chiffon from around her Ethel Barrymore hat. I rubbed hard. First impression, rapture mixed with picture puzzlement. So *this* was the notorious Dolly van Zandt! Little, pale, school-girl face; Vassar freshman effect; big, angel-blue eyes; soft, pathetic mouth; nut-brown hair over Buster Brown collar. I had met all the types of Becky Sharp, between Mobile and Monte Carlo. This was a new one on me.

"You needn't be alarmed," said the little lady. The gun was now pointed at such an angle that, had it been discharged, it would have perforated the dog star.

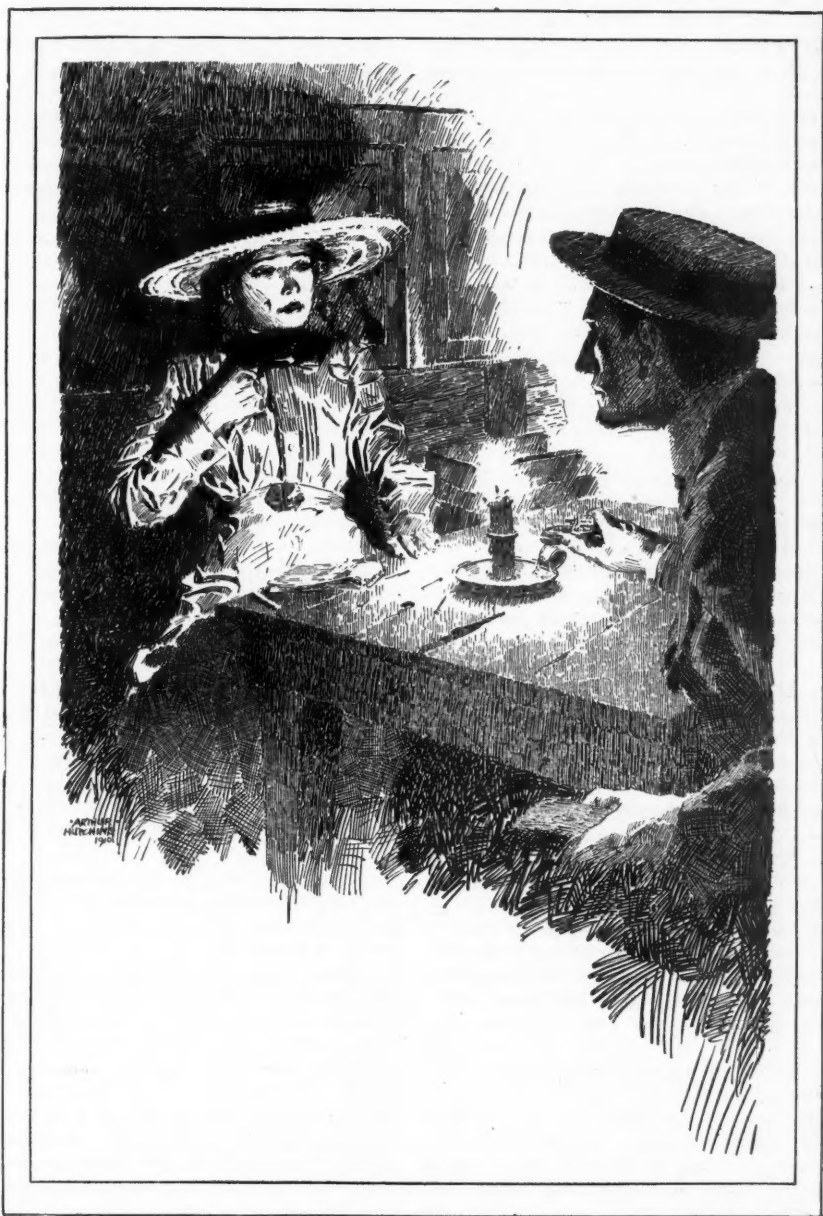
"Thanks," said I. "From what Reno target-gallery did you graduate?"

"I am not here to joke," said she. "I want to talk. If you'll be brief and tell me all, I'll let you go and not report you to the police."

"Thanks again," said I. "What particular phase of my career won't you report to the police?"

She leaned very close to me and her limpid eyes become gray with intensity.

"Do you realize," she hissed, "that I already know enough about you to send you to the gallows?"



*"The pearl-handled revolver was lying on the table. I leaned over quietly and slipped it into my pocket."*

"Shades of St. Vitus!" said I to myself, "did she go bats before the murder or afterwards?"

"Now look here, Dolly Gray," I came back, "I don't know what kind of goods you think you've got on me; but you'd better cheese it. Quit your kidding. You can't implicate me in your murder. The book of my past has ever been open to subscribers, day and night, guaranteed circulation and special rates for respectable classified ads. No 'Personals' need apply."

I looked at my watch. It was now 12.30. Dollie van Zandt's murder confession was coming slow. I'd have to get it over with and beat it for a telephone in fifteen minutes.

"I want you to talk and talk quick," I said. "In the first place, will you please tell me—"

"No, I won't. Time's precious with me, too," exclaimed the girl. "Now I've got the full account of where you were and what you said—don't move!" Again she raised the gun. "I happened—no matter why—to be occupying the room next the veranda when you began quarreling with Mr. Dodge about those stocks."

"What—what did I begin doing?"

"Quarreling about mining stocks," she repeated calmly.

"Ophelia," said I, "you are beautiful, but awfully wheezy. To put it mild, your psychology is so full of dots that I am helpless to know whether you are going or coming."

"Protested innocence," she lisped, "is a common subterfuge of the experienced criminal. Remember, I was at a window where I could see everything. You, disguised in a chauffeur's coat, swung onto the veranda where the man and the woman were standing. 'That bribe you gave me was worthless, and you know it,' you yelled. The old man protested and you struck him down with the knife you pulled from your fur coat. He fell. You whispered a moment with the woman, then led her to the automobile. Then you drove to the Carville road and escaped in the dunes. Can you deny this?"

"What's the use?" I said. "It's too artistic to spoil."

"I take this as a refusal to answer," she burred, and whipping a little red note-

book from her pony-skin coat she began scribbling something on page twenty-three. She wrote busily in a firm, Vassar hand.

A thrill of awful realization shot through me. I experienced such a thrill once before in Toronto, when I had laid six months' wages on the table and suddenly caught the baleful gleam of four aces in the hand of a Chicago drummer.

"Young lady," I gulped, "do you happen to be writing for one of San Francisco's dailies under the pen-name of 'Nellie Bly' or 'Little Bo-Peep' or some similarly anomalous pseudonym?"

"Katherine St. Remo's my nom de plume," she said. "I'm on the *Globe*." She blushed the loveliest ultra-peach-bloom you ever saw. "But of course that's not my name. I'm Katherine O'Donnell in real life."

So there I was. I had fallen into the manicured mitts of a romance-chasing lady-cub; for she must be a rank beginner, I thought, otherwise she wouldn't be taking notes in a notebook. No real reporter would do that. She, apparently, in some fool way and for some fool reason, had blundered on the big story. There *was* a man in the case—I had suspected that. The mistake of our meeting, I could see, was natural. I had taken her for Dolly van Zandt, she had taken me for the murderous chauffeur. Here was the girl with the story—here was I, dubbed and razzled on my first night's probation with the *Messenger*.

"I suppose, now that you have caught me red-handed, that you have also drawn your deductions as to the motive for my deed?" I enquired.

"That's easy," she explained. "I naturally concluded you were Dollie's ex-husband, the Reno gambler. Mr. Dodge, often unscrupulous in his deals, bribed you with worthless stock. You were crazed with jealousy and disappointment when you struck the blow."

Again I looked at my watch. It was a quarter to one. Here was the story for the taking—if I was pup enough to take it. On the other hand I could do the decent thing, and be the yellow dog of the local room. Distinctly in my ears I could hear the gibe of Jupiter Jackson,



"You're too good a reporter to fall down for any such medieval motive as *sentiment*." Not this time!

The pearl-handled revolver was lying, forgotten, on the table. I leaned over quietly and slipped it into my pocket. The girl from the *Globe* saw and shrank back with a smothered scream.

"Little Sister of Sherlock Holmes," I said, "I don't know how long you've been off the society page on the trail of live news—but this I *will* say; you've just naturally strolled onto one of the stories of the year, one of the kind for which James Creelman would give the eye-teeth of his inmost soul. You're so lucky you're ridiculous. Why, you've been an actual *witness* to a first-magnitude murder—which is as rare an occurrence in the newspaper business as a fresh egg in an actor's boarding house. Now look here. I want to break the truth with a hard bump. My name's Ferguson and I'm on this job representing the *Morning Messenger*."

The poor little girl sank back against the table and rested her merry widow on her chamois-skin gloves. Darn those feminines! When she looked at me her eyes—of course—were full of tears. Hers are the kind that can go down into the wells of sorrow and bring up a bucket of water every time.

"You're not going—to take—my story—are you?" she whispered.

I looked out across the mist and the moor and the moon.

"Look here," I said, "a newspaper girl shouldn't whine. You've kept me here, leading me on, till it's too late for me to get the facts for myself. You dumped all the facts into my hands without my asking for them. This is no Munsey's Magazine romance. It's a dead plain matter of business. The story lies between us. I'm going to take it and send it to my paper."

A rusty key hung in the door. I fitted it to the lock outside.

"God! What are you going to do? It means life—you mustn't keep me here!" she shrieked. Her baby face became suddenly lined and haggard with terror.

"I'm going to lock you in," I said, "until I've telephoned the story to my paper and the early morning edition is out on the street."

"Have you no—no chivalry?" she moaned.

"No, thank heaven! For once in my life I am neither a donkey nor a Don Quixote."

The girl, who had never moved from her chair, laughed wildly as I closed the door.

"I was looking for a murderer," she said, "and I've found a thief."

I turned the lock and proceeded a few steps over the dunes. I stopped. Not the faintest twitter came from the car. Maybe she'd fainted. I hate 'em to faint. I turned back and looked in through a dirty window. She was pressing so close to the pane from the inside that our faces seemed to touch.

Then did the undefeated ghost of chivalry kick within me like Maud the mule, crying, "gum-drops have been stolen from blind babies; but this meanness stands unique and unequalled."

I drew the rusty key from my pocket and opened the door.

"Come on, Miss O'Donnell," I said. "There's a telephone in the little road house over yonder. If we beat it we can get the wire in time to send in your story—it's yours. Come on."

Taking her hand, I led her, almost dragged her, over the uneven sands, explaining to her, as we went, the best and briefest way to tell the essential points in her story. Half way up the Cliff House road we struck a crazy blue-front road house. A dim light was glimmering in a back room. A boozy proprietor came to the door.

"Telephone!" I panted, throwing him a dollar. He pointed to a booth at the far end of the bar.

"Take your time—you've got the wire," I told her. "Tell the whole thing and don't forget to lay stress on your part in the performance."

I stood waiting out of earshot. Women may be garrulous, but I'll say to the credit of the girl from the *Globe* that great news was never sent out so rapidly.

"You're a wonder! It seems incredible you could have sent it all in this length of time," I said as she joined me at the door, her face flushed with young triumph.

"I'm sure my reputation's made," she

cried. "You've been so kind to help me out this way—"

She reeled and half fell into my arms where she rested a moment sobbing.

"I'm so tired. The street cars are stopped—can't you send me home some way—alone?"

"I've got a motor—expense account, charged to the *Messenger*," I volunteered. "It's no use to me any more tonight. I'll send you in on that."

I led her to the spot where the car and the chauffeur, both asleep, were waiting. I shook up the man, helped her in and was about to turn away.

"Mr. Ferguson," she called softly, "you are a sort of Don Quixote—queer, but awfully, awfully good. You've saved me more than you'll ever know."

"Look here, Peaches," I growled, "before you go I want it distinctly understood that it isn't because you're the sweetest and most helpless and bluest-eyed heart-eruption I've met for several months that I've spoiled my job tonight. If you'd been a wall-eyed ostrich, in the same fix, I'd have helped you just the same. Because the unwritten law of the white reporter says, 'Thou shalt not cheat inside the profession.' Good-night."

She whispered a direction to the chauffeur. The motor slid away into the foggy moonlight, a yard of light chiffon trailing in the rear.

It was one-ten when I got back to the Blue Lion. The press, the corpse and the coroner had departed. In an alcove off the barroom I found Hoyt and Apperson holding a high-ball *post mortem*.

"Sylvester B. Dodge was the Past Grand Hickory of the Hard Nuts," growled Hoyt. "How any woman could have got around that old Simon Legree is more than I can figure."

"Ever see Dolly van Zandt?" droned Apperson sifting tobacco into a yellow paper. "Nero couldn't stand up against that type. Just a baby-faced, ingenue little girl from home. Big blue orbs that could draw sympathy out of a lamp-post." I shoved my ears forward about a foot. "She dressed the part of an eighteen-year-old—and, gosh, how she could weep! Ever see her photo?"

Apperson passed a photograph across the table to Hoyt.

I sprang wildly into the astonished circle and snatched the portrait from the outstretched hand. I took in the likeness at a glance, then tossed it back to Hoyt.

"That's her, all right," I pronounced with the dignity befitting a journalistic success. "I have just had a thorough interview with the lady. Bill, would you mind stepping to the 'phone and telling the office to hold everything till they hear from me? I've landed the BIG story."

## ANTAEUS

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

I am the giant sun hurled down the night  
That rises at the dawn; blown in the dust  
The seed am I that from autumnal rust  
Springs with the April from the snowdrifts white.  
I am the raindrop trembling with affright  
Swept downward by the lightning's poniard thrust  
That climbs the skies with ropes of pearl august—  
Grown to the ocean girdled round with might.  
That mind I am that from its unbelief  
Struggles with wrestle hundredfold till free,  
And in the effort grows more strong and broad.  
I am the heart grown strong from touch of grief,  
The soul that rises from humility  
So high it is beloved of man and God!

# The Grass Valley Hold-up

## A Story of HUME-Detective

by George Willoughby

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—In all the annals of Western history, nothing has surpassed the remarkable life of Detective J. B. Hume, who for over thirty years was employed by Wells, Fargo & Co., to run down its highway robbers. His experiences were many and varied. Dealing with a class of desperadoes who have never been excelled for courage and trickery, his life was constantly in peril. The saying, "Hume never lets up once he is after a man," was proved by his indefatigable efforts. Skillful and daring, he brought more stage robbers to justice than were convicted by any other officer in the wild, turbulent West.

**I**N 1873, before the Nevada County Narrow Gauge Railroad was built, passengers, mail and express matter for Nevada City, Grass Valley and adjoining camps, were carried by stage from Colfax on the Cent'l Pacific road. To accommodate this traffic, two six-horse coaches were run daily, one Sunday, between Colfax and Nevada City during the week. These stages were the regulation overland type, with three seats on the inside, accommodating three passengers each. On the seat with the driver there was room for one more, and on the top or deck of the stage two "dicky" seats made room for six additional passengers. A wrought-iron safe was built into the back part of the stage; cushioned on top, it served as the inside back seat of the coach.

On the afternoon of Sunday, July 27, 1873, a tall, slender girl in blue, whose name appeared on the stage-book as "Miss E. Webber," was watching with the interest of ownership the hoisting of a large trunk to the deck of a coach standing before the office of Wells, Fargo & Co. at Colfax. Her poise, dignity and conservative manner evidenced Eastern

refinement, and the strain of a long journey had not marred the sweet winsomeness of her beauty.

The trunk securely lashed in position, the mail bags thrown on and the pouches of gold safely locked in the iron vault, the coach was ready to start; following the young lady, the eleven male passengers clambered to their seats. Owing to the opening of the court in Nevada City the following day, the passenger list included ten of Nevada's most brilliant "legal lights," lawyers and judges of that district. The eleventh gentleman stared somewhat vacantly out of the window, and seemed oblivious to the conversation of his fellow-passengers.

The road for the first few miles led with many curves and windings down to Bear River; an easy and regular descent made possible a lively, pleasant trot. It was the very poetry of staging. At one moment, rounding a rugged point, the leaders would disappear, engulfed apparently in the pale blue atmosphere which hangs over dizzy heights, the next the coach swung around the point and the wheels grazed the very verge of an abyss; far below, through depths of swimming air,

gleamed the foaming waters of Bear River.

Crossing the stream, the ascending grade rendered progress much slower. With so many of the brightest minds of the state on board, however, amid witty sallies and brilliant repartees the lagging pace was unnoticed. Softly and peacefully the summer Sabbath was drawing to a close. The passengers felt the charm of the hour; the coach rolled onward in the long summer twilight, and yielding to the spell of the moment, E. Black Ryan, a well-known railroad attorney, sang in clear tenor the sweet old Irish melody, "The Low-Backed Car."

The stage was now nearing the lower end of Sheet's Ranch, some four or five miles from the end of their journey. The team was walking slowly, the passengers enjoying the melodious voice of the singer, when four armed, masked men stepped suddenly before the horses and covered the passengers with their guns. Stage and the song came to an abrupt halt.

The oppressive silence was relieved by the driver's demand, "What do you want?"

"The treasure box."

"It's on the other stage," returned the driver.

"Well, we'll keep you until the other stage comes up," was the answer.

Another trying pause, followed by the command: "Climb down and unhitch your team. Two coaches don't run on Sunday."

Passengers and driver, under guard of two of the robbers, were marched some thirty feet ahead of the stage and formed in line, while the yawning muzzle of a shotgun enforced obedience. The two remaining highwaymen then attacked the treasure-box, which was secured by a double lock. An old miner's pick served to smash the outer padlock, and preparations were made to blow open the second lock with powder and fuse. Miss Webber, who was silently watching the entire proceeding and realized their purpose, spoke for the first time since the appearance of the highwaymen.

"Gentlemen," she said entreatingly, "all I possess in the world is in my trunk. Its destruction will not benefit you, and

it will be an irreparable loss to me. I beg of you take down my trunk before you blow up the safe."

"Certainly, miss, with the greatest of pleasure," gallantly responded the masked leader, and putting down the can of powder, he climbed nimbly to the deck of the stage, and slid the trunk carefully down over the boot, where it was received by a companion and placed out of danger.

Resuming their task, the two men soon charged the lock, lighted the fuse and quickly withdrew to a place of safety. A sudden hiss, a spurt of red fire, a loud report broke the slumbering echoes of the hills. As soon as the smoke cleared away, the leader surveyed the scattered contents of the ruined treasure-box and called, "All right, boys, come on! Let 'em hitch up and go on." He carefully replaced the trunk, and Miss Webber bowed her thanks somewhat gravely.

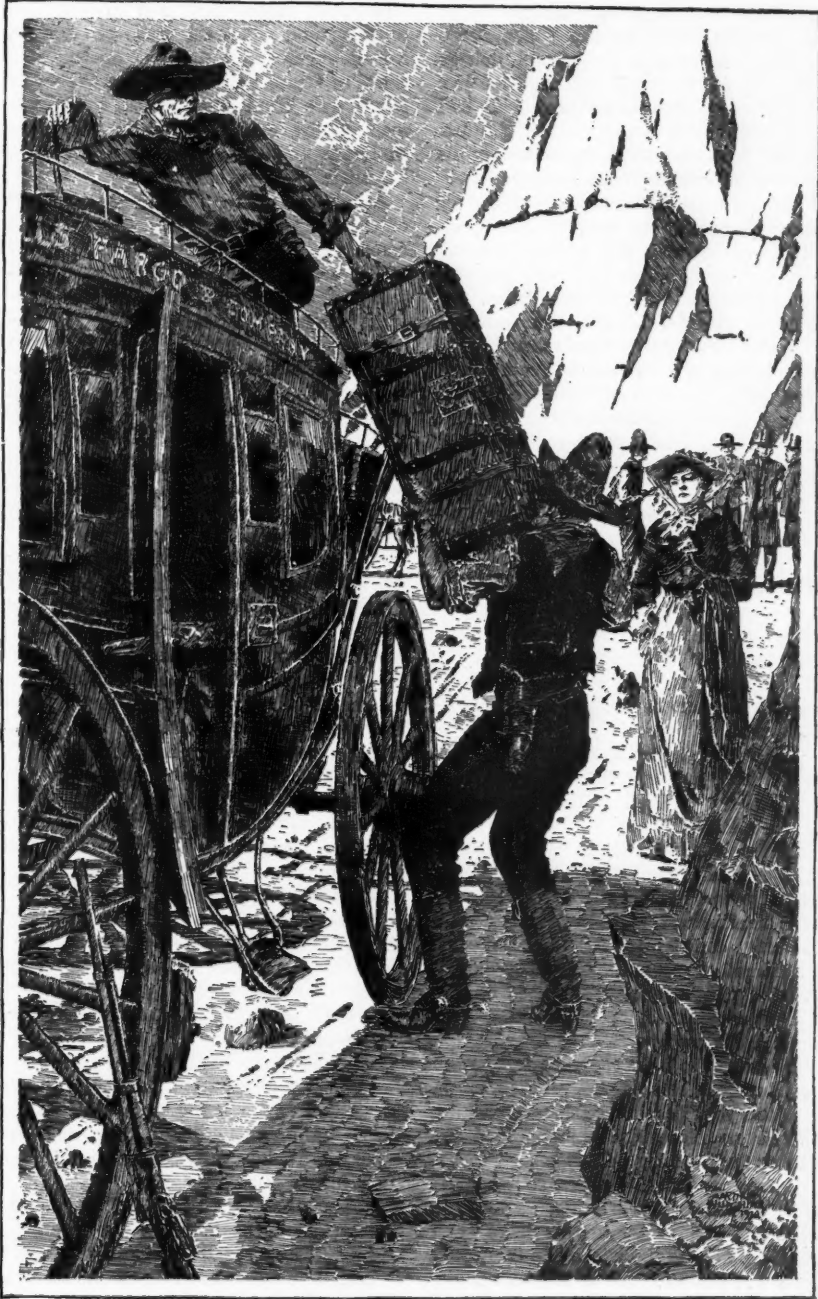
The stage at first appeared to be completely demolished. The top of the iron box had been bent double, and hurled through the roof of the coach, and fragments of the lock had been blown through the box and floor. Despite the ripped-off lining and shattered woodwork of the stage, the running-gear was found to be uninjured. Under the direction of the highwaymen, who desired that the party should proceed at once and leave them to gather the scattered booty, it required but a few moments for the driver to hitch up the team, and as the passengers seated themselves as best they could, the dilapidated vehicle continued toward Grass Valley.

A little more than a half mile had been traveled when, rounding a projecting ledge which effectually shut off their view of the hold-up scene, the silent passenger who had taken no active part during the recent turmoil, whispered to the driver: "Wait here a half hour. If I'm not back, drive on."

The men in the waiting coach were consumed with astonishment. "Who is this man?" they demanded, while light suddenly dawned on one of the judges. "A detective?" he gasped.

The driver nodded. "Hume."

"Hume!" Every man in the party stared blankly at the other, and someone



*"And slid the trunk carefully down"*



burst into uncontrollable laughter. It was not uncommon for the Wells, Fargo Company to convey its special officers in disguise for just such occasions as this, but the realization that they, who had seen the detective in court scores of times, had not been able to recognize him in his make-up, impressed them as a huge joke.

"He's probably laughing at us up his sleeve," lamented the irrepressible Ryan, and they watched the rapidly moving figure across the ledge and down the cliff until the rocks shut him from view.

Fifteen minutes later a succession of quick shots was heard—then silence. The half hour lacked five minutes of completion when those who had cautiously crept to the turn in the road could discern through the dusk their fellow-passenger returning. That the robbers had made away with the booty was all the information he could be induced to vouchsafe, although he admitted that he had hopes of capturing the band, especially their leader.

Following a long discussion of the hold-up, with its incidental surprise in the person of Detective Hume, conversation turned to Miss Webber, who had bravely held up under the shock, and was an interested listener to the spirited remarks of the men.

"There must be something in that trunk which you value highly," suggested one, smiling. "Love letters, perhaps?" hazarded Ryan.

The girl hesitated, then laughed a little, nervous, excited laugh. "It contains my trousseau," she explained. "I am to be married tonight at Grass Valley."

Hearty congratulations were offered. "The sweetheart of your youth, I suppose," persisted Mr. Ryan, always keen on the trail of a romance, "come to the West to make his fortune?"

"You seem to have gathered the facts," she admitted, blushing.

"I tell you," exclaimed Ryan heartily, "there's no place like this part of the country for a young fellow."

"Somehow I didn't think so when he came, almost five years ago," said Miss Webber, "though I seem to have been mistaken. But I believe Louis would succeed anywhere," she added with pride.

The little romance, in some measure,

offset the unpleasant incident of the robbery, and when the stage stopped at a neat, comfortable dwelling on the outskirts of Grass Valley and Miss Webber's trunk was lifted down, good cheer permeated the entire party as the bride smilingly thanked her fellow-passengers for their good wishes.

An elderly woman, evidently the owner of the house, escorted her visitor to the comfortable living-room and relieved her of her wraps. Miss Webber told breathlessly of the hold-up, and having somewhat recovered from the shock of the experience, made inquiry concerning the absence of her fiancé. A voluble explanation attributed his enforced delay to a business trip out of town; he was expected at once, however.

"He said he'd drop in for the parson on his way back," continued the landlady, "and for you to be ready. But of course he expected you'd get here earlier."

"Then perhaps I'd better change my gown," suggested the girl. "How near I came to having no wedding dress," and as the older woman assisted her to don a white gown and prepare for the ceremony, the bride-elect told of the highwayman's gallantry. In return the landlady told of the wealth of the future bridegroom and remarked that he was frequently absent from home for several days at a time. The toilet had only been completed when two men, one evidently a clergyman, were ushered into the comfortable parlor of the home and awaited her appearance.

As she was shown into the room by her hostess, a tall, rugged young man, bronzed by the sun of the plains, came forward to meet her.

"At last, Eleanor," he exclaimed, taking her in his arms.

"Has it been hard to wait so long, Louis?" she smiled archly, soberly adding: "I don't believe many girls have to go through the experience of being held up by stage robbers on their way to join their future husband."

He started. "You—held up!" he gasped. She repeated the story of the robbery, adding, "Only for the gallantry of their leader, I should have been without a wedding gown tonight."

"A mere incident, my dear, of the wild and woolly West," he said. "No stage robber would ever harm you—your beauty would disarm him," and he changed the subject.

"Come, parson, I guess we're ready."

The minister opened his ritual; the marriage ceremony began. When the final words were spoken, the groom bent over a table to sign the usual documents. The light from the shaded lamp exposed a deep red scar across his wrist. The bride started. That marked wrist—that curious scar—where had she seen it before? Like a living picture, flashed by the unerring rays of memory, before her eyes seemed to move an arm, a shirt sleeve drawn back exposing a scar, and straining muscles as a trunk was lifted, at her request, from a stage coach. Every vestige of color left the girl's face. The hideous truth dawned upon her.

"Louis, that scar?" she cried, as the incidents of that troubled day flooded her brain. Had there not been something vaguely familiar in the voice of the stage robber who had removed her trunk? Had not his carriage and build reminded her of someone whom she knew? Ah, the resemblance was but too plain!

With a cry of loathing and horror she fled the room. The groom stood for a moment stunned, then amid the confusion hurriedly left the house. Eleanor locked herself in her apartment and wept hysterically in bitter grief.

The lover of her youth had indeed enriched himself in the Golden West! But how?

The incidents of the stage robbery were freely discussed at the little hotel and elsewhere in the town. The story of the strange wedding spread apace; suspicion attached to several individuals in various quarters. Detective Hume preserved his usual silence, but with particular interest worked out his theories under careful secrecy.

A few days later, while the people were still exercised over the robbery, a young man registered under the name of Robert Walker at the hotel kept by Mrs. Hank Meyer in the secluded village of Coloma, El Dorado County. He gave his business as that of mining superintendent, having

been recently employed at the St. Patrick Mine at Ophir in Placer County. Into the safe keeping of the landlady he gave some thousands of dollars in gold coin, and a small bar of gold bullion. The young fellow seemed sad and preoccupied, and on account of his liberality and kindness to the children of Coloma, the sympathies of all the parents of the town were quickly enlisted. He was followed about by a troop of youngsters whom it was his pleasure to "shout" to all the goodies afforded by the village shopkeepers.

But as the days wore on, his overwhelming grief drove him nearly to frenzy, and in desperation he sought the solace of the town saloon. He drifted recklessly, madly, to the universal regret of the good people of Coloma.

Through the underground channels by which such news travels, Detective Hume learned of the "good angel" who had taken up his abode at Coloma, and decided at once to investigate, after learning from Ophir that no Walker had ever been employed at that place.

Procuring a team, under cover of darkness, the detective started for the little town and arrived in the early morning. Appearing suddenly at the hotel, he demanded that Mrs. Meyer produce the coins and bar of gold deposited by Walker. His suspicions were correct; the bar had evidently been cut from a larger one with a cold chisel, and from appearances was a portion of that stolen in the Grassy Plain stage robbery of the week previous. Many of the coins were bent and powder burned as if by explosion. Walker was the man he wanted.

"Get up!" he commanded as he broke into the sleeping-room and found the man in bed. "I want you!"

"Want mel What for?"

"Stage-robbing. Get your clothes. We're going to Placerville."

The captive realized the futility of argument with the armed officer, and rose, hastily dressed and both descended.

The excited landlady met them at the foot of the stairs, laden with the deposited valuables of her recent guest. "I'll take it," said Hume, "and give you a receipt for it." She looked questioningly at Walker, who stood half-dazed, but nodded

permission. The money was delivered to Hume, the prisoner shackled and placed in a buggy for the return to Placerville.

Humane and tender-hearted under his brusque exterior, the detective observed that Walker, suddenly cut off from stimulants after his protracted spell of hard drinking, was a nervous wreck, and his first care after getting the prisoner to Placerville was to place him in the care of a physician. When the patient had recovered and was quite himself, Hume interviewed him, informing him briefly that the gold and bar in his possession were clearly a part of the spoils in the Grass Valley stage robbery.

At first the captive was somewhat stubborn. Suddenly, he broke completely down, and in short, broken sentences sketched his life story. An Eastern boy of education and family, he had come West to seek a fortune. There was a girl—he bowed his head. He found that the streets in the new country were not paved with gold, and began to drift. His love of adventure eventually led him to the highways as a robber. He skimmed rapidly over the incidents in his short stage-robbing career, and followed with a full confession of the Grass Valley hold-up.

There was a pause, and in a hushed voice, he rehearsed the story of his wedding. "I was mad," he concluded as he turned helplessly to his listener. A loathing and horror of his crime consumed him; he was willing to suffer imprisonment—but—the girl—

With blunt but effective eloquence Hume laid before the young fellow the heinousness of his offence toward the state that had harbored him—and toward a trusting, innocent girl. The prisoner, so lately engrossed in self-commiseration, forgot his ill fortune and saw with a ghastly clearness his obligations toward the victims of his crimes.

"What can I do? Is there anything I can do?" he burst out, with touching penitence.

Hume saw that his prisoner was sufficiently humiliated. He noted with satisfaction the firm jaw, the clear-cut features, and eyes agleam with natural honesty, now that the love of adventure had been sated.

"I think you can clear yourself with the state," he replied, "by aiding in the capture of your accomplices." He outlined the customary procedure of the court in the case of a prisoner who has turned state's evidence.

"But the girl," he continued, gravely, "is a different matter, and—rather out of my line. I will arrange for you to see her, and you can tell her the story you have told me. If you can touch the heart of a gruff old detective," he murmured to himself, "you have a chance."

In his full confession, Louis Devansley, alias Walker, implicated as his associates James Meyers, a saloon-keeper of Grass Valley, Nat Stover, a miner, and George Lane. Hume immediately telegraphed Sheriff Perham of Nevada City to meet him at Grass Valley, and setting out at once, reached the town shortly after dark. From the sheriff he learned that Stover was employed at the Coe mine between Grass Valley and Nevada City. On the sheriff's assurance that the superintendent of the mine would lend his hearty cooperation when he learned their mission, they drove at once to the mine. The superintendent was aroused. "Where's Stover?" asked Sheriff Perham, and briefly stated the charge. The superintendent scoffed at the idea of Stover's being implicated in a robbery; Nat was one of the most industrious and reliable men in his employ. He could be found in a cabin just away from the mine, and had just returned from a hunting expedition.

Hume employed strategy, requesting that the superintendent go to the cabin and tell Stover that the pump had been broken in the mine; he was to induce him to come up to repair it, and the officers could then interview him. Stover made his appearance in due time. Awaiting his opportunity Hume suddenly extracted a large six-shooter from the miner's pocket. Things took on a different color. Hume briefly stated the charge, and although he stoutly maintained innocence, Stover was placed in the sheriff's buggy, securely handcuffed to the seat and started on his way to jail in Nevada City. With two of the highwaymen in captivity, the detective set out on foot for Grass Valley to continue operations.

Devansley, in his confession, had stated that Meyers' share of the plunder, fourteen hundred dollars, had been buried by him under a log in Boston Ravine, at a spot he carefully described. Hume found the place without difficulty, but though the earth showed abundant evidence that Devansley's statement had been correct, the money was not there. Hume made his way to Meyers' saloon, abruptly entered his sleeping-room and announced his mission.

"Meyers, where's that money Devansley buried for you under a log in Boston Ravine?"

The saloon-keeper denied, as had Stover, all knowledge of both robbery and money. "Very well," said Hume, "get your clothes and come along." Meyers soon after joined his associates in the county jail.

The last of the four, George Lester, alias Lane, was traced to Virginia City, Nevada, and there captured and brought back for trial. During this time, Devansley was detained in the county jail at Nevada City for the final disposition of the cases of his accomplices. True to his word, Hume had arranged for the meeting between the crestfallen and penitent prisoner and his grief-stricken bride. At times the tree of adversity puts forth a sweet flower—hope; its strange fragrance was intermingled with these young lives and the bride and groom dreamed of a

future where they could begin life anew far away from the scene of their distress.

In turning state's evidence, Devansley was an effective witness for the cause of justice, and through his candor and ingeniousness, incited by the wonderful fortitude of his young wife, won the hearts of the entire community, and the commiseration of the Bar of Nevada County.

When the cases were at last disposed of, Hume, in his kindly way, sought a pardon for the unfortunate young man.

\* \* \*

A few days later, the eastbound stage stopped at a cottage on the outskirts of Grass Valley, and the driver, recognizing the trunk, bowed greeting to the young lady who came toward the stage accompanied by a tall, good-looking man. "Hope you won't have to go through any scene like when you come over," he blundered, as he shot a quick glance of recognition at her escort.

The man winced, but was silent.

At Colfax the couple were joined by a friend, who, after a cordial greeting, took the young man aside and thrust a banknote into his hand. "You might need it, boy," he remarked. They conversed gravely for a few moments, and as the train pulled out he waved a farewell to the young people.

Then Hume, the detective, turned to follow new trails.

## SEARCH EVER FOR GOOD

By ALICE BAKER

SEARCH for the good in every heart,  
 'Twill help you better to do your part;  
 That each in harmony may grow  
 With the universe in which we sow.

Chill not the love of some child's heart,  
 For want of sunshine on your part;  
 But let him learn of love's great power  
 And be able to see it in every flower.

Pluck not the daisies wet with dew,  
 Though meaningless they seem to you;  
 But help them to withstand the cold  
 That they may other blooms unfold.



THE sluggish vacation season is upon us, and everybody is "restin' up" for the coming fall. If the family have "gone to the country" the talking machine has gone along with the baggage, for as a means of entertainment with the least amount of physical exertion it is in a class by itself. Or possibly the phonograph has been left behind for the entertainment of father, who, as he sits puffing blue rings of smoke—close to the parlor draperies—in the parlor window, may be transported to the realms of vaudeville, the theatre or Grand Opera as he wills.

To supply march music for drills, Columbia graphophones have been used lately, I understand, in a number of schools—an excellent idea, it seems to me, and capable of great development. The soul-stirring marches played by the greatest band organizations in the country would give life to any schoolroom, and a glance through the catalogues of the different companies reveals a wide range of march music suitable for public school purposes.

\* \* \*

Two lively marches on the Columbia list for August are worth being recorded for the opening of the school term—double-disc record A838, on which Prince's Military Band play "Florentine March" and "Reeve's March." Among the cylinder records are "New Colonial March" and Sousa's "National Fencibles March," by the band.

Both cylinder lists—two and four minute—contain some excellent material. Everyone wants "Meet Me Where the

Lanterns Glow," Manuel Klein's waltz, which was so popular in the New York Hippodrome this season. For the veranda impromptu dance the band offers "Girls of Baden Waltzes," "Mandy Jane Schottische," "Artists' Life Waltz," "Southern Roses Waltzes," "To Thee Waltzes" and "L'Estudiantina Waltz," half a dozen excellent dances.

After—or before, as you will—perusal of "The Awakening of Arkansas" in this month's NATIONAL, Len Spencer and Ada Jones in the vaudeville specialty, "Return of the Arkansas Traveler," add the finishing touch.

If you require absurdities for amusement get "Grizzly Bear" and "When You Marry a Girl for Looks," "Ain't You Coming Out Tonight?" and "If He Comes In, I'm Goin' Out," in double-disc records.

Jose Mardones, called "the greatest living basso," and Eugenie Bronskaja, the celebrated Russian soprano of the Boston Opera Company, are announced this month as being under exclusive contract with the Columbia people. Mardones is liked particularly in the title role of "Mefistofele," and his record this month includes its prologue, also the well-known "Piff Paff" from "Les Huguenots."

\* \* \*

The Edison list for August is especially replete with "vacation" music to suit the summer time taste. "Mr. Editor, How Do You Know?" the query put to the editor of a ladies' department in one of the newspapers regarding his profound knowledge of boudoir secrets, is one of the most amusing records I have heard for some time.



The tale of Finnegan's "Night Trip to Buffalo" has been so popular as a two-minute record that it has been put on the Amberol list. Most Edison owners know how Finnegan dreams and wakes under rather extraordinary circumstances; those who don't will want the whole story, told by the Premier Quartette.

While Billy Murray's talent is so diversified as to adjust itself to almost any sort of selection, he is generally preferred in something humorous. "The Morning After the Night Before," then, is Mr. Murray at his best.

Has anyone yet tried lulling his young son or daughter to slumber by means of the phonograph? I do not know that I have ever seen the talking machine put to the test, but "Mack's Lullaby" on the August list has a suggestive title, and a charming air.

A new Scotch artist, J. Scott Skinner, makes his appearance in the Edison circle with "The Birlin Reels." One of the other good instrumental selections is the "Austrian Army March," played by the United States Marine Band Orchestra, with which we are already familiar and "Knights of Columbus March," a vigorous band number rendered by the New York Military Band. Then there is "Belphegor March," by the National (London) Military Band and in classical music "Ballet Music from 'Le Cid,'" played by Victor Herbert and his orchestra.

Among the Grand Opera Amberol Records are some of the best grand opera artists—Jorn, Polese, Carmen Melis, Marguerita Sylva and Marie Delna; besides Hebrew selections by Paskal, and Swedish records by Asplund.

\* \* \*

Two very important contract engagements are featured by the Victor Company this month—that of Fritz Kreisler, the master violinist, who has recently completed a triumphant American tour, and John Barnes Wells, the well-known church

and concert singer. The Victor owner will want at least one of Mr. Kreisler's records: "Hungarian Dance in G minor," Brahms-Joachim, "Gavotte in E major," Bach, "Swanee River," Foster, or "Aus der Heimat," Smetana.

Mr. Wells sings "In Maytime" and "Beloved, It is Morn," in a delightfully clear tenor.

Victor Herbert's "Mlle. Modiste" is handled by the Victor Light Opera Company in excellent shape. The record will doubtless be a favorite with Victor owners who are collecting the "Gems" of the Light Opera Company.

Harry Lauder's two selections are "Jean MacNeill" and "The Blarney Stone," both admirably recorded.

"Sadie Brady," a waltz song by Jack Norworth, is sung in his own fascinating tenor; in "Rosa Rosetta" he is joined by Miss Bayes. Those who have missed the Bayes-Norworth records of the past few months will want Record 16508—a medley of the hits of this popular couple arranged by the Victor Orchestra.

A novelty selection is "Big Bass Viol," by Stanley and the Peerless Quartet. On the reverse face of the record Golden and Hughes tell the story of "Epitaphs" ("Two Darkeys in a Cemetery") in their own inimitable style.

Elida Morris, well known in vaudeville, is to sing a series of duets with Billy Murray. "Angel Eyes" is a promising beginning.

While the Grand Opera stars are touring Europe in the summer season their records are naturally in particular demand. The Victor people have selected some especially good material for their Red Seal records: The third act duet from "Madam Butterfly," rendered by Caruso and Scotti; a "Trovatore" aria by Madam Gerville-Reache; both English and Italian ballads by McCormack; a "Pagliacci" record by Zerola, and that old-time d'Hardelot favorite, "Because," Evan Williams.

# The Turbulent Romance of Oil by W. C. Jenkins

## PETROLEUM AS A NATIONAL WEALTH PRODUCER

THE production of petroleum would be valueless without a market, and in order to find an outlet for the vast amount of oil pumped from the various fields the Standard Oil Company has sent its agents into every known land to introduce the products and to stimulate trade. For over thirty years it has found a foreign market for sixty per cent of the manufactured products of the crude output of oil in this country, and this in face of the competition from the great oil fields of Europe which are as extensive as those of America. Persia, Burma, Ceylon, Galicia, Bulgaria and Roumania have extensive oil fields, while those of Russia alone are nearly as large as the known fields of the United States. With this great competition to contend with, the Standard sends the American product into those countries and sells it at a profit. In Burma the Standard is in competition with the great oil monopoly of that country. This monopoly gets its product into India free of duty while the Standard pays a tariff on every gallon it sells there.

The money drawn into the United States through channels created by the Standard Oil Company exceeds three hundred thousand dollars a day for every day of the year. During the year 1909 the value in gold of Standard Oil Company's exports amounted to \$112,000,000. Its total exports since organization have reached the stupendous sum of \$2,450,000,000. Surely the Standard has been no insignificant factor in creating the great wealth this country enjoys.

Aggregation of capital has brought to

the Standard Oil Company its greatest advantage in the development of a foreign trade. In its contest on the Continent, and especially in Russia, with the great oil interests of the Rothschilds and of prominent English capitalists, its success has been largely due to its great financial strength.

In order to carry on its great export trade the Standard owns two hundred tank steamers besides many sailing ships. The company gives employment to seventy thousand men and maintains nearly four thousand distributing stations in the United States.

Not the least turbulent period of its existence is found in the harassment given this mighty giant of the Twentieth Century by present-day legislation. For ten years past no organization has been so set upon by politicians, no branch of commercial life so stigmatized, as the Standard Oil Company.

In 1870 the Company was organized with a capital of one million dollars, and acquired the business and properties of Rockefeller, Andrews and Flagler. This company was no insignificant concern—its refineries were not only the largest in Cleveland but in the entire country, and its business embraced fully ten per cent of the entire petroleum industry of the United States. The new corporation attracted at once large capitalists who had confidence in the organizers, and the venture was launched with not only ample funds, but practically an unlimited credit.

A strong financial position gave the new corporation an advantage in the general struggle for existence which was being encountered by every refinery in

the United States. Refineries had been built without rhyme or reason; it was apparent that the law of the "survival of the fittest" must prevail, and the purchase by the Standard Oil Company in 1871 and 1872 of various properties was the natural and inevitable result of the prevalent condition. The refineries acquired by the Standard Oil Company were utilized to every advantage possible. The best were kept in operation, being connected by pipe lines with the other Standard refineries, and it was discovered that control of the various plants under

and to acquire new markets abroad. The Long Island Oil Company, with a refinery, warehouses and extensive dock property at Long Island, was purchased late in 1872. In 1873 the Standard purchased a controlling interest in the Devoe Manufacturing Company, another Long Island refinery company with some trade established in Europe and the Orient. This marked the commencement of the great export trade which has since been acquired by the Standard.

From 1875 to 1881, Standard Oil interests bought a considerable number of



LOADING CASES INTO BULLOCK CART IN FRONT OF WAREHOUSE  
AT KALIMAS, WEST SOERABAJA, JAVA

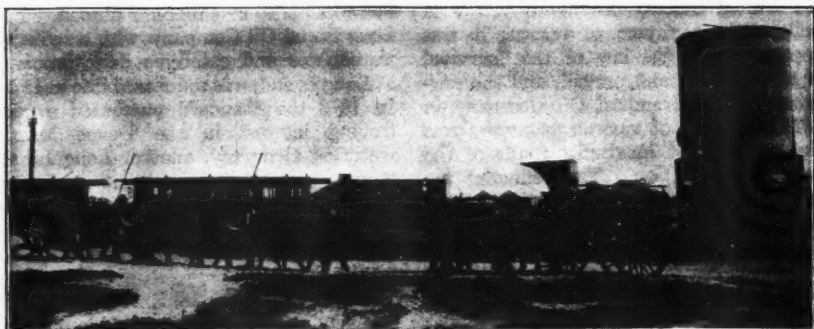
one management would result in greatly reduced expense. Here was the beginning of the Standard's remarkable era of large volume and small profits.

In the purchase of the various refineries the Standard imposed no restrictive covenants which would prevent the owners from again entering the business, hence there was no apparent desire to possess an exclusive control of the industry.

With the new refineries and a consequent increase in production, the Standard found that a market for the output was lacking. The only available channel was foreign trade, but before anything could be accomplished it was necessary to add to the shipping facilities at the seaboard

refineries engaged in the manufacture of illuminating oil. With but few exceptions these purchases were paid for in cash. During this period the Standard acquired a number of pipe line properties and various plants which manufactured lubricating oils.

In 1882 the Trust Agreement was devised as a simple and effective means of holding and administering the common properties and of furnishing the common owners with marketable tokens of their respective interests. These interests were varied in nature, the properties widespread, located in many different states, the laws of which were in some cases restrictive as to the rights of corporations, and the



VACUUM OIL COMPANY'S TANK AT OPORTO, SPAIN

trusteeship was formulated as a simple method of providing an administrative supervision. The total amount of trust certificates issued in 1882 by the trustees was seven hundred thousand shares of seventy million dollars par value, which was the total appraised value of all the stocks and properties transferred to the trustees. Under this organization the Standard was conducted until 1892, when the liquidation of the trust was begun. In 1899 the present holding company came into existence.

To ensure an adequate and constant supply of crude oil for the refineries it early became indispensable for the Standard Oil interests to own pipe lines. In 1873 they proceeded to acquire pipe line properties, partly by purchase and partly by construction. By 1877 about seven

hundred miles of pipe lines were under the control of the Standard, all in the state of Pennsylvania.

The acquisition of these properties has often been criticised and declared to have been an attempt to control production, but in the last analysis there would seem to have been no existing reason why the Standard interests should not purchase these lines in order to ensure their own supply of crude oil, which was liable to fail at any time on account of the diverse interests involved in such a multifarious ownership, or because of incompetent management. Most of the owners lacked capital to keep pace with the development of the oil fields, and unless the pipe lines were extended promptly to take care of the production of newly opened wells, much oil would go to waste to the great



FORWARDING STATION AT STETTIN, GERMANY

loss of the producers and a corresponding loss to the refiners.

The acquisition and construction of pipe lines by the Standard Oil interests in Pennsylvania during the late seventies and early eighties required rare foresight and large capital. The company was compelled to reach out in every direction and by the acquisition and construction of refineries both for illuminating and lubricating oil, also the extension of their marketing and expert facilities, to carry their products in all markets of the world.

have occurred in more recent years, and especially since 1898. There are ten large refineries which were erected by competitors prior to 1890 that have been operated continuously down to the present day. By 1895 this number had grown to thirty-eight, and in 1906 there were in actual operation 123 independent refineries. The illuminating oil refined and sold in the United States by competitors of the Standard increased from 1,015,463 barrels in 1899 to 1,752,433 barrels in 1906—a gain of 736,970 barrels or 72.6



LOADING A LIGHTER ON THE RIVER, KALIMAS, JAVA. THE WAREHOUSES  
OPPOSITE ARE SUGAR GODOWNS

The Standard began the production of crude oil in 1889, and in 1898 its percentage of the total production amounted to thirty-three per cent. From that date its percentage was continually reduced, and by 1906 had declined to about eleven per cent. Among those controlling productions are several of the Standard's most important competitors in refining the crude as the Gulf Refining Company, The Texas Company, The Pure Oil Company and the Crew-Levick Company.

Since the beginning of the business there have always been refiners of oil competing with the Standard. The greatest development and growth in competition, however,

per cent, while the total domestic sales by the Standard increased only 6.5 per cent during the same period.

A still greater increase appears in the exports of illuminating oil refined by competitors. These increased from 1,371,783 barrels in 1900 to 2,406,518 barrels in 1906, or about one hundred per cent, while the Standard's proportion of the export trade declined from 90.8 per cent to 86.3 per cent during the same period.

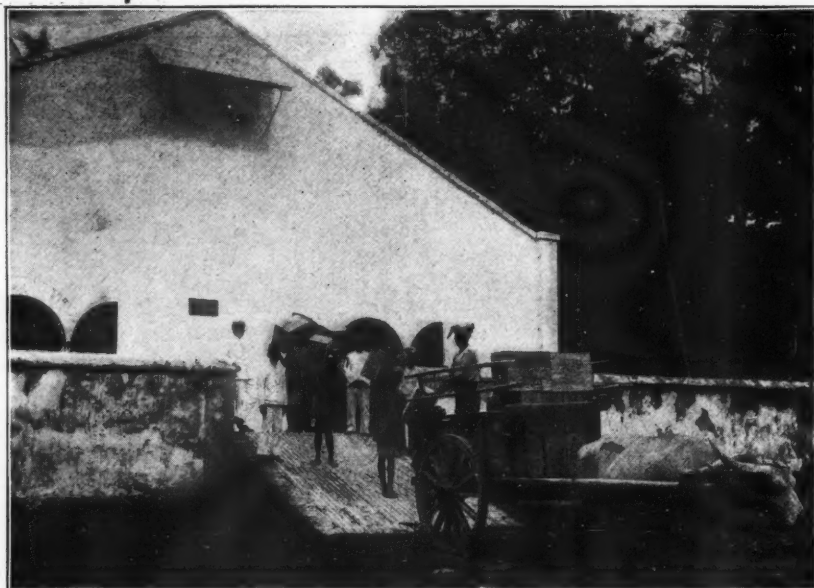
Most of the stronger competitors have established as adjuncts to their refineries a system of pipe lines leading from the Atlantic Seaboard or the Gulf to one or more of the interior oil fields



where they connect with systems of gathering lines. The Gulf Refining Company, The Texas Company and the Pure Oil Company are concerns operating in this manner. Thus it will be seen that the Standard possesses in no sense a monopoly of the oil industry of this country.

There has been a persistent effort to inform the people that the Standard is a lawbreaker and that its methods are incompatible with the welfare of the people. Had there been as substantial an effort

organization has the Standard Oil Company been an offender, and three distinct periods are mentioned. The first period began with the organization of the Standard Oil Company of Ohio in 1870 and continued to 1882. It is asserted that during the years 1871-72-73 all but three or four of the competing refineries in Cleveland were forced to sell because the rebates and preferential rates which the Standard obtained from the railroad companies made it impossible for them to compete.

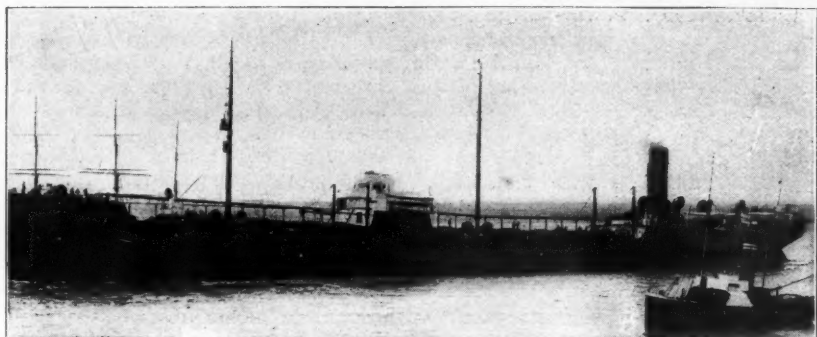


LOADING BULLOCK CART WITH OIL IN FRONT OF GODOWN AT MACASSAR, CELEBES

to give the people all the facts, there might be less sympathy aroused today by the muckrakers who find misguided support in attacking such institutions as are "big enough to stand it." Truth, however, offers no apologies; it seeks no defense and demands no favors; it simply asks a hearing.

An effort to define the limits from which hostile criticism of the Standard Oil Company has come would be only another method of attempting to set boundaries to the tides. The government, in its action against the company, set up the claim that continually since its original

The second period began with the formation of the so-called Standard Oil Trust in 1882, and continued until 1899. It is charged that from time to time during this period other properties, belonging to concerns engaged in various branches of the oil business in competition with the Standard, were acquired, and their property on stocks transferred to corporations owned or controlled by the trustees, and that between the years 1888 and 1892 all the various interests represented were by transfers of property and stocks vested in twenty companies. It is further claimed that notwithstanding the dissolution of



TANK STEAMER "IROQUOIS"

the trust in 1892, following a decision of the case in the Supreme Court of Ohio, the liquidating trustees continued to manage the affairs of the separate corporations in the same manner as provided under the original trust agreement down to the formation of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey in 1899.

The third period began in 1899 with the organization of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, a holding company, and continues to the present time.

In January, 1899, the charter of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey was amended, and its capital increased from \$10,000,000 to \$110,000,000, of which the outstanding \$10,000,000 were declared to be preferred stock, and the remaining \$100,000,000 common stock. Of the shares of common stock, \$97,250,000 were then issued in exchange for the shares of the

companies and limited partnerships which had been held by the trustees of the trust. The 1899 organization and those which preceded it are characterized as institutions formed to restrain or monopolize the oil trade.

It is undoubtedly true that during the first period of the Standard's career it received allowance or concessions on freight charges from the railroads, but it is manifestly unfair to judge past performances by present condition, and whatever was done should be considered in relation to the standards, conditions and laws of those days. It was a time of intense struggle between the trunk lines for every kind of traffic, with alternating short periods of agreed rates and poolings. The schedule rates were merely nominal, and railroad transportation was bought and sold like any other commodity, the question



FORWARDING STATION AT STETTIN, GERMANY



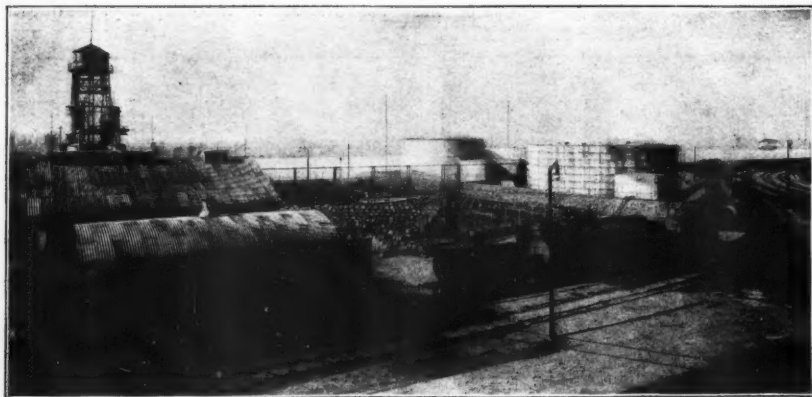
PETROLEUM PLANT AT ROTTERDAM, HOLLAND

of rates being a matter of agreement between the railroad and the shipper. One of the prime factors in successful business at that time was favorable contracts with the railroads; without this asset no one could possibly expect to succeed. Naturally the shipper who furnished a large and steady volume of traffic asked and obtained lower freight rates than were given his smaller competitors, and while the Standard Oil Company lost no cards in such a shuffle, there is record of the fact that other refiners received substantial concessions on freight rates, some of them quite as large as any obtained by the Standard.

There is an entire lack of any evidence that the purchase of any refineries or the abandonment of business by any competitor was due to any special advantage

in railroad rates enjoyed by the Standard. Those refiners who went out of business did so because of a realization that their properties, being of the early primitive class, were not fitted to compete against the newer and better class of construction that modern ingenuity had created.

The particular offense with which the Standard Oil Company is charged is that, its organization being a holding company under the laws of New Jersey, that fact constitutes it a trust and that it is therefore in violation of the Sherman Act of 1890. If the Standard Oil Company alone offended against the Sherman Act, as many assume, it might with propriety be held up to public scorn and indignation; but a careful compilation has disclosed the fact that in the United States there are at least 1,198 corporations similarly organized, em-



BENZINE FACTORY AND FORWARDING STATION AT DÜSSELDORF

bracing a large percentage of the great business interests of the country.

Section 1 of the Act provides that:

"Every contract, combination in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy, in restraint of trade or commerce among the several states or with foreign nations, is hereby declared to be illegal. Every person who shall make any such contract or engage in any such combination or conspiracy, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction thereof, shall be punished by fine not exceeding five thousand dollars, or by imprisonment not exceeding one year, or by both said punishments, in the discretion of the court."

The Sherman Act has been on the statute books for twenty years and has been constantly violated in every state of the Union. It has been held in abeyance by every administration since its passage, apparently because of a full realization that its application would be drastic; it could only be put in force at a tremendous cost to commercial interests, while a panic such as the country has never seen would be an inevitable result.

There have been prosecutions under the act, and verdicts in favor of the government secured, but the fact still remains that the dangerous consequences of any effort to punish all who violate its provisions are well known to the commercial interests of the country. Under the Sherman Act every corporation which combines two or more possible competitors in trade that extends beyond the borders of a single state is subject to all the penalties of the law. What corporation of any importance endeavors to confine its business to its own state? From the United States Steel corporation with its \$950,000,000 of capitalization and its eighty-nine subsidiaries down to the small concern with ten thousand dollars capital—1,198 in all—every one seeks trade not only in its own state, but wherever business may be profitably obtained, and in doing so it places itself in *prima facie* defiance and under the ban of the Sherman Act.

In the 1,198 holding companies, representing a capitalization of \$10,612,372,489, there are 8,110 component parts, and it is of more than passing interest to inquire what would happen if these various holding companies were to be divided into their component parts. What a ban would be placed on American progress, what a

demoralization of markets, what a turmoil of credits, and finally, what an effect upon thousands of innocent stockholders in every part of the United States!

There has never been any wholesale attempt to enforce the law. Random suits at the call of prejudice or to advance political ambition have been instituted, but the general policy of each successive administration has been to ignore quietly the violations of the act. The Attorney-General of the United States and the several district attorneys have witnessed



AN OIL PEDDLER IN PORTUGAL

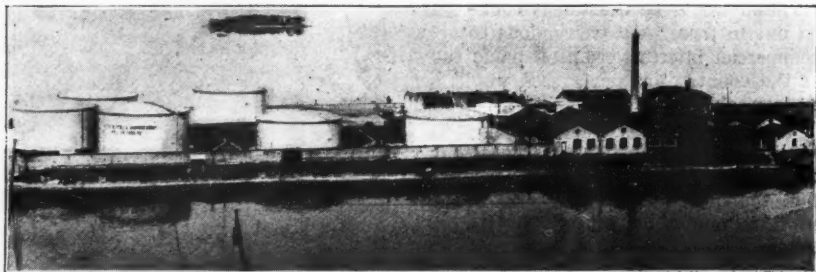
the violations time and again without raising a voice of disapproval, and even the last administration, which characterized itself by its attack upon corporations, declared that an attempt to enforce the Sherman Act would bring widespread financial disturbance and ruin to many. The present administration has signified its intention to await the decision of the Supreme Court in the cases now pending, but has declared that general prosecution will follow if the present cases are decided in favor of the government.

The Roosevelt administration in several messages urged the repeal of the Sherman

Act, but nothing was done. A suggestion of the present administration that a Federal Incorporation Act would remedy the evil has not met with general acceptance. It is shown that any act which would still leave the corporations exposed to the dangerous Sherman Act would be of doubtful value. Hence, it is urged that the first step should be to repeal the law. It is almost inconceivable that over a thousand corporations have for years been carrying on trade in the various states in open violation of the Sherman Act without any concerted effort on their part to bring about its repeal. What a host of stockholders are interested in these various properties, and in what a dangerous position are their interests!

blunders are inevitable. The corporation has grown in proportion much faster than the men who have assumed the responsibility of regulating it; have grown in commercial intelligence; and hence we find much confused legislation, and a great Babel of tongues. The corporation is far in advance of the politician, and nothing but a general campaign of education will place the general public in possession of the true facts.

The corporation in business is no modern institution. The Romans formed ecclesiastical corporations, and the idea was carried to England, where the instrument which created the corporation was originally granted by the King. Later it was granted by Acts of Parliament—a separate



BULK PLANT FOR REFINED OIL AT VENICE, ITALY

The Standard Oil Company is at the present time before the court on the sole issue of whether it is right or wrong to be a holding company. It contends that for thirty years it has practically been a unit of the same people and interests, and that all or nearly all the subsidiary companies have been of its own creation and necessary to the extension of its interests in the various states. In this sense the Standard is not unlike a thousand other corporations except in magnitude. The principle of organization is the same; and if the law is generally applied, the entire "holding" corporation structure of the United States must shiver into fragments.

The modern corporation is of such magnitude, its functions are of so gigantic a nature, it is so new in American commerce and its possibilities are so startling that in an attempt to regulate it, legislative

act for each charter. In America the state constitutions require that in all possible cases the legislative body pass general acts whereby, by simply filing a prescribed instrument, persons may form a corporation without applying to the legislature for permission. The state creates the corporation, which possesses powers only such as the state permits.

The Dutch East India Company, organized in 1602, was the first great joint stock company whose shares were bought and sold. The first record of a corporation in America was in Colonial times, when the Colony of Connecticut in 1731 chartered "The London Society for Trade and Commerce." In 1795 "The Connecticut Land Company" was organized, and dissolved in 1809.

The formation of corporations was not popular until the middle of the Nineteenth Century; in fact, but few were organized



until fifty years ago. The modern corporation having stock and stockholders came into general prominence since the days of Blackstone and Kent, and can only be governed by modern laws. Today the corporation is an absolutely necessary form of business organization, and its use is constantly increasing and extending. There are but two forms of business combinations available for the conduct of a commercial enterprise, namely, partnership and a corporation. The one is easily entered into and as easily dissolved; the other is formal and permanent. The corporation is a part of evolution and progress; it is the commercial force of the age, and facilitates the transaction of great enterprises; today its functions embrace all of the business world. Society has developed far beyond the bounds where its needs can be satisfied by individual exertions.

It is generally conceded that corporations, like individuals, should be regulated. The laws of too many states permit the formation of corporations with practically no legal supervision and without any regard for consequences. It is because thousands have been induced to invest money in the stocks of such worthless concerns that the general prejudice against the corporation prevails, and a general tirade against the Standard Oil Company or some other big corporation finds willing listeners notwithstanding the acknowledged benefits which are possible only through such combinations of capital.

The men who control the Standard Oil Company are human beings, and it is perhaps not strange that in the fierce heat of competition their powerful organization has handicapped weaker competitors. The magnitude of its business, however, does not constitute a monopoly, nor its effort at magnitude an attempt to monopolize. Success and magnitude of the Standard Oil Corporation are not evils which threaten the public welfare. The real evils are the political efforts to destroy

the fabric upon which the prosperity of the country is based.

The Standard Oil Company, it must be admitted, has achieved wonderful success, yet it has made glaring errors. Its policy of silence maintained for so many years when its methods were being severely criticized in legislative halls and by editorial writers cannot but be regarded as a most unfortunate mistake. Its capitalization, which represents less than one-fifth of its assets, is, in the minds of many financiers, open to serious criticism for the reason that the dividends paid seem abnormally high, and invite the complaint that the company is making outrageous profits.

The capitalization of the Standard Oil Company is \$110,000,000; on this capitalization it pays dividends of forty per cent, which seem excessive. Its assets, however, are in the neighborhood of six hundred million dollars, and if the company's capitalization had been equal to its assets, the dividends paid would be simply normal, and no criticism or complaint could have arisen.

It is customary to think of the Standard Oil Company as the property of a few men, and this erroneous opinion has been held by officials of the government. The stock of the Standard Oil Company is held by six thousand shareholders. The business has been built up, it is true, by a few of the pioneers in the oil industry, and its present magnitude must be regarded as an evidence of their rare skill and ability. If they have sought to obtain as much of the world's trade as they could, they have done only what every successful merchant has done and must do to achieve success.

Truly the Turbulent Romance of Oil is a story of serious importance to every householder and business man, for linked with the struggle to supply the markets of the world with an invaluable product, is the greater and more vital question of corporation rights, reaching to the very heart of modern business.





**T**HE naming of towns and streets in honor of men who have been prominent in public life is typically an American custom. Born amid the expiring guns of the Revolution, Washington, Pennsylvania, was the first town to be named in honor of the chief actor in that heroic struggle for freedom. Not even the National Capital itself can claim this distinction, for it was founded some years after Washington, Pennsylvania. No less than twenty-nine states now have their Washington and a dozen others have Washington in combination with some other word or words, but all must give first place to the thriving city in the fertile lands of the Great Horse-shoe Belt of Pennsylvania.

Following the close of the Revolutionary War, the first wave of immigration passed over the Alleghany Mountains and spread over the valley country between the Monongahela and the Ohio rivers. It was not an unknown section, for reports of its wonderful fertility had come back from surveyors and the hardy pioneers. George Washington himself as a young man traversed this section on his surveying expeditions and at the time of the Braddock

campaign. The rush of homesteaders to the new section following the acquirement of these rich lands from the Indians was the first land stampede in the history of the country. George Washington was among those who took a large tract of land at the time of this boom. Although on a much smaller scale than the scenes enacted when Oklahoma and other Western lands were later opened for settlement, the land boom in southwestern Pennsylvania was full of stirring excitement as the settlers made their resistless advance. The central point of this new section was Washington, Pennsylvania, founded in 1781.

President Washington was not allowed to forget the town that was named for him, for in 1794, just after he had successfully put the affairs of state in order, the memorable Whiskey Riots of western Pennsylvania broke out, and the hot-bed and nest of the plotters was at Washington, Pennsylvania. The Bradford House, in which lived David Bradford, the ring-leader of the rioters, is still standing.

For many years Washington, Pennsylvania, held its prestige as the largest and most important town in the "New



IN THE RESIDENTIAL SECTION

West." The great surveying parties for the Northwest Territory made Washington their winter headquarters, where they spent their time making maps of the great western area for the information of the world.

Among the first purchasers of lots in the town was Robert Fulton, the steamboat inventor. Before the advent of railroads Washington was an important stage town and was visited frequently by notables of their times. Henry Clay stopped here often, and Lafayette halted here on his second visit to America. Louis Philippe and a band of French refugees stayed for some time in Washington during their exile in America. General Grant also visited friends here frequently, after the Civil War.

Washington was a point on the famous "underground railway," and many slaves were passed through secretly on the way to Canada in the stormy days preceding the Civil War. In this town is the former home of Captain Philo Norton McGiffin, who attained celebrity in the war between China and Japan by his bravery and skill as a commander in the Chinese Fleet at the battle of Yalu.

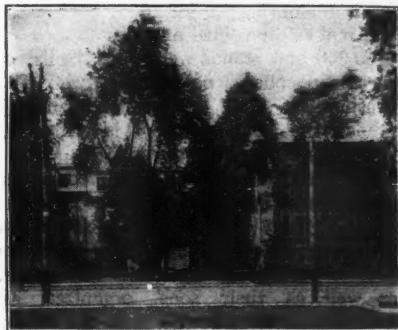
The town was the early home of James G. Blaine, of T. M. T. McKennan, at one time Secretary of the Interior under Fillmore, and also of Dr. F. J. LeMoyné, at one time a candidate for Vice-President on the Abolition ticket, and a noted Abolitionist of his day. Dr. LeMoyné also inaugurated cremation in the United States and built the first crematory in this country in which on December 10, 1876, the first public cremation on this side of the Atlantic took place. The

event caused a widespread sensation, and was witnessed by spectators from distant points. The LeMoyné crematory still stands.

\* \* \*

As a center of influence and education Washington has been widely known throughout the country. As early as 1781 the educational movement which resulted in the origin of Washington and Jefferson College was inaugurated. Strange as it may seem in this day and age, the demand for schooling and education of an advanced character was for the purpose of furnishing ministers of the Gospel rather than men of business or other professions. Three separate schools were founded by three Scotch Presbyterian ministers. These schools were modest log cabins, built near the homes of the ministers. They were not rival institutions of learning in any sense of the word, for the students went cheerfully from one to the other to relieve the ministers of the continuous burden of teaching them in conjunction with their daily tasks incident to parish work.

Later a Baptist minister and an associate minister joined these pioneers in the founding of an academy at Washington, for which they obtained a charter from the state in 1787. The library of the institution was begun with a gift of fifty pounds from Benjamin Franklin, and the academy was housed in the upper rooms of the old court house, where it was later burned out and suspended. But a college education was not to be denied this thriving community, and the Jefferson Academy was



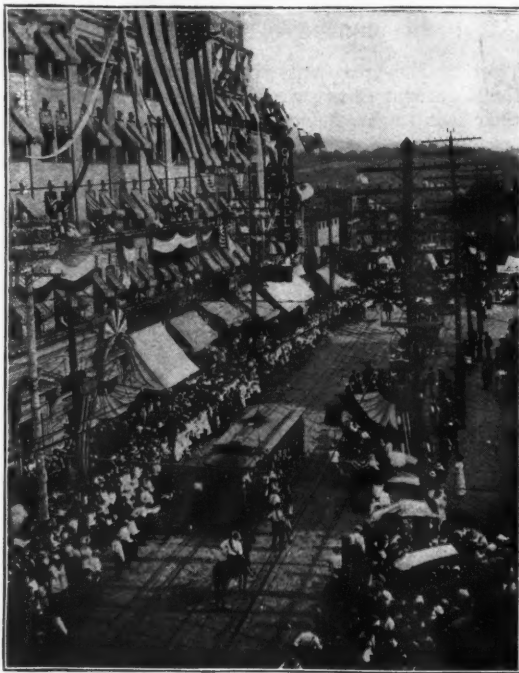
WASHINGTON (Pa.) FEMALE SEMINARY

organized at Canonsburg, seven miles distant. The successful opening of this new academy resulted in the reopening of the Washington Academy, and soon the friends and patrons of higher education became divided in the support of the two institutions. The wisdom of uniting these two colleges was early conceded, and after repeated efforts of one kind and another covering a period of sixty years, the union was brought about under the name of the Washington and Jefferson College, located at Washington.

During its memorable career this college has graduated four Cabinet Ministers of the United States, eleven United States Senators, twenty-six moderators of the General Assembly, Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., ten Governors of States, eighty-two United States Congressmen, eighty-one Presidents of colleges and universities, one hundred and forty Judges, which, with other professions not mentioned, total 4,615 graduates. Thirty-one of the alumni have occupied the highest office attainable in the Presbyterian Church, Moderator of the General Assembly; two other alumni have been called by the Protestant Episcopal Church to be bishops, one in Chicago and the present occupant of that office in New York. It has productive funds amounting to \$630,000 and real estate valued at over \$400,000 and stands well up in the list of successful colleges of the country. The Washington and Jefferson Academy, a preparatory school for boys, is located on the grounds adjoining the college.

At the time when higher education for women was still a debated question, a group of enterprising citizens in Washington, feeling that their daughters should receive educational advantages as well as their sons, organized an association to provide for a permanent school known as the Washing-

ton Seminary. Among these pioneers in the cause of higher education for women were F. Julius LeMoyne and Alexander Reed. So enthusiastic were these gentlemen that the Seminary was opened in 1836 before a new building could be erected, and it was not until a year later that the first seminary building was completed. The first principal was Mrs. Francis Biddle of Philadelphia, who remained in charge until 1840. Then for thirty-four



MAIN STREET DURING A CELEBRATION

years the Seminary was under the able management of Miss Sarah Foster (Mrs. Hanna) a pupil of the distinguished Mrs. Emma Willard. The scholarship and personal qualities of Mrs. Hanna set a standard that has been maintained throughout the long administration of her successor, Miss Nancy Sherrard, and short but not less successful terms of later principals.

From its opening Washington Seminary has grown slowly, but steadily, both in members and in character and range of



ORIGINAL WASHINGTON AND JEFFERSON COLLEGE

opportunities afforded. It is one of the few schools in which the Bible is scientifically taught from a literary standpoint. Its certificate admits to the leading women's colleges of the country. In addition to the College preparatory course and regular course there are also studies in music, art and elocution. The proximity of the Seminary to Pittsburg with its famous resident orchestra, musical advantages and art exhibits, affords the opportunity of hearing the great symphonies and soloists, and seeing the work of the great artists. Washington Seminary numbers her alumnæ by the thousands. Among those who have devoted themselves to literary pursuits perhaps the best known is Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis of the class of 1848.

\* \* \*

Washington is located on the headwaters of the Chartiers Creek, twenty-five miles southwest of Pittsburg and thirty miles northeast of Wheeling, West Virginia. The town is composed of two separate boroughs, Washington and East Washington, with an aggregate population of twenty-five thousand. The main line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad passes through Washington and it is also the terminus of a branch of the Pennsylvania system. The Washington and Waynesburg Railroad connects Washington with Waynesburg thirty miles to the south.

The borough was incorporated in 1810, just one hundred years ago, and its limits have been extended from time to time until today it has over thirty-four miles of paved streets and a built-up residence section of beautiful homes. The Washington County Court House is one of the

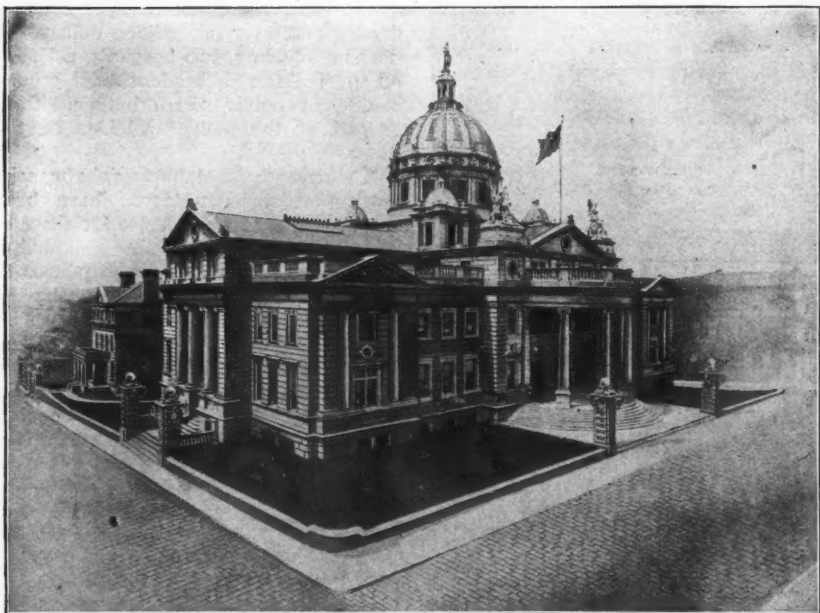
finest rural court houses in the state, having cost over one million dollars. A Federal Building, two hospitals, a Y. M. C. A. building, a modern high school, and eight public school buildings form a part of the public buildings of the town.

The strength and stability of the financial institutions of Washington have been responsible in a large degree for the substantial upbuilding of the community. They have been able through periods of panic and distress as well as during the more prosperous times to afford accommodations to growing industries and capital for investment. The result is that Washington has never gone backward through the failure of financial enterprises, nor been handicapped through the failure of the banks to furnish money for legitimate and proper investments. Washington has two National Banks and three Trust Companies, all of which are directed by the business men of the city. The First National is the oldest, having been established as a state bank since 1836. The Citizens' National Bank was organized during the period of oil excitement in the county and has had a most phenomenal growth. It ranks first in the county and is seventh in the state in its ratio of capital to surplus. The Trust Companies were organized in the years 1901 and 1902, two of them being the out-



WASHINGTON AND JEFFERSON COLLEGE





THE NEW \$1,000,000 COURT HOUSE

growth of other banks and savings institutions.

The combined capital of the banks December 31, 1909, was \$1,550,000. The surplus and profits account amounted to \$2,235,074.64, and the total deposits were \$8,610,981.24. Loans and investments totaled over ten and a half million, and the total resources were in excess of thirteen millions of dollars. The banks of Washington have paid out since organization almost two millions of dollars in dividends, and the total earnings of the banks in the aggregate for 1909 were over fourteen per cent. The financial enterprises have made phenomenal increases and show most conclusively that Washington is making advances. Since 1901, the period of highest prosperity in Washington for the preceding twenty-five years, the capital of the banks increased more than three hundred per cent, while the deposits increased fully one hundred per cent. In 1894, all the banks had deposits of \$1,400,000. Today they amount to over nine millions, which is really a remarkable growth.

Since the oil days of the early eighties Washington has become a center of industrial activity and has located many thriving industries of steel and many other kinds of manufacturing. It is advantageously located, with the same freight rates as Pittsburg and Wheeling and enjoys reciprocal switching arrangements over a connecting railroad between the Baltimore & Ohio and the Pennsylvania lines. It enjoys a splendid water supply which is practically free from scale. Located in the center of the fuel district, Washington is destined to become in the near future the most important city of the bituminous coal fields remaining in Pennsylvania. It enjoys a low gas rate as well as having easy access to the virgin coal fields. It is equidistant from the Great Lakes at Erie and the Atlantic seaboard at Baltimore. The factories now in operation consume over five hundred tons of coal per day, giving employment to 3,500 men. During the past year Washington factories shipped from the town 130,520 tons and received 143,657 tons, and each year shows a substantial

increase. The annual payroll amounts to \$2,500,000. Among the more important of its manufactured products are charcoal iron tubes for boilers, glass table ware, wire glass, figured glass, clay pots, boilers, engines, paraffine, refined oil, tin plate and brick. Its building operations have been extensive, the number of residence and business structures having doubled within the past ten years.

Washington people are not unappreciative of their remarkable city. Their enthusiasm is contagious. The entire borough of Washington will give vent to this enthusiasm by an elaborate centennial during the week of October 2 to 8 in celebration of its one hundredth anniversary. Each day of the week is to be given over to a special program in charge of selected committees. Parades of the military, lodge and civic organizations, a G. A. R. camp-fire, band concerts and a barbecue will be features of the week, and exhibitions by a Wright aeroplane will be one of the great attractions for each

day. Ample list of awards for prize exhibits of agricultural supremacy will give the occasion all the picturesqueness of a great fair, and the display of historical relics will be interesting and highly instructive. With such a program in which no part of the subtle entertainer's charm has been overlooked, Washington will be the mecca of thousands of people who will take this opportunity of a homecoming.

Through the efforts of a Centennial Committee a wide and broad publicity has been given to Washington, that will bring its sterling advantages as a manufacturing and residential city to the favorable attention of the people throughout the country. An active and energetic Board of Trade, recently organized, will carry on the work so ably started by the Centennial Association, and Washington—the first Washington of the land—will share anew in the prosperity of the future in even greater measure than in the past.



BRADFORD HOUSE (1910)

The Site of the Historic "Whiskey Rebellion"



THE success of flying machines today is conditioned only upon unfailing power. The principle of flying through the air has been thoroughly and satisfactorily demonstrated, but the uncertainty of the length of the flight is still a perplexing problem. The great aviators at first pinned their hopes on the belief that some day a more perfect engine would be devised, only to learn by the experience of Charles K. Hamilton in his flight from New York to Philadelphia and return, that it isn't the engine but the oil used for lubricating that causes most of the trouble. Aviators and autoists alike are learning to give more consideration and study to the kind and quality of the oil used in order to obtain reliable results from their engines. Charles K. Hamilton in explanation of his breakdown on his trip back from Philadelphia writes the Vacuum Oil Company of New York as follows:—"I wish to let you know that the oil which befouled my spark plugs was not your oil. I used MOBILOIL going to Philadelphia and had no trouble. Owing to misunderstanding I was supplied there with some other oil, which caused the trouble resulting in my descent. Had I used MOBILOIL on my return flight, I should, undoubtedly, have made the trip home without a stop."

This incident calls to mind the old saying by Benjamin Franklin in Poor Richard's Almanac: "For want of a nail the shoe was lost, for want of the shoe the horse was lost, for want of the horse the rider was lost; all for the want of a horse-shoe nail." With suitable

changes it could be applied to the aeroplane of today. For want of the right oil Hamilton landed in a swamp and broke his machine.

FOR over thirty years Walker Lithograph and Publishing Company of Boston have made a specialty of the production of maps, which are carefully revised several times during the year as changes occur in the localities depicted. It is almost startling to realize that a city like Boston is practically rebuilt every ten years, with the exception of those historic and cherished shrines of early colonial days, which make Boston unique among American cities. The business and residential parts of almost all American cities are constantly growing and developing, and undergo such transformations as render them almost unrecognizable even in a single decade, which makes constant revision of maps essential. Because of their correctness the Walker maps have been selected to be sold as the official maps at the Information Bureau of the National Education Association, and are very popular with tourists and all desiring perfectly accurate local maps.

Our frontispiece for the August issue is taken from one of the Walker Lithograph and Publishing Company's plates, and is most comprehensive, being revised almost to the minute of publication. It proved to be very useful to the teachers and other visitors to Boston, and aided them greatly in seeing the city without loss of time or inconvenience "hunting up information."



## Soda Crackers Safe from Contamination

UNEEDA Biscuit, in their dust tight, moisture proof package, are protected against all those harmful elements to which bulk soda crackers are open—dust, germs, dampness, odors, handling, and even insects.

Maybe you've seldom thought about the matter. Maybe you've never realized as you've tried to eat a tasteless, tough, ordinary cracker, what uncleanness and deterioration it has gone through.

*Be on the safe side!—  
Buy Uneeda Biscuit!*

(Never sold in bulk)

NATIONAL  
BISCUIT  
COMPANY

5¢

for a package

## LET'S TALK IT OVER

ONE congressman has recently learned how to adjust a broad belt to suit his style of beauty. Of course the story was too good to be kept a secret, and, though he places it on other shoulders—to be strictly accurate, on another's waist-line—his friends know who the hero was. He tells the tale in this fashion:—

"I was to be the speaker of the evening at a public function some distance from my home, and had a secret conviction that I should shine. My wife put in my grip everything needed, as I supposed. My latest acquisition was a dress suit, which had been purchased a week previous, proudly tried on and subjected to close scrutiny from the entire family. I knew my evening clothes were the correct thing, so, on arriving, I took them, carefully folded, out of their case and cheerfully proceeded to dress. Everything went along smoothly until I came to put on my waistcoat: in vain I sought for it—horror!—it was not there! After a fruitless search of several minutes, the hideous truth was forced upon me—the waistcoat had been forgotten. What to do I did not know.

"At this point the landlady of the hotel ascended, at my urgent request, and listened with sympathy to my frantic appeal for help. She was a woman of intelligence, and, after a moment's thought, she brought a white Indian shawl, with which she proceeded to contrive a surcingle about fifteen inches in depth to encircle my slender form and represent the missing waistcoat. After I had donned the coat and buttoned the top button, discovering, by the way, that the bottom button refused to close, we thought things were not looking so bad after all, though I was a little worried about the safety-pins, carefully placed at the back by the lady's ingenious fingers. Suppose they should prove unequal to the task of holding on my temporary waistcoat!

"So it came about that for the first and last time—I sincerely hope—I appeared at a banquet attired in an Indian shawl. With the pins rubbing against my spine at frequent intervals, vague thoughts floated through my mind—probably a survival of recollections of my first few days in this vale of tears, when I was swathed in flannel.

"I cherished the hope that no one would penetrate my secret; but when old Jim Blinkins saw me he ha-ha'd with a gleeful air, and

inquired, 'Got a new imported Paris waistcoat, friend?' And just as I finished my peroration, getting in some of my best work on a tribute to the ladies, old Pete Soligan suddenly announced, 'I can't hold in any longer,' and burst into peals of laughter. Pete is a plain-spoken man and has a vivid recollection of the phraseology of youthful days on the farm; he confided to me later: 'Thought 'ye'd sure bu'st the belly-band before dinner was over.'

"To Pete alone I divulged the dread secret. He has betrayed me," sighed the congressman.

\* \* \*

ONE-ARMED Captain Bill Hardy looked every inch a Confederate veteran; he lost his arm while feeling the eccentric straps of old 3459. The company thought it well to retire him from the service on full pay, but he pleaded so hard that they could not refuse his final request.

"I know I am old and it is time for me to retire, but let me make my last run, just as I used to do—my right arm is enough to handle the old lady," he said, looking lovingly at the puffing engine.

Bill climbed up to his seat on the Limited, and looked to see that everything was cool and plenty of steam. Gathering up the slack of the train, as he moved off without the slightest jar, he wiped the window with a bit of waste that he might take his final glance at the station and the familiar landscape on his last run. It seemed but a few weeks since the day when he had first run an engine after serving an apprenticeship in the shops before the war. For a moment tears obscured his sight. He recalled the days when he had been one of the few white boys employed in the company's shops, when they were filled with the slaves of the directors of the road. He thought that the abolishment of slavery was a godsend, because it gave the poor whites of the South a chance to know something of the dignity and honor of adequately paid labor for white men. During the war Bill had fought under the flag of the Southern state which he loved.

With one hand on the throttle, his empty sleeve hanging at his side, he ran for the different grades, knowing every switch, crook and turn and giving every whistle on the curvings automatically. Looking out over the old battlefields of the South as they





**Hear  
Nora Bayes  
and  
Jack Norworth  
sing their  
own great songs**

These popular comedy stars, with their inimitable foolery and clean fun, their admirable imitations and clever, witty songs, are today two of the greatest favorites on the American stage—and on the Victor.

They sing for you in their own delightful way the great song hits which they have sung into success—the majority of their own composition.

Jolly Nora Bayes sings:

- 60013 **Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?**
- 60019 **Daffydils**
- 70015 **Young America**

Jack Norworth sings:

- 60014 **College Medley**
- 60020 **Back to My Old Home Town**
- 60022 **Sadie Brady** (on sale July 28)

Together they sing this melodious new duet:

- 70016 **Come Along, My Mandy**
- 70019 **Rosa Rosetta** (on sale July 28)

Miss Bayes and Mr. Norworth make records exclusively for the Victor, and are only two of the many famous entertainers you can hear in your own home on the Victor.

Just drop into any Victor dealer's, and he will gladly play these and other records made by the new Victor recording process. Then, and not until then, will you realize that the Victor is the greatest of all musical instruments.

There is a Victor for YOU—\$10 to \$100. Victrola \$125 to \$250.  
Victor Records—single- and double-faced—60 cents and up.

**Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.**

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

**To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records.**

# Victor



New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

## LET'S TALK IT OVER

flashed past the Limited, he said he felt it was like going into his last battle. For years his hand had held the throttle on trains, and thousands of lives had been entrusted to his care—now this hand must forever relax its responsibility it had cared for so well for over forty years. He had loyally looked after the interests of the company—saved the oil, saved the waste, and gradually grown to love the good old puffing, smoking iron horse, which, to the engineer, is what the steed of the Arab is to him.

He climbed down the steps, felt the drivers, looked at the headlight for the last time, and stood a moment to bid farewell to old 3459. He took out of his pocket an old red handkerchief and wiped a tear before backing down to the roundhouse to bid "the boys" good-bye.

"Take good care of her, Jack; she is a lively old kettle. Watch the bearings and keep an eye on that eccentric strap—that's what did me the mischief. It is hard to give her up, but I suppose it wouldn't be right to trust lives of passengers to a one-armed man. The Limited must keep up her record, even if 'Old Bill,' who always did his best for the company, has to shed his jumpers."

As he passed out of the house, turning now and then for another view, to wave passing trains and familiar faces, he reached his little home near the track, to watch the Limited dash up the yard "on time" with another hand on the throttle.

\* \* \*

**A** MERICAN public opinion is unanimous on the necessity for conservation of national resources, and now it only remains to concentrate the people's wishes into effective action. The National Conservation Commission is the "live-wire" by which this is to be accomplished, and its enthusiastic meetings often held are certainly an augury of success. The provision made by the second Conference of Governors for a joint committee on co-operation furnished the means by which the people's wishes can be carried into effective action. When this joint committee meets, it has before it the opinions of all the State Conservation Commissions, as to the most effective way in which the work for conservation in the states and by the federal government can be harmoniously united into a single plan. The committee will review all these

suggestions, sift them, and from them formulate a plan of campaign which will enable each participant in the conservation movement to take his own position in the line and become directly responsible for his own share of the battle.

Statistics secured by representatives of the National Conservation Commission show more clearly than ever that waste ought to be checked. In transmitting this report to Congress, ex-President Roosevelt pointed out some of the startling wastes which the investigations of the commission had brought to light. In producing \$2,000,000,000 worth of minerals in a year we waste more than \$300,000,000; that is, as Mr. Roosevelt said, "our mineral waste is about one-sixth of our product, or nearly \$1,000,000 for each working day in the year." He adds, "the loss of structural material from fire is about another million dollars a day." Concerning waters, the ex-President approved the recommendation of the National Conservation Commission that the broad plan for the development of our waterways prepared by the Inland Waterways Commission be put in effect without delay. It provides for a comprehensive system of waterway improvements extending to all of the uses of the waters and benefits to be derived from their control, including navigation, the development of power, the extension of irrigation, the drainage of swamp lands, the prevention of soil wash and the purification of streams for water supply. The necessity for devoting the remaining public lands to home making was again emphasized.

\* \* \*

**I**T is proposed to make the extension of average human life a practical possibility, and a census has been taken of all persons over ninety years of age, with a view to forming a national bureau of longevity in connection with the Bureau of Health. Mr. Parker E. Sercombe has charge of this work, and has received replies from thousands of people over ninety years of age, one individual producing evidence proving that he is over one hundred and five. If the Health Bureau discovers the secret of continuing life beyond the hundred-year mark, Methuselah may have to look to his laurels, for if the American people determine to be a long-lived race, they may have many centenarian representatives in the ages to come.

# The Problem of Time

*An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard*



TIME has always been a strange and baffling puzzle to philosophers. They could never explain, or account, or trace its beginning and end. While we can calculate the end of worlds and of solar systems, time stretches away illimitable, unfettered and uncontrolled. ✂ The principal thing that differentiates man from the animals in his cognizance of time. Animals know when they are hungry, but they never look at the sun or make any sign which shows that they are speculating about time. We divide life up into periods of time, and thus make it endurable. You lend a man money and in a year he pays you back with something additional—or he doesn't. Anyway, he should. Where did the extra money come from? Time produced it. How can time cease? By no leap of mind can one imagine. But all the time that the individual can call his own is while he lives. ✂ When will Fate with her scissors clip the thread of time for you? You do not know, and this very uncertainty should make you prize time and work while it is called the day. To limit the shock of your passing, and to ease your affairs over the shallows when your hand and brain can no longer guide them, Life Insurance comes in. Death, for most, comes without warning. By Life Insurance, those dependent upon us are cared for, and the result of our foresight and prudence is the possession of those we love after we are gone. ✂ Life Insurance is not a duty: it is more than that—it is a privilege. Life Insurance does not actually insure you against death, but it insures your loved ones against want when you are no longer here. That very fact gives peace, poise and power to the man who is insured. It makes for length of days. Life Insurance is an extension on time. And being wise we provide through the Equitable Life against the time when time shall be no longer ours.

## THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES

*"Strongest in the World"*

The Company which pays its death claims on the day it receives them.

PAUL MORTON, PRESIDENT

120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

**AGENCIES EVERYWHERE!** None in your town? Then why not recommend to us some good man—or woman—to represent us there—Great opportunities to-day in Life Insurance work for the Equitable.



## NOISES OF THE DARK

By LORNA BURROWS

**C**HILDREN, did you never worry  
O'er the noises of the dark?  
Did you ne'er hear witches scurry,  
Or the werewolf howl and bark?

Were you ne'er awakened quickly  
From a nightmare's dreadful fear  
With an instinct, faint but sickly,  
As of someone waiting near?

Waiting! waiting! almost breathing,  
Till your nerves were tense with fear,  
Till you thought your heart's loud beating  
Must be heard by that thing there.

But when morn had chased the shadows,  
Oh, how brave you straightway grew!  
You were not afraid of darkness,  
Only babies were, you knew.

## LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

## OLD-TIME SPONGE CAKE

By Mrs. May Peintner

This is my great-grandmother's recipe for old-time sponge cake, and is most delicious of all, if made with care and attention to the important features. Weigh any number of eggs (four will make a good-sized cake), take their weight in their shells of granulated sugar, and half their weight in sifted flour, the grated rind and juice of one lemon. Beat the yolks until very light colored and like thick cream, then add the sugar and the mixture, again beaten very light. The lemon juice and rind should be added and then the flour, which must be sifted until very light and full of air. The whipped whites should be folded in with the greatest of care. Have the heat of the oven moderate at first, increasing it gradually after the cake is well risen.

## THREE GOOD SUGGESTIONS

By Nettie Rand Miller

- 1—Rub dry salt on egg-stained silver.
- 2—Burned egg-shells on the shelves keep away bugs.
- 3—If a few drops of oil of lavender are scattered through a bookcase in a closed room, it will save the books from mold, in damp weather.

## Furniture Polish

One tablespoonful of sweet oil, one tablespoonful of lemon juice and one tablespoonful of cornstarch.

## To Cool Gelatine Quickly

If it is required to cool gelatine quickly, the dish which contains it may be placed in a pan of cold water, to which some rock salt has been added.

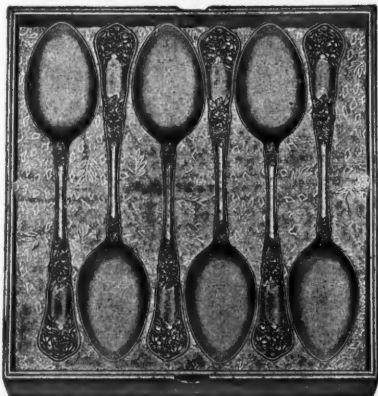


**No. 4711.**  
**EAU de COLOGNE**  
 The Ideal of all Perfumes  
 Exquisitely Delicate  
**FERD. MÜLHENS**  
 Cologne *o/a*, Germany  
 U. S. Branch  
**Mülhens & Kropff**  
 296 Broadway  
 New York.  
 Send 30 cents  
 in stamps for  
 sample bottle.



Try it on  
**SALADS**  
 and get that piquancy so often  
 lacking in salad dressings. Use  
**LEA & PERRINS**  
**SAUCE**  
 THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE  
 It is a royal relish for many a  
 dish! Soups, Fish, Roasts, Steaks,  
 Chops, Gravies and a little on  
 Cheese is delicious.  
 Refuse Imitations.  
 JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, New York.

## WHAT WOMAN EVER HAD TOO MANY TEASPOONS?



We want to send a handsome box of six Reliance teaspoons  
 (as shown in cut) bearing the

**Oneida Community Guarantee**

for ten years, to every woman subscriber of the

**NATIONAL MAGAZINE**

Simply send us one new name or a renewal of your own sub-  
 scription with \$1.50 to pay for one year's subscription to the  
 National Magazine and we will send the spoons, charges pre-  
 paid. If they are not entirely satisfactory in every way, re-  
 turn them at our expense and your money will be returned to  
 you.

CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Ltd., Boston, Mass.



## Hello, Brother!

We want you to meet 100,000  
 good fellows who gather 'round our  
 "Head Camp" fire once a month  
 and spin yarns about sport with  
 Rod, Dog, Rifle and Gun. The

### NATIONAL SPORTSMAN

contains 164 pages crammed full of  
 stories, pictures of fish and game  
 taken from life, and a lot more good  
 stuff that will lure you pleasantly  
 away from your everyday work and  
 care to the healthful atmosphere of  
 woods and fields, where you can  
 smell the evergreens, hear the  
 babble of the brook, and see at close  
 range big game and small. Every  
 number of this magazine contains  
 valuable information about hunt-  
 ing, fishing and camping trips,  
 where to go, what to take, etc.  
 All this for 15c. a copy, or \$1.00 a  
 year. We want you to see for  
 yourself what the National  
 Sportsman is, and make you  
 this

### Special Trial Offer

On receipt of 25c in stamps  
 or coin we will send you  
 this month's National  
 Sportsman and one of  
 our heavy Ormolu Gold  
 Watch Fobs (regular price  
 50c) as here shown, with  
 russet leather strap and gold  
 plated buckle. Can you beat this?

|   |                                   |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| This month's National Sportsman, reg. price 15c | All<br>yours<br>for<br><b>25c</b> |
| National Sportsman Watch Fob..... 50c           |                                   |
| Total Value..... 65c                            |                                   |

Don't delay—Send TODAY!  
**NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, Inc.** 93 Federal St., Boston

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.



## THE HOME

### RINGS FOR LACE CURTAINS

*By Mrs. C. F. Streeter*

Some lace sash curtains of mine shrunk so in the first washing that I had to lengthen them, somehow or other. They had been hung from a brass rod that passed through the upper hem in such a manner as to allow a ruffle at the top. I let out that upper hem, made a smaller one and sewed on battenberg rings through which the rod was passed. I found these rings far more satisfactory than anything I had ever tried before, as they save a great deal of wear on the curtain itself and they are so easily slipped over the rod when the curtains are to be hung.

### For New Kid Gloves

When you buy a pair of kid gloves turn them wrong side out while still new and paste little strips of courtplaster along the seams at the finger tips. This will make them wear much longer without mending.

### To Save the Piano

A large piece of dark colored cardboard fitted over the pedals of the piano will prevent the children scratching up the woodwork while they are practicing.

### Potato Vine

I lost one of my ferns last winter and the corner looked so bare without it that I cast about for something to take its place. One morning I discovered a very pretty, delicate vine in the cellar and was surprised to find that it came from a sweet potato that had fallen into a wooden pail. We had kept water in the latter to keep it from shrinking and the moisture had caused the potato to sprout. I transferred the vine, potato and all, to my jardiniere and have a very pretty decoration. Every few days I add enough warm water to keep the potato half submerged. I have been told by others who have admired it that if the potato is planted in soil the vine can be trained over a window or lattice.

### CLEANING WITH GASOLINE

*By Ada G. Grier*

When cleaning with gasoline use gum camphor and it will do away with offensive odor in much less time than the usual process of cleaning without it. For a pair of gloves use camphor gum size of walnut, let it dissolve in the gasoline, then wash your gloves in it. Use out of doors or away from all fire or flame.

### STAMPS STUCK TOGETHER

*By H. A. Clark*

Sheets of postage stamps carried in the pocketbook frequently stick together. When this happens do not soak them apart, but lay them on a smooth surface, and pass a hot flatiron over them. This separates them without destroying the gum.

### PREPARED ORANGE

*By E. D. G.*

Oranges that have been gathered too soon, can be greatly improved by ripening by stove heat; place them in a moderately heated oven for thirty or forty minutes or until they give to the hand like pulling ripe fruit; the rind will then peel off like a glove and be reduced in thickness; if too hot to hold in the hand, use a fork; when peeled remove the seeds and the core, if possible; then, with a sharp knife, or better, long-bladed scissors, divide into portions, easily handled; you can safely add a tablespoonful of water and plenty of sugar.

### A New Dessert

Lacking cream for your oatmeal, try the prepared orange; merely add it hot to the oatmeal. It goes deliciously with hot apple-sauce, too. Do not condemn it until the children have tested it.

### Faded Garments Like New

My small boy's Russian suits made of dark blue material have faded very badly. A little while ago I was told to rinse them in very dark blueing water and to be sure to dry them in the shade. This treatment has worked wonders with them and I believe, would keep such a garment that was always washed in this manner looking like new.

### BUTTER AS AN OINTMENT

*By Mrs. Fay L. Morgan*

- 1—Put butter on a bruise immediately and it will not discolor.
- 2—Put butter on a burn and cover with salt, and it will take out the fire.
- 3—A little butter put into each nostril when the nose is "stopped up," will give almost instant relief.

### TO DEODORIZE A ROOM

*By Bessie DeWitt*

Put a small lump of gum camphor on a shovel, touch it with a red-hot poker, and the fumes will purify the room.

### To Run Rods in Curtains

If you cut a finger off an old kid glove and slip it over the end of a curtain-rod, it will push through like magic.

### TO FLAVOR SUGAR

*By Maryetta Barry*

A vanilla bean kept in a box of sugar will impart a delicate flavor to the contents.

### New Use for Empty Spools

Empty spools make good soap-bubble pipes. The bubbles will be larger and last longer if glycerine is added to the soapy water.

